THE TELL-TALE

OR,

ANECDOTES

EXPRESSIVE OF THE

CHARACTERS of PERSONS

EMINENT FOR

RANK, LEARNING, WIT,

OR

HUMOUR,

COLLECTED FROM THE

Beſt AUTHORS and beſt COMPANIONS

FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF

YOUTH IN CONVERSATION.

——— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque ſecat res.
HOR.

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PREFACE.

THE art of pleaſing in converſation is ſo neceſſary a requiſite in every man's journey thro' life, that I have often wondered why the great maſters of antiquity, ſo negligently paſſed over this branch of a young man's ſtudy, while they took ſuch pains to impreſs upon the mind, habits that unavoidably produce a quite contrary effect. An auſtere gravity and affected taciturnity were taught in the ſchools of the antients as the higheſt accompliſhments of thoſe born to command; while ſprightlineſs and loquacity, gay and enlivening ſallies of wit and humour, were thought to degrade high characters, and were admitted as tolerable only in thoſe of inferior rank.

This doctrine is not peculiar to the ſchools of the antients; the learned of our own times too often bring into ſociety the ſtiffneſs of the college; and, though they lay aſide the ſcholar's gown, diſdain to ſmooth the wrinkles of their brows, or to diſorder the ſtiffneſs and ſolemnity

lemnity of their features, by the ſmiles of hilarity and the dimples of laughter.

Nor is this ſuperlative gravity confined to thoſe who converſe only with books; to the ſurly philoſopher, or to the ſolemn divine. Every one may find, among his acquaintance, perſons who are equally dull by nature, and moroſe by habit; who enter into company not to pleaſe by their converſation, but to check all mirth by an impertinent ſeverity; on whoſe countenances joy never ſparkles, and in whoſe breaſts the pleaſures of ſociety can have no place. Theſe behave to the world as a maſter to his ſervants; and being ever upon the reſerve themſelves, neceſſarily lay every body elſe under the ſame reſtraint.

Characters of this ſtamp are by no means deſireable, ſince they excite no emulation, and ſince none who have aimed at popularity have ever endeavoured to imitate. On the other hand, the ſprightly, chearful companion who is continually ſtriking out new ſubjects of mirth and good humour, while he is joyous himſelf, diffuſes joy to every one about him. Such a facetious merry mortal is formed to amuſe, to enliven and divert, and as

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the pleaſure of others ſeems to be his ſole aim, their approbation is beſtowed as his neceſſary reward, and when approbation is once gained, affection, if it does not always accompany it, is ſeldom out of call. Wherever this man leads, his companions will follow. But as the brighteſt genius will ſometimes flag, and be incapable of exerting his powers, the following work will afford innumerable ſeaſonable hints, and memory will ſupply the defects of imagination.

It is not every one, however, that can attain the happy talent of enlivening converſation. Sprightly ſtarts of wit, pleaſing ſallies of imagination, and all the quickneſs and ſmartneſs of repartee, are not to be acquired by rule. The wit indeed may inſpire wit, but his influences will laſt no longer than his preſence; and thoſe who attempt to *keep up the ball*, generally have cauſe to repent of their folly. The authors who have written upon this ſubject, have already exhauſted the ridicule to which thoſe who affect to pleaſe, without the neceſſary requiſites, always expoſe themſelves, whenever they aſpire at any thing like pleaſantry; but tho' all cannot arrive at the art of pleaſ-

ing, they may at leaſt go ſo far as not to diſguſt -----They may do more, they may reap advantage from borrowed wit, and gain applauſe from a tale of Swift, or add freſh ſprightlineſs to a languid converſation, by a pun of Ben Johnſon.

But the perſons for whom the following ſheets were principally written, are thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves in converſation by the agreeable way in which they tell a ſtory. Theſe by an archneſs in their manner, a droll turn of expreſſion, and the imitation of the peculiar accent of the country of the perſons they mention, conſtantly fix attention, and are liſtened to with pleaſure. By this happy art they lead the laugh, and whenever they pleaſe are ſure of gaining applauſe. But it has been obſerved, that theſe, more than any other, are liable to one great impropriety, and that is, ſeveral times repeating the ſame ſtory in the ſame company; an impropriety which this work is directly calculated to remedy, by affording them a fund of new matter, by which their capacity of entertaining will be prodigiouſly enlarged.

That the power of pleaſing in converſation may be made more general than is uſually

uſuaily imagined, and that many who are unwillingly ſilent in company, may be furniſhed with the means of diſplaying their abilities to advantage, is a truth, that, I think, may eaſily be demonſtrated. The man of good ſenſe, who takes care to ſtock his mind with proper materials, tho' he may want the ſudden flaſh of wit, may yet ſhine with a bright and ſteady blaze, and by the force of good humour and the knowledge of men and things, may inſtruct and pleaſe without having recourſe to a pun or a pointed jeſt; and give a noble and rational delight, without ſetting the table on a roar. He may keep up the ſprightlineſs of converſation, and animate it with life and ſpirit, by illuſtrating his remarks with real characters, remarkable events, hiſtorical narrations, and incidents drawn from the lives of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonages.

This accompliſhment was hitherto only to be obtained by great reading, and the uſe of a number of books; but here, the following ſmall volume anſwers the purpoſe of a library, as it is collected from a great number of the moſt celebrated works, and calculated to furniſh abun-

abundant matter for converſation, by enabling the judicious reader to introduce almoſt any ſubject, and to purſue and enliven it with ſome agreeable and pertinent anecdote, dignified with real characters, which do honour to the ſpeaker.

Thus, were a gentleman diſcourſing of generoſity of ſpirit, how happily might he introduce an inſtance of this virtue in the noble manner in which the duke of Bedford behaved to the wife of one of his poor tenants; or in Mr Quin's generous behaviour to the ingenious Mr Thomſon. Were the bravery of the Engliſh troops the ſubject, with what propriety might he introduce our ambaſſador's anſwer to the king of Pruſſia, who deſired to know, if he thought there were a corps in England that could beat an equal number of his tall grenadiers? Or, how aptly might he mention the duke of Marlborough's ſpeech to general Cadogan on his furniſhing backplates for the ſoldiers?

In ſhort, theſe genuine anecdotes muſt be of the greateſt ſervice to every one who would ſhine in converſation, and we have taken all imaginable pains to render it as perfect as poſſible. The works

works of this kind have been conſtantly collected from performances of the ſame nature; but this is compiled from the authors themſelves, our moſt celebrated biographers and hiſtorians, and there are added a variety of curious particulars relating to the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonages, which have been preſerved in the cloſets of their friends, and were never before made public.

ANEC-

ANECDOTES, &c.

OF

EMINENT PERSONS.

DOCTOR Hough, late biſhop of Worceſter, was remarkable for his ſweetneſs of temper, as well as every other chriſtian virtue, of which the following ſtory affords a proof. A young gentleman, whoſe family had been well acquainted with the biſhop, in making the tour of England before he went abroad, called to pay his reſpects to his lordſhip as he paſſed by his ſeat in the country. It happened to be dinner-time, and the room full of company. The biſhop, however, received him with much familiarity, but the ſervant in reaching him a chair, threw down a curious weather-glaſs that had coſt twenty guineas, and broke it. The gentleman was under infinite concern and began to excuſe the ſervant, and make an apology for being himſelf the occaſion of the accident; when the biſhop with great good nature interrupted him, *Be under no concern, Sir*, ſaid his lordſhip, ſmiling, *for I am much beholden to you for it. We have had a very dry ſeaſon; and now I hope we ſhall have rain. I never ſaw the glaſs ſo low in my life.* Every body was pleaſed with the humour and pleaſantry of the turn; and the more ſo, as his lordſhip was then turn'd of eighty, a time of life, when the infirmities of old age make moſt men peeviſh and haſty.

Mr

Mr K——ne, an alderman of Lynn in Norfolk, father to the famous ambaſſador of that name, and to the preſent right rev^d. biſhop of C—ſter, who was then in orders but without any preferment, thought it his duty wait upon Sir Robert Walpole, the firſt time he came to Houghton-Hall after his ſon had been honoured with a public character in Spain. As Sir Robert was at that time prime miniſter, moſt of the noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood were come likewiſe to compliment him on his arrival in the country. Sir Robert, however, received the alderman with uncommon civility, and taking him to the company introduced him in this manner; *My lords and gentlemen, I have the honour of a viſit from Mr alderman K———ne here, father to the ableſt miniſter his majeſty has abroad*; And (ſaid the honeſt, old, plain country alderman, without the leaſt heſitation) *give me leave to add, my lords and gentlemen, ——to one alſo of the pooreſt miniſters his majeſty has at home.* This ſeaſonable reply, in all probability, laid the foundation of that poſt of eminence in the church which the preſent biſhop of C——r now fills with ſo much honour to himſelf and ſatisfaction to the public; for he was in a very little while afterwards preſented to the fine living of Stanhope in the dioceſs of Durham, and from thence promoted to his preſent dignity.

The late lord Waldgrave, on abjuring the catholic religion, was ſent ambaſſador to France, where he reſided ſeveral years; and one day being at an entertainment, at which many noblemen were preſent, his couſin, the duke of Berwick, who was diſguſted and wanted to mortify him, took occaſion to ſpeak of religion, and in the courſe of the converſation, aſked his lordſhip to ſay frankly, whether the miniſters of ſtate, or the miniſters of the goſpel had the greateſt ſhare in his converſion? To which the earl with no leſs humour than vivacity reply'd, *Truly, my lord duke, you muſt excuſe me; for when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I left off con-*

confeſſion. This unexpected anſwer turned the laugh upon the duke, who never after attempted to be witty on ſo ſerious a ſubject.

General Kirk, who commanded at Tangier for many years, upon his return home in King James II^d's time, when the army began to be new modelled, being a gallant officer, was preſs'd by his majeſty to become a proſelyte to the Roman faith, as the moſt acceptable means of recommending himſelf to favour and preferment.—The general, when the king had done ſpeaking, expreſſed great concern that it was not in his power to comply with his majeſty's deſire, becauſe, he was really preingaged. His majeſty ſmiled, and aſked him what he meant? *Why, truly*, anſwered Kirk, *when I was abroad, I promiſed the emperor of Morocco, that if ever I changed my religion, I would turn Mahometan—and I never did break my word in my life, and muſt beg leave to ſay, I never will.*

While the reverend Baſil Kennet was chaplain to the Engliſh factory at Leghorn, tho' the Engliſh exerciſed their religion with the utmoſt caution and privacy, he met with great oppoſition from the papiſts, and was in great danger from the inquiſition: they had given ſecret orders to apprehend him, and to hurry him away to Piſa, and there diſpoſe of him in the moſt rigid manner. Upon notice of this deſign, Dr Newton, the Engliſh envoy at Florence, interpoſed his offices at that court, but could obtain no other anſwer, than that he might ſend for the Britiſh preacher, and keep him in his own family as his domeſtic chaplain, otherwiſe he muſt take the conſequences, for in religious matters the court of Iniquiſition was ſuperior to all civil powers. The envoy communicated this anſwer to the earl of Sunderland, then principal ſecretary to queen Anne, who returned for anſwer in her majeſty's name, that if any affront was offered to the Britiſh chaplain at Leghorn, her fleets ſhould take ſatisfaction. This anſwer being communi-

cated to the great duke, and by him to the pope, his holineſs reply'd, *That the* canons *of the church and the* cannons *of the fleet were two things; and therefore the matter in diſpute might be* diſpenſed with, *as there was no likelihood of engaging upon equal terms.*

A curate of great learning and merit, but without any view of preferment, found an opportunity of preaching in Worceſter cathedral, when Dr Hough, already ſpoken of, was biſhop of that ſee; the curate made a moſt excellent diſcourſe in which he diſcovered greater abilities than was uſually found in the common run of young clergymen. The biſhop, who was preſent, and had remark'd him, ſent after ſervice was over his verger, with a meſſage, deſiring to know of the young gentleman his name, and where his *living* was? My duty to his lordſhip, Sir, ſaid he to the verger, and tell him, *my name is* Lewis; *that* living *I have none, but my* ſtarving *is in Wales.* His lordſhip was not diſpleaſed with the humour of his anſwer, and in a ſhort time remembered to provide for him.

Dr Lancelot Blackburne, archbiſhop of York, in his younger years, it is ſaid, had been a bucaneering, upon which was founded the following ſtory when he was become dean of Exeter. Two of his former ſhipmates ſtept into church accidentally while he was in the pulpit a preaching. They were quite ſtrangers to his new way of life, and could hardly believe their eyes or ears. One of them as they were coming out of church after the ſervice was ended, in the hearing of the dean, ſwore a great oath, *that he that preached to-day muſt be Lancy or the devil. It muſt be the devil, then,* reply'd the other, *for I'll be d——n'd if Lancy has not been hang'd long before now. I ſhould be ſorry for that,* ſaid the dean, joining them, *for my profeſſion is to ſave ſouls, and the loſs of an old friend's would grieve me.* All were in raptures at meeting one another ſo unexpectedly; and in the courſe of the converſation, which was carried

carried on with ſea-faring freedom, it was aſk'd, how ſuch a wicked d—g as Lancy had been, could ever think of turning prieſt? *Oh, oh!* ſaid the dean, *the greater the ſinner, the better the ſaint. I hope, bad as I have been, to be a good archbiſhop before I die*; which accordingly came to paſs, tho' he had no likelihood of any ſuch preferment when he ſpoke the words.

Dr King, who had been many years archbiſhop of Dublin, and had been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr Lindſey, the primate of Ireland died, made claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his ſtation in the ſee of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of theſe pretenſions were prevalent. He was looked upon as *too far advanced in years* to be removed. The reaſon alledged was as mortifying as the refuſal, but the archbiſhop had no opportunity of ſhewing his reſentment except to the new primate Dr Boulter, whom he received at his own houſe, and in his dining-room parlour, without riſing from his chair; and to whom he made an apology, by ſaying in his uſual ſtrain of wit, and with his uſual ſneering countenance, *My lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, becauſe you know*, I am too old to riſe.

When king James I. was called to the throne of England, the lords and commons vied with each other in congratulations on his happy acceſſion; and this being reported to lord Montroſe, who was at the head of affairs in Scotland in order to pleaſe him, as he was known to entertain a great affection for his majeſty, his lordſhip was obſerved to look very grave upon it, and with a ſorrowful countenance; *By my ſaul, mon*, ſaid he to to the peſon that brough him the news, *I much feared it, for yon fouliſh folk will ſpoil a gweed king.*

At the firſt maſquerade his late majeſty king George was at, there happened an accident that did great ho-

nour to his good-nature; a lady maſk'd whoſe name was not known, followed the king as if ſhe took him for a ſtranger, and invited him to drink a glaſs of wine at one of the beaufets, to which he readily comply'd; and the lady filling a bumper, ſaid, *Here, maſk, the pretender's health.* Then filling another bumper, preſented it to the king, who received it with a ſmile ſaying, *I drink with all my heart to the health of all unfortunate princes.* As many eyes were upon them the affair was ſoon known through the whole aſſembly, and every one applauded his majeſty's reply.

During the uſurpation of Oliver Cromwell, Sir John Howorth of Surrey, one of Cromwell's knights, and attach'd to his party, was ſued by the miniſter of the pariſh for tythes. While the ſuit was depending, Sir John fancied the parſon preached at him every Sunday. Whereupon he complained to the protector, who having heard the parſon's defence, and that he only preached in general terms againſt whoremongers, drunkards, liars, thieves and robbers, he diſmiſſed the knight with this reprimand, *Sir John, go home, and hereafter live in good friendſhip with your miniſter. The word of the Lord is a ſearching word, and I am afraid it has found you out.*

Archbiſhop Cranmer had a niece whom he married to a gentleman every way her equal in point of family and fortune. The wedding-day was ſolemnized with great pomp and ſplendor, after which, according to cuſtom, the new-married couple were left at night alone. The next morning the good archbiſhop went into their chamber, and enquiring after their health told them, he had a preſent to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but the archbiſhop perſiſted in concealing it till they both promiſed him never to wear it at the ſame time; and having extorted from them that ſolemn promiſe, he then pulled out a *fool's cap.*

The

The late Sir William Trumball was wont to tell a ſtory which he had from one that was preſent when king Charles I. being with ſome of his court at Oxford, during his troubles, and a diſcourſe ariſing what ſort of dogs deſerved the pre-eminence and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the ſpaniel or greyhound; the king gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound; *becauſe*, ſaid he, *it has all the* good-nature *of the other without its* fawning.

During a ſhort truce in queen Anne's wars in Flanders, the cook of a marſhal of France invited Mr Lamb, cook to the duke of Marlborough, to dinner, which invitation Mr Lamb very readily accepted. The Frenchman had at his entertainment all the extraordinary kickſhaws the fertile imagination of his country's genius could invent; and Mr Lamb was highly and elegantly entertain'd. At parting, great profeſſions of friendſhip paſſed on both ſides, and the Frenchman promiſed ſoon to return the viſit; which he accordingly did; but to his great aſtoniſhment, and to the ſurpriſe of thoſe he carried with him, Mr Lamb had prepared nothing for his reception but a plain ſirloin of beef and a plumb-pudding. *Sir*, ſaid the Frenchman in broken Engliſh, *begar, me expect no ſuch diſh as dis on dis tre-grand occaſion, me expect de ſoup-pullon, de ragout, de fricaſee, de tout la, de l'art culinaire.* *Monſieur*, reply'd Mr Lamb, *this is better than all the dainties that France can produce.* 'Tis what every Engliſhman ſhould be be proud of; *this diſh has carried my countrymen twice thro' France already, and I don't doubt but it will a third time.* Morbleu, (cry'd the Frenchman, laughing) but ve vil eat beef and puddang too, and den vat vil you do? and ſo they all fell on and eat heartily.

When Sir Charles Wager commanded the ſquadron in the Baltic in 1725, which was ſent thither in order to preſerve the peace of the North, he diſpatched a frigate to Peterſbourg with a letter from the late king to the Czarina. Upon receiving it ſhe enquired of the officer

who had the honour to preſent it, *What number of ſhips the Engliſh ſquadron might conſiſt of?* His anſwer was, *of twenty two. How*, ſaid ſhe, in ſurpriſe, *twenty two ſail of men of war to bring me one ſingle letter! 'tis the deareſt poſtage I have ever heard of, and I hope it is not expected an anſwer ſhould be ſent back at the ſame charge.*

Dr. Dover, an eminent phyſician, in the beginning of the preſent reign, publiſhed a book, entitled, *Dr Dover's laſt legacy to his country*, in which he ſtrongly recommended the uſe of quick-ſilver, inſomuch that it became the medicine of high and low, till a lady of diſtinction dancing at a public aſſembly, the quickſilver ſhe had taken that morning dropt plentifully from her and all beſpangled the floor; which by the glaring light of many candles, the gentlemen took to be brilliants, and ſtooped down to take them up accordingly; but finding it was only quickſilver, and judging from whence it came, they cry'd out, *that ſomebody had ſcattered her diamonds*, which occaſioned a horſe-laugh among the gentlemen, and put all the ladies to the bluſh. This w im cal accident diſcredited the preſcription.

Dean Swift having preached an aſſize ſermon in Ireland, was afterwards invited to dine with the judges, and having in his diſcourſe conſidered the uſe and abuſe of the law, he had bore a little hard upon thoſe counſellors who plead cauſes which they know in their conſciences to be wrong; when dinner was over and the glaſs began to go round, a young barriſter who happened to be preſent, took occaſion to retort upon the dean, and after many altercations on both ſides, the counſellor at laſt aſk'd him, *If the devil were to die whether a parſon might'nt be found for money to preach his funeral ſermon? Yes*, ſaid Swift, *and I would gladly be the man, for I would then give the* devil *his due, as I have this day his* children.

The

The late renowned Peter the Great being at Weſtminſter-hall in term-time, and ſeeing multitudes of people ſwarming about the courts of law, is reported to have aſked ſome about him, *Who all theſe buſy people were, and what they were about?* and being anſwer'd, *they are lawyers. Lawyers!* returned he with great vivacity, *why I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I deſign to hang two of them as ſoon as I get home.*

Philip I. of Spain took a particular delight in the plainneſs of his equipage and entertainments; a nobleman being entertained by him at dinner, took occaſion to inform his majeſty of the magnificence with which his courtiers treated one another, and told him, that in the evening a grand banquet was to be given by the archbiſhop of Toledo, where his majeſty might be an eye-witneſs of the truth. The K. got himſelf introduced incognito to the banquet-room, and obſerved the vaſtneſs of the preparations, the grandeur of the entertainment, and withal heard their diſcourſe, wherein they boaſted of their great eſtates, and the penſions, they held from the king. Next morning he gave out that he was much indiſpos'd, and was about to make his will; whereupon all the lords of his council repaired to court. At noon he came into the council-chamber, and directing his diſcourſe to the archbiſhop, aſk'd him, how many kings of Spain he had known in his time? He anſwered, *four. What, no more!* cries the king; how can that be, when in the ſhort ſpace of my own life I have known twenty. The lords preſent looked at one another, and could not think what he meant; when his majeſty proceeding, *Why, you are all kings,* ſaid he, *you feaſt like kings, and you boaſt of the wealth of kings, and therefore it is but juſt you ſhould bear part of the burthen of the war like kings; and accordingly a moiety of your revenues muſt be converted to the payment of the army.*

In the reign of queen Ann, captain Hardy, whoſe ſhip was ſtationed at Lagos-bay, happened to receive undoubted advice of the arrival of the Spaniſh galleons under

under the convoy of 17 men of war, in the harbour of Vigo; and without any warrant for ſo doing ſet ſail, and made ſuch expedition that he came up with Sir George Rook, who was then admiral and commander in chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him that intelligence, which engaged him to make the beſt of his way to Vigo where all the before mentioned galleons and men of war were either taken or deſtroyed. Sir George was ſenſible of the importance of the advice, and the ſucceſsful expedition of the captain; but after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantages made of it, the admiral ordered captain Hardy on board; and with a ſtern countenance, *You have done, Sir*, ſaid he, *a very important piece of ſervice to the queen; you have added to the honour and riches of your country by your diligence; but don't you know that you are at this inſtant liable to be ſhot for quitting your ſtation?— He's unworthy to bear a commiſſion under her majeſty*, reply'd the captain, *who holds his own life at aught, when the glory and intereſt of his queen and country requires him to hazard it.* On this heroic anſwer, the admiral diſpatched him home with the firſt news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the queen, who inſtantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

The Pr. of Conti being highly pleaſed with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the ſiege of Philipſburgh, in 1734, threw him his purſe, excuſing the ſmallneſs of the ſum it contained, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings and other jewels of conſiderable value. *Sir*, ſaid he, *the gold I found in your purſe I ſuppoſe your highneſs intended me; but* theſe *I bring back to you* as having no claim to them. *You have, ſoldier*, anſwered the prince, *doubly deſerved them by your bravery, and by your honeſty; therefore they are yours.*

There

There is a ſtory of Seſoſtris king of Egypt, who being many years blind was reſtored to ſight by ſaluting a woman who had never known a man beſides her huſband.

It is reported of Socrates, that though he has written the ſevereſt of any againſt women, yet upon making a diſcourſe concerning love, he preſſed his point with ſo much ſucceſs, that all the batchelors in his audience haſted away to their ſweethearts with a reſolution to marry the firſt opportunity; and all the married men hurried home, in raptures, to their wives.

The lord-chancellor Digby relates a ſingular ſtory of a deaf nobleman in Spain, who, from a conſtant obſervation of the various motions of the lips, tongue, and eyes, of the perſons with whom he converſed, perfectly underſtood what was ſaid to him, and could give appoſite anſwers, if he could ſee the perſon that talked to him. The inference was, that his eyes performed the office of ears to him, and that the privation of one ſenſe adds to the vivacity of another.

The Iriſh being oppreſſed and injured by the earl of Kildare in the reign of Henry VII. exhibited ſeveral articles of complaint againſt him to the king, concluding their information with theſe words; *all Ireland cannot rule this earl. Why then*, ſaid the king. *he is the fitteſt man to rule all Ireland.* And accordingly made him lord lieutenant.

The old earl of Derby who lived in the reign of James and Charles I. wore ſuch plain apparel that he could not be diſtinguiſhed by his garb from the better ſort of farmers; and coming to court in his ordinary habit, was denied entrance into the privy chamber by a fine dreſs'd Scot, who told him, that was no place for plowmen, that none came there but gentlemen or ſuch as dreſſed like gentlemen. The earl reply'd he wore the cloaths he uſed to wear, and if the Scots did ſo they'd make but a mean figure in the Engliſh court.

The

The king hearing a diſpute at the chamber door came out to know what occaſioned it; to whom the earl ſaid, *Nothing, my liege, but your countrymen having left their manners and their rags behind them in Scotland, neither know themſelves, nor their betters.* The king being angry at the affront offered to ſo great a man, ſaid, 'My good lord Derby, I am ſorry for the abuſe 'given you by my ſervant; and, to make your lordſhip 'ſatisfaction, I will command him to be hanged, if your 'lordſhip deſires it.' The earl reply'd, that is too ſmall an atonement for the affront put upon my honour, and I expect his puniſhment ſhould be more exemplary. 'Name it, my lord, ſaid the king, and it ſhall be done.' *Why then, ſaid the earl, I deſire your majeſty would ſend him home again.*

King Edward IV. is ſaid to have been one of the handſomeſt men of his age, tall, fair complexioned, and of a moſt majeſtic preſence. In the fourteenth year of his regin a free benevolence being granted to maintain a war againſt France, he pleaſantly demanded of a rich widow, what ſhe would give him towards bearing his expences in that war. *By my troth*, quoth ſhe, *king, thou'rt e'en a handſom man, and for thy lovely face, thou ſha't ha twenty ponds.* That ſum being great in thoſe days, and more by half than the king expected, he gave the widow thanks, and kindly ſaluted her; which had ſo joyous an effect upon the good old lady, that ſhe reply'd, *Neay, now king, byth' maſs thou ſha't ha twenty pounds more;* and ordered it to be paid accordingly.

The reverend Mr Carter, late incumbent of Bramford in Suffolk, a man of great learning and as great modeſty, happening to dine among others of the clergy at an alderman's houſe in Ipſwich, one of the company being full of himſelf, engroſſed the whole converſation, and at length challenged any man preſent to ſtart a queſtion in theology or natural philoſophy that he could not give a full and ſatisfactory anſwer to. The vanity

of

f the man ſtruck every body dumb, which increaſed is volubility the more; when Mr Carter thought fit to heck his career by a ſimple propoſition: *Here*, ſays he, *a fiſh that has always lived in ſalt water, pray tell e why it ſhould come out a freſh fiſh, and not a ſalt e?* Being unable to make any reply, he ſaid not a ord more, but left the company to purſue more agree- ble converſation.

The earl of Dorſet having a great deſire to ſpend an vening as a private gentleman with Mr Butler author f Hudibras, prevailed with Mr Fleetwood Shepherd to troduce him into his company at a tavern which they ſed in the character only of a common friend; this be- g done, Mr Butler, while the firſt bottle was drinking, ppeared very flat and heavy; at the ſecond bottle ex- remely briſk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a oſt pleaſant, agreeable companion; but before the hird bottle was finiſhed, ſunk again into ſuch ſtupidity nd dulneſs that hardly any body could have believed im to be the author of a book that abounded with ſo uch wit, learning and pleaſantry. Next morning, Mr hepherd aſk'd his lordſhip's opinion of Mr Butler, who nſwered, *He is a like a nine pin, little at both ends, ut great in the middle.*

The vicar of Bray in Berkſhire, being a papiſt under he reign of Henry VIII. and a proteſtant under Ed- ward VI. a papiſt again under queen Mary, and a pro- eſtant in the reign of queen Elizabeth, was reproached s the ſcandal of his gown, by turning from one religion o another; *I cannot help that*, ſaid the vicar, *but if I hang'd my religion, I am ſure I have kept true to my rinciple, which is, to live and die the vicar of Bray.*

There is a ſtory of Sir William Kingſton, who was rovoſt-marſhal to Edward VI. that after a rebellion hat happened in that reign upon the alteration of reli- ion, he invited himſelf to dine with the mayor of Bod- win

win in Cornwal, who, thinking himſelf honoured, provided a handſome entertainment for him, ſuitable to his dignity. While dinner was getting ready, the provoſt took Mr Bowyer aſide, (for that was the mayor's name) and whiſpered in his ear that there muſt be an execution that afternoon, and therefore ordered him to cauſe a gallows to be ſet up over-againſt his own door. The mayor obeyed his command, and after dinner the provoſt took the mayor by the hand, and deſired him to lead him to the place of execution, which when he beheld, he aſk'd the mayor if he thought it was ſtrong enough. *Yes*, ſays the mayor, *doubtleſs it is*. Well, then, ſaid Sir William, get up and try, for it is provided for you. I hope, Sir, ſaid the mayor, you are not in earneſt. By my troth, ſays the provoſt, there is no remedy, for you have been a buſy rebel. And ſo, without any form of trial, cauſed the mayor to be executed.

Another ſtory is told of a miller, who having been very active in the ſame rebellion, and fearing the diabolical ſpirit of Kingſton, who ſhewed no mercy wherever he came, went from home, and told a young ſtout fellow, his ſervant, that if any gentleman ſhould come and enquire for him, to tell them that he was the miller. The provoſt came, as the miller had foreſeen, and the ſervant ſaid as he was ordered; upon which the provoſt commanded his Myrmidons to ſeize him, and hang him on the next tree. The poor fellow hearing this, cried out, *I am not the miller, but the miller's man*. Nay, friend, ſaid Sir William, I will take thee at thy firſt word; if thou art the miller, thou art a buſy knave and a rebel, and deſerveſt to be hang'd: if thou art not the miller, thou art a falſe lying knave, and can'ſt not do thy maſter better ſervice than to be hang'd for him. And ſo cauſed the fellow to be executed.

Captain Porter, a gay officer in Frazer's regiment, fell in love with a ſprightly young lady at Henley upon Thames, and married her. Being in lodgings ſome time after

after at a village in that neighbourhood, they hired a very pretty maid; and as they were all young and had but little to do, they were wont to divert the time in romping, without any exception taken, till one day the miſtreſs bolting open the chamber door a little too abruptly, diſcovered Betty and her maſter more familiar together, than ſhe had reaſon to deſire they ſhould continue; but bridling her paſſion, ſhe pull'd to the door, and inſtantly withdrew. The girl as ſoon as ſhe could recover herſelf from her diſhabille, haſtened after her miſtreſs, and in a violent agitation, madam, ſaid ſhe, I deſire you would take warning, for I would not live with my maſter for a king's ranſom; there never was ſo rude a man born; he's always pulling one about, or ſwearing at one. Well, well, Bett, ſaid the miſtreſs, who could not help ſmiling, moderate your paſſion, and never mind him; if he pulls you about, you pull him again; and if you pull him a days, I'll pull him a-nights, and I warrant you we tame him between us.

King Charles II, was by nature extremely familiar, of very eaſy acceſs, and much delighted to ſee and be ſeen. He delighted, tho' a monarch, to give and take a jeſt; to be the firſt man at cock-matches, horſe-races, balls and plays. He more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their lord mayor's day, and did ſo the year that Sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man; but what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, or thro' the warmth he was in with continual toaſting the royal family, his lordſhip grew a little too fond of his majeſty, and entered into a familiarity of diſcourſe not altogether ſo graceful in ſo public a place. The king underſtood very well how to extricate himſelf out of all difficulties of this ſort, and with an hint to the company to avoid ceremony, ſtole off and made towards his coach, which ſtood ready for him in Guildhall-yard. But the mayor liked his company ſo well, and was grown ſo intimate, that he purſued him haſtily, and

catching him faſt by the hand, cried out, with a vehement oath and accent, *Sir, you ſhall ſtay and take t'other bottle.* The airy monarch looked kindly at him, over his ſhoulder, and with a ſmile and graceful air, repeated this line of the old ſong;

He that is drunk, is as great as a king;

and immediately turned back, and comply'd with his lordſhip's humour.

The ſtory of this king's eſcape after the battle of Worceſter will, perhaps, account for that freedom of acceſs and familiarity his majeſty was ſo remarkable for: and though ſomewhat long, is very curious to be known; I ſhall therefore give it as related by lord Clarendon, who no doubt had the beſt opportunity of being acquainted with the particulars.

The laſt fatal battle of Worceſter, ſays he, was no ſooner decided, than the king thought of nothing ſo much as providing for his own ſafety; he therefore took the advantage of the night, ſlipt away from the body of horſe that attended him, and betook himſelf alone to an adjacent wood, where in the morning he diſcerned another man, who had got up an oak near the place where the king had reſted himſelf. This man's name was Careleſs, a captain under lord Loughborough, who knew the king, and the king him; and perſuaded his majeſty, ſince it could not be ſafe for him to leave the wood till the heat of the purſuit abated, to aſcend the tree that he had juſt quitted, where the boughs were ſo thick with leaves that no perſon could be diſcovered without a narrower enquiry than people uſually make in places which they don't ſuſpect. The king did ſo, and was followed by Careleſs, and in that tree they ſat ſecurely all the next day, and ſaw many who came in purſuit of them, and heard their diſcourſe. The day being ſpent, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little ſleep; ſo that now it was dark,

dark, he was willing to make ſome proviſion for both; and with the advice and aſſiſtance of his companion, after walking at leaſt nine or ten miles, they came at laſt to a poor cottage, the owner whereof being a Roman catholic, was known to Careleſs, who fortunately for the king was of that religion. Him they called up, who preſently carried them into a little hovel, full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himſelf. But when they had conferred with their hoſt of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed, that the danger would be the greater if they ſtaid together, and therefore that Careleſs ſhould preſently be gone, and ſhould within two days, ſend a truſty perſon to the king to guide him to ſome other place of ſecurity, and in the mean time his majeſty ſhould ſtay upon the haymow. The king ſlept very well in his lodging till morning, when his hoſt brought him a piece of bread, and a great pot of butter-milk, which he thought the beſt food he had ever eaten. The poor man was ignorant of the quality of his gueſt, but ſpoke very intelligibly to him of the country, and of the people who were well or ill-affected to the king, and of the great fear and terror that poſſeſſed the hearts of thoſe who were beſt affected. He told him, that what he had brought him was the fare he and his wife had; and that he feared if he ſhould endeavour to procure better, it might draw ſuſpicion upon him, and people might be apt to think he had ſomebody with him that was not of his own family; however if he would have him get ſome meat he would do it. The king was ſatisfied with his reaſon, and after two days penance in this place, a man, a little above the condition of his hoſt, came from Careleſs, to conduct him to another houſe, more out of the way. It was above twelve miles he was to travel, and was to be cautious not to go into any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. He had already cut off his hair, and now he new dreſſed himſelf, changing cloaths with his landlord; he had a great mind to have kept his own ſhirt, but he conſidered that men are not

ſooner diſcovered by any mark in diſguiſes, than by having fine linen in bad cloaths; and ſo he parted with his ſhirt too, and took the ſame his poor hoſt had then on. Though he had foreſeen that he muſt leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the beſt care he could to provide an old pair of ſhoes, yet they were uneaſy when he firſt put them on, and in a ſhort time after grew very grievous to him. Thus equipt he ſet out from his firſt lodging in the beginning of the night, croſſing hedges and ditches, which ſo tired him, that he was even ready to deſpair, and prefer being taken and ſuffered to reſt, before purchaſing his ſafety at ſo dear a rate. His ſhoes had, after a few miles hurt him ſo much, that he had thrown them away, and walked in his ſtockings; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over the hedges, and with the ſtones in other places, were ſo hurt and wounded that he many times caſt himſelf upon the ground with a deſperate and obſtinate reſolution to reſt there till the morning what hazard ſoever he run. But his ſtout guide ſtill prevailed with him to make a new attempt, till at length they arrived at the houſe deſigned; which, tho' it was better than that he had left, his lodging was ſtill in the barn upon ſtraw inſtead of hay. Here he had ſuch fare as poor people uſe to have, with which, but eſpecially with the butter and cheeſe, he thought himſelf well feaſted; and took the beſt care he could to be ſupplied with other ſhoes and ſtockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from one poor houſe to another, and concealed with great fidelity. Within a few days one Mr Huddleſtone, a Benedictine monk, came to him, ſent by Careleſs, and was of ſingular ſervice to his majeſty. This man told him, that lord Wilmot lay concealed likewiſe in a friend's houſe of his, which his majeſty was glad to hear, and wiſhed him to contrive ſome means how they might ſpeak together; which the other did. Wilmot told the king, that he had by very good fortune, fallen into the houſe of one Mr Lane, a perſon remarkable for his fidelity to the king, but of ſo univerſal

ſal a good name, that tho' he had a ſon, a colonel in the king's ſervice, people of all parties paid the old man very great reſpect; and therefore he adviſed his majeſty to repair to this gentleman's houſe, where he was ſure he might lie conceal'd till a full deliverance could be contrived. The king liked the propoſition, and was willing that he ſhould know what gueſt he received; for hitherto none of his hoſts knew or ſeemed to ſuſpect that he was more than one of the king's party that fled from Worceſter. Mr Lane received him with joy, and took care to accommodate him in ſuch places as in a large houſe had been provided for the purpoſes of concealment. Here he remained ſome months, receiving every day information of the great conſternation the king was in, leſt his perſon ſhould fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the diligence they uſed to ſearch after him. He read the proclamation that was iſſued out and printed, in which a thouſand pounds were promiſed to any man who would diſcover and deliver up the perſon of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treaſon declared againſt thoſe who preſumed to harbour or conceal him; by which he ſaw how much he was beholden to all thoſe who were faithful to him. It was high time to conſider how he might get near the ſea in order for his eſcape. He was now on the borders of Staffordſhire, near the middle of the kingdom, where he was an utter ſtranger to all the ports and coaſt: in the weſt he was beſt acquainted, and that coaſt was moſt proper to tranſport him into France, to which he was inclined. Upon this matter he conſulted with the old gentleman, the colonel his ſon, and a young lady of great diſcretion, daughter to Mr Lane who was very fit to bear a part in ſuch a truſt. Mr Lane had a neice married to Mr Norton, a clergyman, of 8 or 900l. a year, who lived within a few miles of Briſtol, at leaſt four or five days journey from the place where the king then was, but a place moſt to be wiſhed for the king to be in, becauſe he was well known and well beloved in all that county. It was hereupon reſolved that Miſs Lane ſhould viſit this couſin,

ſion, and that ſhe ſhould ride behind the king, who was fitted with cloaths and boots for ſuch a ſervice, and only one ſervant to attend them. A good houſe was pitched upon for the firſt night's lodging, where Wilmot had notice given him to meet: and in this equipage the king began his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a diſtance with his hawk, and two or three ſpaniels; which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company ſtill in his eye, and not ſeeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their firſt night's lodging; here lord Wilmot found them; and every day's journey being then ſettled, he was inſtructed where he ſhould meet them at night. The colonel continued to hawk with them till he had brought them within a day's journey of Mr Norton's houſe, and then he gave his hawk to Wilmot, who finiſhed the journey in the ſame exerciſe.

There was great care taken when they came to any houſe, that the king might be preſently carried into ſome chamber, Miſs Lane declaring, that he was a neighbour's ſon whom his father had lent her, in hope that he would the ſooner recover from a quartan ague, with which he had been miſerably afflicted, and was not yet free. And by this artifice ſhe cauſed him to be handſomely provided for, and often waited upon him herſelf to prevent the ſervants from too narrowly obſerving him. There was no reſting place till they came to Mr Norton's, nor any thing extraordinary that happened in the way, ſave that they met many people every day who were well known to the king, and the day they went to Mr Norton's they were neceſſarily to ride quite thro' Briſtol, a place and people the king was well acquainted with, and could not but ſend his eyes abroad, to view the great alterations which a little time had made there; and when he rode near the place where the great fort had ſtood, he could not forbear putting his horſe out of the way, and rode with his miſtreſs behind him round about it. They came to Mr Norton's houſe ſooner than uſual, and tho' in the middle of October, they ſaw ma-

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ny people about a bowling-green that was before the door, and the firſt man the king ſaw was a chaplain of his own, who was ally'd to the gentleman of the houſe, and was ſitting upon the rails to ſee how the bowlers play'd. William, by which name the king went, walked with his horſe into the ſtable till his miſtreſs could provide for his retreat. Miſs Lane was very welcome to her couſin, and was preſently conducted to her chamber; where ſhe had no ſooner entered than ſhe lamented the condition of a good youth who came with her, and who was very ſick being newly recovered of an ague. A chamber was preſently made ready, and a boy ſent into the ſtable to call William, who was very glad to retire from the company below. When it was ſupper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Miſs Lane filled a little diſh, and deſired the butler who waited at table to carry that diſh to William. The butler carried the broth, and looking upon the young man narrowly, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him, he was glad to ſee his majeſty. The king was infinitely ſurprized, yet recollected himſelf enough to laugh at the man, and to aſk him, what he meant? The man's name was John Pope; he had been falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well to whom he ſpoke; whereupon the king conjured him not to diſcover him, not even to his maſter; the man promiſed, and kept his word; and the king was better ſerved during his abode there. Dr Gorges, the king's chaplain, as has been ſaid, ſupped with Mr Norton that night, and being a man of chearful converſation, aſked Miſs Lane many queſtions concerning William, to which ſhe gave ſuch anſwers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the parliament, had, like many others, declined his profeſſion, and pretended to ſtudy phyſic; and as ſoon as ſupper was over, out of good-nature, and without telling any body, he went to ſee William. The king ſaw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inſide of the bed, that he might be fartheſt from the candle;

and

and the doctor came and ſat down by him, felt his pulſe, and aſked him many queſtions, which he anſwered in as few words as poſſible, and expreſſing great inclination to go to bed, the doctor left him, and went to Miſs Lane, and told her that he had been with William, and that he would do well, and adviſed her what ſhe ſhould do if his ague returned. Next morning the doctor went away, ſo the king ſaw him no more; and lord Wilmot came to the houſe with his hawk to ſee Miſs Lane, and ſo took an opportunity to ſpeak with William, who was to conſider what he was to do. They thought it neceſſary to reſt ſome days till they were informed what port lay moſt convenient for them, and what perſon lived neareſt to it, upon whoſe fidelity they might rely; and the king gave him directions to inquire after ſome perſons, and ſome other particulars, of which, when he ſhould be fully inſtructed, he ſhould return again to him. In the mean time Wilmot lodged at a houſe not far from Mr Norton's, to which he had been recommended. After ſome days ſtay here, the king came to know that colonel Francis Windham lived within a little more than a day's journey of the place where he was; of which he was very glad; for beſides the inclination he had to his elder brother, whoſe wife had been his nurſe, this gentlemen had behaved himſelf very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunſtar-caſtle, where the king lodged when he was in the Weſt. The king ſent Wilmot to him, and a time and place being appointed to meet, the king took his leave of Miſs Lane, who remained at her couſin's, and ſo departed, accompanied only by lord Wilmot. In their way they met [illegible] Kirton, a ſervant of the king's, who well knew Wilmot, but took no notice of him, nor ſuſpected the king to be in his company. At the place of meeting they reſted only one night, and then the king went to the colonel's houſe, where he ſtayed till the colonel projected at what place he might embark, and how they might procure a veſſel, which was no eaſy matter to do, there being ſo great a

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fear poſſeſſing even the well-affected, that no body outward bound cared to take in any paſſenger. There was a gentleman, one Mr Elliſon, who lived near Lyme in Dorſetſhire, and was well known to colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army; and with him the colonel conſulted how they might get a veſſel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger of being arreſted, and to tranſport them to France. Tho' no man would aſk who the perſons were, yet it could not but be ſuſpected they were of the Worceſter party. Lyme was generally as malicious and diſaffected to the king's intereſt as any town in England could be; yet there was in it the maſter of a bark, of whoſe honeſty captain Elliſon was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his veſſel when Elliſon aſked him, whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentleman and land them in France, if he might have 50l. for his trouble. The man ſaid, he might be well ſuſpected for going to ſea again without being freighted, after he was ſo newly returned; yet he undertook it. Colonel Windham being advertiſed of this, came together with lord Wilmot to the captain's houſe, from whence they both rode to a houſe near Lyme, where the maſter of the bark met them; and it was there concluded that on ſuch a night, when the tide ſerved, the man ſhould draw out his veſſel from the peer, and being at ſea ſhould come to ſuch a point, about a mile from the town, where his ſhip ſhould remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take her off again about break of day when the tide ſerved next morning. There was very near this point a ſmall inn, kept by a man who was reputed honeſt, to which the cavaliers of the country often reſorted; and the London poſt-road paſſed that way, ſo that it was ſeldom without company. Into that inn the two gentleman were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themſelves on board. All things being thus concerted, and good earneſt given to the maſter, lord Wilmot and the colonel returned to

the colonel's houſe, above a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the maſter ſhould proceed, and if any thing fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at ſuch a place where they intended the king ſhould be the day before he was to embark. The king being ſatisfied with theſe preparations, came at the time appointed to that houſe where he was to hear how things went, and was aſſured that the man had honeſtly put his proviſions on board, and had his crew ready, which was but four men, and that the veſſel ſhould be drawn out that night; ſo that it was fit the two perſons ſhould repair to the place appointed. The captain conducted them within ſight of it, and then went to his own houſe not diſtant a mile from it; the colonel remaining ſtill at the houſe where they had lodged the night before till he might hear the news of their being embarked. They found many paſſengers in the inn, and ſo were to be contented with an ordinary chamber which they did not intend to ſleep long in. But as ſoon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to diſcover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the ſun roſe, and nothing like a ſhip in view. They ſent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he ſent to the town, and his ſervant could not find the maſter of the bark, which was ſtill in the peer. They ſuſpected the captain, and the captain ſuſpected the maſter. However, it being now paſt ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to ſtay longer there, and ſo they mounted their horſes to return to the houſe where they had left the colonel, who they knew, reſolved to ſtay there till he was aſſured that they were gone. The truth of the diſappointment was this; the man meant honeſtly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his veſſel he had ſtaid in his own houſe, and ſlept two or three hours, and the time of the tide being come he took out of a cupboard ſome linen and other things which he uſed to carry with him to ſea. His wife had obſerved, that he had been for ſome days fuller of thought than

than he uſed to be, and that he had been ſpeaking with ſeamen, who uſed to go with him, and that ſome of them had carried proviſions on board; of which ſhe had aſked her huſband the reaſon, who told her, that he was promiſed freight ſpeedily, and therefore he would make all things ready. She was ſure there was yet no lading in the ſhip, and therefore when ſhe ſaw her huſband take all thoſe materials with him, which was a ſure ſign that he meant to go to ſea, and it being late in the night, ſhe ſhut the door, and ſwore he ſhould not go out of his houſe. He told her, he muſt go, and was engaged to go to ſea that night, for which he ſhould be well paid. His wife told him, ſhe was ſure he was doing ſomething that would undo him, and ſhe was reſolved he ſhould not go out of his houſe; and if he ſhould perſiſt in it, ſhe would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out. The poor man, thus maſtered by the paſſion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no further noiſe, and ſo went into his bed. And it was very happy that the king's jealouſy haſtened him from that inn. It was the ſolemn faſt day which was obſerved in thoſe times, principally to inflame the people againſt the king and his party, and there was a chapel in that village over-againſt that inn, where a weaver, who had been a ſoldier, uſed to preach, and utter all the villany imaginable againſt the old order of government; and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation when the king went from thence, and telling the people that Charles Stuart was lurking ſomewhere in that county, and what they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out. The paſſengers, who had lodged in the inn that night, had, as ſoon as they were up, ſent for a ſmith to examine their horſes ſhoes, it being a hard froſt. The fellow, when he had done what he was ſent for, according to the cuſtom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horſes, to find more work. When he had obſerved them, he told the landlord, that one of

thoſe

thoſe horſes had travelled far, and that he was ſure his four ſhoes had been made in four ſeveral counties; which, whether his ſkill was able to diſcover, or no, was very true. The ſmith going to the ſermon, told this ſtory to ſome of his neighbours, and ſo it came to the ears of the preacher when his ſermon was done. Immediately he ſent for an officer, and ſearched the inn, and enquired for thoſe horſes, and being informed that they were gone, he cauſed horſes to be ſent to follow them, and to make enquiry after the two men that rid them, and poſitively declared, that one of them was Charles Stuart. All this they learnt afterwards from Captain Elliſon. But to return, when they came again to the colonel, they preſently concluded, that they were to make no longer ſtay in thoſe parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ſhip upon that coaſt; and without any farther delay they rode back to the colonel's houſe, where they arrived in the night. Then they reſolved to make their next attempt in Hampſhire and Suſſex, where colonel Windham had no intereſt. There was between that and Saliſbury, a very honeſt gentleman, colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother, of a very good family, whom the king was reſolved to truſt; and ſo ſent the lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might ſend to Mr Philips, and when he had ſpoken with him, Mr Philips ſhould come to the king, and lord Wilmot was to ſtay in ſuch a place as they two ſhould agree. Mr Philips accordingly came to the colonel's houſe, which he could do without ſuſpicion, they being nearly ally'd. The ways were full of ſoldiers, which were ſent now from the army, to their quarters, and many regiments of horſe and foot were aſſigned for the weſt, of which diviſion Deſborough was commander in chief. Theſe marches were likely to laſt many days, and it was not thought adviſable for the king to ſtay ſo long in that place; thereupon he had recourſe to his old ſtratagem of taking a woman behind him, a kinſwoman of colonel Windham's, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Saliſbury; to which colonel

Philips

Philips conducted him. In this journey he paſſed thro' the middle of a regiment of horſe; and preſently after, met Deſborough walking down a hill and three or four men with him who had lodged in Saliſbury the night before; all that road being full of ſoldiers. The next day, upon the plain, Dr Henchman, one of the prebendaries of Saliſbury, met the king; lord Wilmot and Mr Philips then leaving him to go to the ſea coaſt to find a veſſel; the doctor conducted the king to Heale, a ſeat three miles from Saliſbury, belonging then to ſerjeant Hyde, who was afterwards chief-juſtice of the king's bench, and then in the occupation of the widow of his elder brother, where coming late in the evening, he ſupped with ſome gentlemen who accidentally were in the houſe, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow being truſted with the knowledge of her gueſt, ſent her ſervants out of the way; and, at an hour appointed, received him again, and accomodated him in a little room, which had been made ſince the beginning of the troubles for concealment. Here he was entertained unknown to ſome gentlemen who lived in the houſe, and to others who daily reſorted thither, for many days; the widow herſelf only attending him, and bringing him ſuch letters as the doctor received from Wilmot and Philips. A veſſel being at laſt provided upon the coaſt of Suſſex, and notice thereof ſent to Dr Henchman, he ſent to the king to meet him at Stone-henge, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place where colonel Philips received him. He, the next day delivered him to lord Wilmot, who went with him to a houſe in Suſſex, recommended by colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that county that had ſerved the king in the war, who met him there; and had provided a little bark at Brighthelmſted, where he went early on board, and arrived ſafely in Normandy, in November, in a ſmall creek, from whence he got to

Roan, and thence to Court, where we ſhall now leave him.

Marſhal Villars, upon the death of the duke of Vendôme, in Lewis XIVth's time, was made governor of Provence in his room; and when the marſhal went to take poſſeſſion of his new government, the deputies of the province made him the uſual preſent of a purſe full of Louis d'Ors; but the perſon who had the honour to preſent it, ſaid to him, *Here, my lord, is ſuch another purſe as that we gave to the duke de Vendôme, when, like you, he came to be our governor; but the prince, after accepting it as a teſtimony of our regard to him, very generouſly returned it.*—— *Ah!* ſaid marſhal Villars, ſqueezing the purſe into his pocket, *Monſieur Vendôme was a moſt ſurpriſing man; he has not left his fellow behind him.*

Villiers, duke of Buckingham, about the latter end of K. James's reign, and the beginning of that of K. Charles I. had made himſelf by his miſmanagement ſo obnoxious to the Commons, that Sir Edward Cook declared him publickly in the houſe to be the cauſe of all the national miſery, and that, till the king was informed of it, they could neither go out with honour, nor ſit with honour there. The duke being told of this afterwards, as he ſat at dinner at his own table, *Tuſh*, ſaid he ſmiling, *what ſignifies what the Commons of England ſay—without my leave they dare do nothing——no, not ſo much as touch the hair of a dog.*

[This, however, proved a fatal menace to him; and gave occaſion to one of the boldeſt murders recorded in hiſtory; the ſtory of it is thus related by different authors.]

One John Felton, a gentleman of a reputable family in Suffolk, and formerly a lieutenant in the king's ſervice, being inflamed by the popular reſentment, took it into

into his head that he ſhould do God good ſervice if he killed the duke; and accordingly having provided no other inſtrument than an ordinary knife which he bought for a ſhilling, he repaired to Portſmouth (where the duke was then haſtening out a fleet for the relief of Rochelle) and arrived on the eve of St Bartholomew. Next morning the duke receiving letters, that Rochelle had relieved itſelf, had ordered breakfaſt to be got ready with all expedition, that he might go and acquaint the king, who was then at Sir Daniel Norton's, but a few miles off, with the good news: the chamber where the duke was dreſſing himſelf, in the mean time, was full of company; and among the reſt, Monſ. Soubiez, brother to the duke of Rohan, and other Frenchmen gentlemen, who were earneſtly preſſing the departure of the fleet, leſt the news the duke had received ſhould be premature, and the place be ruined and loſt by an ill-timed delay. Their diſcourſe, according to the cuſtom of their nation, was held with ſuch vehemence, that the ſtanders-by, who did not underſtand French, thought they were angry; and the duke being told that breakfaſt was ready, and drawing towards the door, where the hangings were held up to let him paſs, in that very paſſage turning to Sir John Fryer, the colonel in waiting, to iſſue his commands, he was on a ſudden ſtruck upon the breaſt with a knife; upon which, without uſing any other words but *the villain hath killed me*, and in the ſame moment pulling out the knife, he fell down dead, the knife having pierced his heart. No man had ſeen the blow, but in the confuſion many imagined it came from the French; and it was next to a miracle they were not all killed on the ſpot. In the hurry a hat was taken up, in the inſide of which four or five lines of that declaration were written, wherein the commons had ſtyled the duke an enemy to the kingdom, and underneath upon the ſame paper a ſhort ejaculation. It was inſtantly concluded, that the perſon to whom this hat belonged, muſt be the man who had done the murder; and accordingly a gentleman being obſerved walking very penſively before the

door without a hat, the word was given that *there was the villain that had killed the duke*; and while the multitude crowded to see him, and every one was asking, *Which is he? Which is he?* The man very composedly answered, *I am he.* The most furious ran with their drawn swords to kill him; while he, with all the unconcern in the world, exposed himself to the utmost violence of their rage; but others of a more deliberate temper defended him, and carried him into a private room, in order to pass examination, while he was yet uncollected. The chief thing aimed at was to learn his accomplices, and in order to induce him to that discovery, it was intimated to him that the duke was not yet dead; but to this he replied with a smile, *I know he must be dead, for I had the force of forty men when I struck him.* He added, that they need give themselves no trouble about his accomplices, for no man living had credit enough with him to engage him to kill a worm; that what he had done was a matter of conscience, for which he was ready and willing to suffer the severest penalties of the law; and that the motives upon which he acted would appear, if his hat were found, in which, lest he should perish in the attempt, he had written them that the world might not be at a loss to account for the deed. Nothing further could be gathered from him upon this occasion, and therefore he was removed to London, where he remained four months in prison before he was brought to trial, in which time he was more than once examined before the council; and though he still persisted in his former declaration, that no man knew of his design, yet Laud would not be convinced but that the Puritans were concerned in the conspiracy, and threatened Felton with the rack if he did not confess it; Felton reply'd with a composure equally admired and applauded, *That if it must be so, he could not tell whom he might nominate in the extremity of torture; and if what he then should say must pass for truth, he could not tell whether his lordship, or which of their lordships present, he might name, for torture might draw unexpected*

pected things from him; after this, ſays Ruſhworth, he was aſked no more queſtions, but remanded back to priſon. Biſhop Laud, however, perſiſted in putting him to the rack, on which a debate aroſe, and his majeſty being preſent, moved that the queſtion might be propounded to the judges, who unanimouſly declared, *That he ought not by the law of England to be put to the rack, for no ſuch puniſhment is known or allowed by our law*; however, Felton himſelf, after he had been in priſon ſome time, became ſo full of remorſe, that upon his trial at the King's Bench bar, he earneſtly beſought the judges, that while he was yet alive, his hand might be ſtruck off with which he had committed the impious act; and before and at his death he behaved like a man truly ſenſible of his enormous crime.

There is a remarkable ſtory told by lord Clarendon, concerning ſome previous intimations which the duke received of his untimely death, by means of an apparition, which was this: There was, ſays he, an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windſor caſtle, of a good reputation for honeſty and diſcretion, and then about the age of fifty years or more. This man had, in his youth, been bred in a ſchool, in the pariſh where Sir George Villiers the father of the duke lived; and had been much cheriſhed and obliged, in that ſeaſon of his his age, by the ſaid Sir George, whom afterwards he never ſaw. About ſix months before the miſerable end of the duke of Buckingham, about midnight, this man, being in his bed, at Windſor where his office was, and in a good ſtate of health, there appeared to him on the ſide of his bed, a man of a very venerable aſpect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, aſked him, if he knew him. The poor man half dead with fear and apprehenſion, being aſked the ſecond time, Whether he remembered him? and having in that time called to his memory the preſence of Sir George Villiers, and the very cloaths he uſed to wear, in which at that time he ſeemed to be habited, he anſwered him, that he

he thought him to be that perſon. He replied, 'he was 'in the right; that he was the ſame, and that he ex- 'pected a ſervice from him; which was, that he ſhould 'go from him to his ſon the duke of Buckingham, and 'tell him if he did not ſomewhat to ingratiate himſelf 'to the people, or, at leaſt, to abate the extreme ma- 'lice they had againſt him, he would be ſuffered to live 'but a ſhort time.' After this diſcourſe he diſappear- ed; and the poor man, if he had been at all waking, ſlept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and conſidered it no otherwiſe.

The next night, or ſhortly after, the ſame perſon appeared to him again in the ſame place, and about the ſame time of the night, with an aſpect a little more ſevere than before; and aſked him, Whether he had done as he had required him? and perceiving he had not, gave him very ſevere reprehenſions; and told him, he ex- 'pected more compliance from him; and that if he did 'not perform his commands, he ſhould enjoy no peace 'of mind, but ſhould be always purſued by him.' Upon which he promiſed to obey him. But the next morning waking out of a good ſleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively repreſentation of all particulars to his memory, he was willing ſtill to perſuade himſelf that he had only dreamed; and conſidered, that he was a perſon at ſuch a diſtance from the duke, that he knew not how to find admiſſion to his preſence; much leſs had any hope to be believed in what he ſhould ſay. So with great trouble and unquietneſs, he ſpent ſome in thinking what he ſhould do; and in the end reſolved to do no- thing in the matter.

The ſame perſon appeared to him the third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproached him for not performing what he had promiſed to do. The poor man had by this time recovered the courage to tell him, 'That in truth he had deferred the execution of his 'commands, upon conſidering how difficult a thing it 'would be for him to get any acceſs to the duke, hav- 'ing acquaintance with no perſon about him; and if he

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'could obtain admiſſion to him, he ſhould never be able 'to perſuade him, that he was ſent in ſuch a manner; 'but he ſhould, at beſt, be thought to be mad, or to be 'ſet on and employed by his own, or the malice of other 'men to abuſe the duke; and ſo he would be ſure to be 'undone.' The perſon reply'd, as he had before, 'That he ſhould never find reſt till he ſhould perform 'what he required; and therefore it were better to 'diſpatch it; that the acceſs to his ſon was known to 'be very eaſy; and that few men waited long for him; 'and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two 'or three particulars, which he charged him never to 'mention to any perſon living, but to the duke himſelf; 'and he ſhould no ſooner hear them, but he would believe all the reſt he ſhould ſay.' And ſo repeating his threats he left him.

In the morning, the poor man, more confirmed by the laſt appearance, made his journey to London, where the court then was. He was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the maſters of requeſts, who had married a lady nearly allied to the duke, and was himſelf well received by him. To him this man went; and tho' he did not acquaint him with all particulars, he ſaid enough to him to let him ſee there was ſomething extraordinary in it; and the knowledge he had of the ſobriety and diſcretion of the man, made the more impreſſion on him. He deſired, that, by his means he might be brought to the duke; to ſuch a place, and in ſuch a manner, as ſhould be thought fit; affirming, that he had much to ſay to him, and of ſuch a nature as would require privacy, and ſome time and patience in the hearing. Sir Ralph promiſed, he would ſpeak firſt to the duke of him, and then he ſhould underſtand his pleaſure. And accordingly, the firſt opportunity, he did inform the duke of the reputation and honeſty of the man, and then what he deſired, and all he knew of the matter. The duke, according to his uſual condeſcenſion, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king; that his horſes ſhould attend him at

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Lambeth-Bridge, where he would land by five o'clock in the morning; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk and ſpeak with him, as long as ſhould be neceſſary. Sir Ralph carried the man with him next morning, and preſented him to the duke at his landing, who received him courteouſly; and walked aſide in conference with him near an hour, none but his own ſervants being then on the place; and they and Sir Ralph at ſuch a diſtance, that they could not hear a word, though the duke ſometimes ſpoke with great commotion; which Sir Ralph the more eaſily obſerved, becauſe he kept his eyes always fixed upon him: and the man told him in his return over the water, 'That when he mentioned theſe particulars which were to gain him credit; 'the ſubſtance whereof he ſaid, he durſt not impart to 'him, the duke's colour changed, and he ſwore he could 'come to that knowledge only by the devil; for that 'thoſe particulars were known but to himſelf, and to 'one perſon more, who, he was ſure, would never ſpeak 'of them.'

This ſtory, which Clarendon has introduced with much ſolemnity, is the more remarkable, as ever after, the duke appeared abroad with omens of misfortune in his countenance; his unſteady motions, his dark expreſſions, his earneſtly recommending his wife and children to be remembered by biſhop Laud to his royal maſter; his frequent ſolitary interviews with his mother, and his reflections upon the tender ties of nature, and the endearments of life which he was to leave behind him, amount to more than a bare preſumption that from the moment he was made acquainted with the errand of his deceaſed father, he became ſtrongly poſſeſt with the apprehenſions of his approaching fate.

Tho' we are far from recommending the belief of all ſuch ſtories as theſe to our young readers, yet there are ſome ſo ſtrongly atteſted, that it is impoſſible to withhold our aſſent to the truth of them; among which we muſt include the following, which ſtands upon the ſtrong-

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eſt degree of evidence that can be produced, and moſt of the witneſſes are ſtill alive.

One Mr Woodmanſon, while apprentice to a ſhop-keeper at Goſport that lived over-againſt his father's houſe, boarded at his father's; and on the 23d of Auguſt, 1736, at noon, as he was ſtanding at his maſter's door, with his miſtreſs and maid-ſervant and one Mr Bloxham, then rider to Mr Oakes and company, but now a haberdaſher, in Cateaton-ſtreet, heard his father's voice, call, Charles, as he was wont to do at dinner-time. He anſwered, *Coming, Sir;* but being engaged in buſineſs, he ſtaid about four minutes, when he heard the voice a ſecond time call Charles; the maid heard it then, and anſwered for him; and he ſtaid to finiſh what he had in hand. He then ſaw the door open, heard his father call a third time in a ſtrong, emphatical, angry tone, and ſhutting the door he heard its ſound: both the miſtreſs and the maid heard this laſt call; on which the miſtreſs puſhed him out of the ſhop, with, *Sirrah, get you gone, your father is quite angry at your ſtay.* He ran over, lifted up the latch, but found the door locked. Then going in at the back gate, ſaw his mother-in-law, who told him his father was not come home, nor would dine at home that day. His ſurpriſe was great, his hair ſtood on end, and he went back to the company, whoſe conſternation on hearing the fact, was as great as his own. The maid told him it was a ſign of death, and he would not live long; which made ſuch an impreſſion upon him, that from a lad of rais'd ſpirits and extreme vivacity, he became grave and ſerious, thought of nothing but his approaching end, and held himſelf in conſtant preparation for the period he expected. What is very remarkable, he had an only uncle, (who was governor of the Biddeford, then ſtation'd at Leith) that died there that ſame day, and about the ſame hour.

[This gentleman, who is now in Carolina, ſtill continues the ſame ſerious turn of mind, and his veracity is unqueſtionable.]

In

In 1651, king Charles II. made his laſt effort againſt Oliver to regain the crown, and aſſembling forces in the north, advanced weſtward into England, where he thought he could command the moſt friends; but Oliver intercepting his progreſs at Worceſter, drew on an engagement, which, as has been hinted already, proved deciſive againſt the king. The very night after this battle was fought, Sir Chriſtopher Wren, being at his father's houſe at Knoyle in Wiltſhire, dreamt that he ſaw a fight in a great market-place, which he knew not, where ſome were flying and others purſuing; and among thoſe that fled, he thought he ſaw a kinſman of his, who went into Scotland to join the king's army. The next night this kinſman came to Knoyle, and was the firſt that brought the news of the fight at Worceſter.

There is another remarkable ſtory of this kind related of the ſame Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who being choſen ſurveyor of the royal works to K. Charles II. ſoon after his reſtoration, and being called upon to prepare a plan for the reparation only of St Paul's cathedral, which he was afterwards employed to rebuild; before he would raſhly venture to expoſe his judgment upon paper in a matter of ſuch importance, in which the great Mr Inigo Jones had been engaged before him, thought it prudent to take a ſurvey of the works of the beſt maſters abroad, and accordingly, obtained his majeſty's leave to travel for a few months. While he was at Paris, he was taken ill with a feveriſh diſorder, made but little water, and had a pain in his reins; he ſent for a phyſician who adviſed him to be blooded, and ordered him ſome proper medicines for a pleuretic fever, with which the phyſician thought him dangerouſly attacked; but having an averſion to bleeding, he put off that operation for a day longer, and in the night dreaming that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit reached him dates; though he found himſelf much worſe in the morning, yet he ſent for dates, and eating plentifully of them, from the very

ment they entered his ſtomach he thought himſelf better, and without any other medicine ſpeedily recovered.

Another ſtory of this kind, I ſhall beg leave to relate, and then change the ſubject. In March, 1736, a young woman at Briſtol being taken ill of the ſmall pox, her mother attended her during her illneſs; her father was a clergyman, more than twenty miles from the city. One night, her ſiſter, who was at her father's, being in bed, heard the voice of her mother lamenting the death of her daughter. This much ſurpriſed her, knowing that her mother was then as far off as Briſtol. When ſhe aroſe in the morning, her father ſeeing her look much concerned, aſked her what was the matter with her? She reply'd, I believe my ſiſter Molly is dead; for this night I heard the voice of my mother lamenting her death. Says the father, I heard the ſame myſelf, and her voice ſeemed to me to be in my ſtudy. Soon after, the ſame morning, came a meſſenger with tidings of her death. The deceaſed was brought to her father's to be buried, and after the funeral, her mother relating the manner of her daughter's illneſs, and that as ſoon as her daughter was dead, ſhe being weary with watching, and tired for want of ſleep, lay down in her cloaths, and dreamed that ſhe was with them telling her grief for the loſs of her daughter. This ſurprized them; and aſking the time, it appeared to be much the ſame in which they heard her voice.

Biſhop Ruthal, who in the reign of Henry VIII. by his great learning and abilities did honour to the See of Durham, being commanded to write down a true ſtate of the kingdom in general for his majeſty's private information, took great pains in the performance, and having fairly tranſcribed it, cauſed the book to be bound in vellum, gilt, and variouſly ornamented; and, at the ſame time, having taken an account of his own private eſtate, with an inventory of his jewels, plate, and money, he cauſed that likewiſe to be bound and ornamented exactly

exactly like the other, and laid them both carefully in his closet together. It so fell out, however, that the king, upon some occasion, sent cardinal Wolsey in haste for the national tract, which he had so long expected from Ruthal, but Wolsey received by mistake, the book which contained the schedule of the bishop's own wealth. This the cardinal soon perceived, but being willing to do Ruthal, to whom he had no liking, a shrewd turn, he delivered the book to the king just as he received it, telling his majesty, that now if he wanted money, that book would inform him where he might command a million; for so much did the bishop's inventory amount to. As soon as the bishop understood his error, it touched him so near, that he died shortly after.

Some time before his death, Dr South resided at Caversham in Oxfordshire, and having occasion to come to London upon particular affairs, he took that opportunity to pay a morning visit to his old friend Dr Waterland, who being overjoy'd to see him, pressed him to stay dinner, which he at length consented to do; but the doctor's lady, who was a noted œconomist, was greatly troubled at it, and calling her husband into the adjoining room, began to expostulate the matter sharply with him, how he could be so provoking to ask the gentleman to dine, when he knew she was utterly unprovided. The good man endeavoured to pacify her, by saying it was his fellow collegian, and he could do no less than to ask him to dine, and therefore prayed her to compose her passion, and hasten to provide something elegant, for that there was not a man in the world he respected more than the friend that was now come to see him———This instead of mending the matter made it worse; the lady said she had already got a leg of mutton, and if he would be so silly to invite his friends upon such occasions, they should take what she had to give them, for she would be put out of her way for none of 'em.——The doctor was now provoked beyond all patience, and protested, that if it were not for the stranger

then

then in the houſe, he would beat her. Doctor South, who had heard the whole dialogue, and was not a little diverted, inſtantly took up the diſcourſe, and ſaid, with his uſual humour, in a voice loud enough to be heard, *Dear doctor, as we have been friends ſo long, I beſeech you not to make a ſtranger of me upon this occaſion.*——The lady, aſhamed of the diſcovery, retired, and appeared no more that day, but ordered a handſome dinner to be ſent up, and left the two doctors to enjoy themſelves peaceably, to their mutual ſatisfaction.

Le Sac, a famous French dancing maſter, in the reign of queen Ann, in great admiration aſk'd a friend, whether it were true that Mr Harley, afterwards earl of Oxford, was made an earl and lord-treaſurer? and finding it confirm'd, ſaid, *Well, I wonder what the devil the queen could ſee in him; for I attended him two years, and he was the greateſt dunce that ever I taught.*

In the memoirs of the family of Orrery, there is this remarkable ſtory; that one time when lord Broghill was riding, with Cromwell on one ſide of him, and Ireton on the other, at the head of their army in Ireland, they fell into diſcourſe about the death of Charles I. Cromwell declared, that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had truſty ſervants about him, he had fool'd them all; and added, that once they had a mind to have cloſed with him, but upon ſomething that happened, they fell off from that deſign. Lord Broghill aſk'd the reaſon; we found, reply'd he, that the Scots and the Preſbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and if they made up matters with the king, we ſhould have been left in the lurch; therefore we thought it beſt to prevent them, by offering firſt to come in upon reaſonable conditions. But while we were buſied in theſe thoughts, there came a letter from one of our ſpies, who was of the king's bed chamber, which acquainted us, that on that day our final doom was decreed; that he could not poſſibly tell what it was, but we might find it out if we could intercept a letter from

the king to the queen; which letter he ſaid was ſewed up in the ſkirt of a ſaddle, and the bearer of it would come with the ſaddle on his head, about two o'clock that night, to the Blue-Boar-Inn in Holborn, for there he was to take horſe and go to Dover with it. This meſſenger knew nothing of the letter in the ſaddle, but ſome perſons in Dover did. We were at Windſor when we received this advice, and immediately Ireton and I reſolved to take one truſty fellow with us, and troopers habits to go to the inn in Holborn, which we accordingly did, and ſet our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice, when any perſon came there with a ſaddle, while we, in the diſguiſe of common troopers, called for canns of beer and continued drinking till about ten at night, when our centinel gave notice, that the man with the ſaddle was come in. Upon this we immediately roſe, and as the man was leading out his horſe ſaddled, came up to him with drawn ſwords, and told him we were to ſearch all that went in and out there, but as he looked like an honeſt man, we would only ſearch his ſaddle. Upon that we ungirt the ſaddle, and carried it into the hall where we had been drinking, leaving the horſeman with our centinel; then ripping up one of the ſkirts of the ſaddle, we there found the letter, and having got it into our hands, we delivered the ſaddle to the man, telling him he was an honeſt man, and he might go about his buſineſs. The man not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As ſoon as we had read the letter, we found the king had acquainted the queen, that he was now courted by both the factions, the Scotch preſbyterian, and the army, and which bid faireſt for him ſhould have him; but he thought to cloſe with the Scots ſooner than the other. Upon this, added Cromwell, we took horſe and went to Windſor, and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we from that time forward reſolved his ruin.

[This

[This lord Broghill was the firſt earl of Orrery, ſo created by king Charles II. for the ſhare he had in the reſtoration; tho' during Cromwell's adminiſtration he had been employed by that uſurper, and ſerved him faithfully in Ireland and Scotland.

Ireton was brother-in-law to Cromwell, and the principal officer in whom he moſt confided.]

At Domfront in Normandy, the curate, by virtue of an old cuſtom, obliges the people to pay their chriſtening and burial fees both together. The people have indeed frequently complained, but always received for anſwer, that what perſons of his cloth did, was not for the laity to find fault with; they therefore thought proper to complain to the archbiſhop of Rouen; and when the curate appeared, he owned the fact, but deſired his grace to hear his reaſons: he had been curate of that pariſh, he ſaid, ſeven years; had chriſten'd one year with another a hundred children; and, ſtrange! not buried one. At firſt, he had rejoiced in his good fortune to be placed in an air ſo healthy; but one day, looking into the regiſter-book, he found out, for a hundred years back near the ſame number had been yearly baptized, and not one above five years old buried, and ſtill the number of communicants as few now as they were then. This, tho' ſeemingly a myſtery, upon enquiry he had found the true cauſe of; for all that are born at Domfront, ſaid he, are hang'd at Rouen; and I therefore was neceſſitated to do this to keep my pariſhioners from cheating me. The biſhop demanded the truth of this, and upon being anſwered, that too many of them came to that untimely end at Rouen; he approved of what the curate had done, and cauſed his ſecretary, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, to make an act of it, which the curate carried home, and the pariſh ſubmitted, and have found much benefit, the number of natural deaths there increaſing yearly.

We find the following ſtrange ſtory related by Voltaire. Some months after the death of cardinal Mazarin, an event happened, ſays he, of a moſt extraordinary nature: A gentleman unknown was in the moſt ſecret manner carried priſoner to the caſtle of St Margaret, on the coaſt of Provence. His ſtature was above the common, and of a noble and beautiful preſence. This priſoner was during the whole journey in a maſk, which had the chin-piece ſo contrived with ſteel ſprings, that he could not eat drink without pulling it off; and his keepers had orders to kill him if he ever unmaſk'd. He remained in that iſland until an officer of great truſt, named St Mars, was made governor of the Baſtile in 1690, who went to bring him from St Margaret's, and conducted him to the Baſtile ſtill maſked as before. Before his removal from that iſland, the marquis of Louvois went thither to ſee him, and treated him with ſuch reſpect that he did not offer to ſit down in his preſence. He was lodged in the beſt apartment in the Baſtile; and nothing was refuſed him that he pleaſed to call for. His taſte turned chiefly upon having linen and laces of the fineſt kind, and he was entertained in the grandeſt manner, the governor ſeldom ſitting down with him. An old phyſician belonging to the Baſtile declared, that he had never ſeen his face, tho' he had often examined his tongue, and other parts of his body; that he was extremely well made, his ſkin a little upon the brown, and ſuch a tone of voice as intereſted every body in his favour; but that he never complained of his condition, or allowed any one to ſee who he was. This unknown gentleman died in 1704, and was buried in the night in St Paul's churchyard, but what is moſt extraordinary, no man of any figure in Europe diſappeared when this gentleman was ſent to the caſtle of St Margaret. M. Chamillard was the laſt miniſter entruſted with this ſurpriſing ſecret; and his ſon-in-law, marſhal de Feuillade, the ſecond of the name, has told me, that when his father was upon his death-bed, he had upon his knees begged of him to inform him,

him, who this gentleman was, who was never known by any other name than that of *the man with the iron maſk?* but his anſwer was, that it was a ſecret of ſtate which he had ſworn never to reveal.

We may throw ſome light on this dark ſtory of Voltaire's, by another. It has been an old report that Lewis XIV, was not the ſon of his reputed father, as his queen had lived with him twenty years without a child, inſomuch that when it was reported at court, that the queen was pregnant, the duke of Orleans, who was next heir to the crown, and who well knew his brother's impotency, could never be brought to believe it; and when the queen was brought to bed, inſiſted on being preſent at the delivery, leſt they ſhould play a warming-pan trick upon him; but being aſked afterwards by cardinal Richlieu, what he thought of it then? anſwered with a ſneer, the queen had brought forth a ſon ſure enough, but either the devil or the prieſt muſt have put him in.

[To illuſtrate this ſtory ſtill farther, it muſt be obſerved that the intereſt of Richlieu and Orleans at that time claſh'd; they were rivals for power, and it was the whole bent of the duke's ambition to effect the cardinal's diſgrace, which he moſt certainly would have accompliſh'd had Lewis XIII. died without iſſue. To prevent this, the cardinal, 'tis thought, procured a perſon of ſome diſtinction and great perſonal endowments, to hold commerce with the queen, by which two children ſoon appeared, the oldeſt of whom, was Lewis le Grand. When this ſcheme was effected, there was no more occaſion for employing this perſonage in his former office; but as he had been privy to one of the boldeſt attempts in hiſtory, his preſence at court was dangerous; and therefore it was good policy to remove him. Whether this was Voltaire's *man with the iron maſk*, or not, perhaps may never be certainly known; but that Lewis XIV. was a baſtard, was well known in France, a pamphlet

having been publiſhed there in the beginning of queen Ann's reign, entitled, *The grand Pretenders protecting the little one*, which was burnt by the common executioner, and the author of it forced to quit the kingdom of France for ever.

This ſtory is related after another manner by an anonymous author, who ſays this unknown perſon was the duke de Vermandois, natural ſon of Lewis XIV. by a woman of great beauty but mean birth, whom he loved to diſtraction, and cauſed the young prince her ſon to be educated with all imaginable care; he was handſome, well-made, full of vivacity, but haughty and paſſionate, and could not bear to pay the dauphin, the only legitimate ſon of Lewis XIV. the reſpect due to a prince born to be his king. Theſe two young princes, near the ſame age, were of very oppoſite characters. The dauphin, poſſeſſed of the ſame perſonal advantages as the duke, excelled him by his mildneſs, his affability, and a heart full goodneſs and generoſity. Theſe qualities, as eſtimable, as uncommon in a prince born to hereditary power, rendered the dauphin the object of the duke's contempt, who miſſed no occaſion of expreſſing his concern for the French nation, deſtin'd one day to obey a prince without ſpirit, and unworthy to rule. The king was informed of this behaviour of the duke, and ſaw how blameable it was, but authority yielding to parental affection deprived him of the power to correct his favourite ſon. The duke encouraged by this indulgence, ſo far forgot himſelf as one day to give the dauphin a blow. The king was preſently acquainted with it, and trembled for the criminal. Whatever inclination he had to diſſemble this affront, the dignity of the crown and the diſturbance it made at court, got the better of his tenderneſs. He aſſembled, not without reluctance, his favourite miniſters, to whom he diſcloſed his concern, and demanded their advice. In proportion to the enormity of the crime, and according to the maxims of ſtate, they all judged it merited death

death. However, one of the council, more ſenſible of the king's affliction than the reſt, ſaid, there was a way to puniſh the duke without taking his life. He propoſed, that the king ſhould immediately ſend him to the army, then on the frontiers of Flanders; that ſoon after his arrival there it ſhould be given out he was ſeized with the plague, to prevent his being viſited by perſons of diſtinction; that after a few days pretended illneſs, it ſhould be reported he was dead; and that while in the ſight of the army his funeral ceremonies were performed in a manner worthy of his birth, he ſhould by night be ſecretly conveyed to the iſland of St Margaret's, where he ſhould be impriſoned for life. This advice was approved by the king. Faithful perſons were entruſted with the execution of it. The duke ſet out for the army with a ſplendid equipage; the reſt of the ſcheme was executed as laid down; and while the camp bewailed the imagined death of this unhappy prince, he was conducted through by-ways to the caſtle of St Margaret, and put into the hands of the governor, who had beforehand received orders from the king to ſuffer his priſoner to be ſeen by no other perſon whatever. The duke was allowed one ſingle domeſtic, who was in the ſecret; but he dying on the road, the guard diſfigured him with their ſabres to prevent his being known, and leaving him ſtripped for the ſame reaſon, continued their journey. The governor received and treated his priſoner, with the greateſt reſpect. He ſerved him in perſon, receiving whatever he wanted from the ſervants, at the door of the duke's apartment, without ſuffering any of them to enter, ſo that he remained inviſible to all about him. One day, however, he bethought himſelf of graving his name on the back of a plate with the point of his knife; the ſervant who diſcovered this, brought it to his maſter in hopes of a reward; but the unhappy wretch was killed on the ſpot that the ſecret might die with him. The duke remained for ſome years in this priſon, till the governor being advanced to the government of the Baſtile at Paris, it was thought proper to tranſfer with him his

illuſtrious

illuſtrious priſoner. Both at St Margaret's, and the Baſtile, whenever on account of ſickneſs, or any other occaſion, they were obliged to let the duke be ſeen, he was conſtrained to wear a maſk. Several perſons worthy of credit affirm they have ſeen him thus. If it be queried, why the duke having ſo long outlived both the king and the dauphin, he was not enlarged, it muſt be conſidered as impoſſible to reſtore to his rank, dignity or eſtate, a prince whoſe tomb exiſted, and of whoſe obſequies ſo many then living were witneſſes, as well as proofs in writing; ſo that it would have been ſcarce poſſible to undeceive the people, who to this hour believe he died of the plague in the camp in Flanders.

Mr Thomas Fuller, a man admired for his wit, but whoſe great fault was, that he would rather loſe his friend than his jeſt, having made ſome verſes upon a ſcolding wife, Dr Couſins, his patron and benefactor, hearing them repeated, deſired Mr Fuller to oblige him with a copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, tho' wittily reply'd, *'Tis needleſs to give you the copy, for you have the original.*——This gave the doctor ſuch offence that he inſtantly withdrew his patronage, and ever after was his enemy.

King Charles I. being at Oxford during the civil wars, went one day to ſee the public library, where he was ſhew'd, among other books, a Virgil nobly printed, and exquiſitely bound. The lord Falkland, to divert the king, would have his majeſty make a trial of his fortune, by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, which every body knows was an uſual kind of divination ſome ages paſt; whereupon the king opening the book, the paſſage that firſt preſented was: *At bello audacis*, &c. *Æn.* l. 4.

Yet plagu'd with war by a bold nation rais'd;
Baniſh'd his country; raviſh'd from th' embrace
Of lov'd Iülus; *let him beg for aid;*
And ſee the barb'rous murder of his friends;

At laſt, on hard conditions forc'd to ſue
For peace; his kingdom let him ne'er enjoy;
Nor wiſh'd for light; but fall before his time;
And lie unbury'd on the common ſand.

It is ſaid, the king ſeemed concern'd at this accident; and that the lord Falkland obſerving it, would likewiſe try his own fortune in the ſame manner, hoping he might fall upon ſome paſſage that could have no relation to his caſe, and thereby divert the king's thoughts from any impreſſion the other might have upon him; but the place that lord Falkland ſtumbled upon was as much ſuited to his deſtiny, as the other had been to the king's; being the expreſſions of Evander upon the untimely death of his ſon Pallas, *Non hæc, O Pallas, dederas*, &c. *Æn.* lib. 11.

But why, O Pallas, was thy promiſe giv'n
To the unhappy ſire;—that with reſerve
And caution, thou wou'dſt truſt the bloody field?
For I well knew in the firſt feats of arms
How much young glory and ſweet fame would do.
O dire firſt fruits of war, ill-fated youth!
Mournful beginnings! and my pray'rs and vows
Unheard by all the powers divine!——

[Lord Falkland was ſecretary of ſtate to the king, and charging in the foremoſt ranks of lord Byron's horſe, at the firſt battle of Newberry, was unfortunately ſlain, in the 34th year of his age.—— The uſual method of trying one's fate by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, or the *Virgilian Prophecy*, was opening his book at a venture, and examining the paſſage that firſt came to ſight.]

Some years ago, at Mr James Greenfield's in Maryland, was obſerved a moſt ſurpriſing ſympathy between a cat and a rat, which is thus accounted for: the cat had young ones, and frequently carried them mice and other animals its prey, and among the reſt, a young rat; the kittens not being hungry play'd with it, and when

when the cat came to give ſuck to the kittens, the rat likewiſe ſucked her. This was obſerved by ſome of the ſervants, and they informed their maſter of it; who had the kittens and rat brought down ſtairs and put together on the floor, and the cat was obſerved to carry away the young rat as tenderly as ſhe did either of her young ones. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the houſe, till numbers were eye witneſſes of this preternatural ſympathy.

Dean Swift, whoſe character is well known, having dined one day at a lord-mayor's feaſt in Dublin, was teazed by an opulent, boiſterous, half-intoxicated ſquire, who happened to ſit next to him: he bore the aukward raillery for ſome time, and then on a ſudden called out in a loud voice to the mayor, *My lord, here is one of your bears at my ſhoulder, I deſire you will order him to be taken off.*

Another ſtory of this humorous divine is as follows: During the government of Berkley and Galway, who were jointly lords-juſtices of Ireland, two livings, Larcor and Rathbeggan, were beſtowed upon Mr Swift, and as ſoon as he had taken poſſeſſion of them he went to reſide at Larcor, and gave public notice to his pariſhioners, that he would read prayers every Wedneſday and Friday. Upon the ſubſequent Wedneſday the bell was rung, and the rector attended in his deſk, when after having ſat ſome time, and finding the congregation to conſiſt only of himſelf and his clerk Roger, he began with great compoſure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himſelf, *Dearly beloved Roger, the ſcripture moveth you and me in ſundry places.* And then proceeded regularly through the whole ſervice.

A very conſiderable living falling in the gift of the late lord-chancellor Talbot, who was a man of a noble and generous ſpirit, Sir Robert Walpole took the freedom to recommend to his lordſhip's notice a friend of his

his whom he wiſhed to oblige. His lordſhip having no objection to the gentleman's character, very frankly told Sir Robert that his friend ſhould be obliged. While the matter thus reſted as determined, though the neceſſary forms of induction were yet unpaſſed, the curate who had ſerved the former incumbent for many years, and had an unexceptionable character, apply'd to his lordſhip, with letters of recommendation from the beſt people in the pariſh, ſetting forth the hardſhips he laboured under by reaſon of his numerous family, and the inconveniencies he muſt ſuffer ſhould he be conſtrained to move; and therefore intreating his lordſhip's intereſt with the next incumbent, to continue him in his curacy. The chancellor received the curate with his wonted goodneſs, and entering in to converſation with him, found him to be an excellent ſcholar and of lively parts; and on aſking him what his curacy might be worth? was told, about 40 l. a year. Well, Sir, ſaid he, I'll not only grant your ſuit, but endeavour to raiſe your income; and accordingly, when the clergyman to whom the living was promiſed, came to preſs forward his preſentment, his lordſhip took occaſion to ſpeak to him in favour of the old curate, and withal to intimate that the ſalary, conſidering the man's family and his abilties (which he aſſured him were none of the meaneſt) was too ſmall for him to live upon, and therefore wiſhed him to make it up ſixty pounds a year, which, with the bounty of his pariſhioners, would afford him a comfortable ſubſiſtence. The clergyman paus'd a little at ſuch an unexpected requeſt; but ſoon recollecting himſelf, ſaid *I am exceedingly ſorry that I cannot oblige your lordſhip in the choice of the gentleman you recommend, having already engaged a near relation, whom I cannot diſmiſs with honour.* What! ſaid his lordſhip, have you engaged a curate before you are poſſeſt of the living! He ſaid, *he had.* Then Sir, reply'd the chancellor, with ſome warmth, I ſhall furniſh you with the beſt excuſe in the world to diſmiſs him, for I ſhall diſpoſe of the living to another; and without ſtaying to hear him reply, left him.

him. In a few days the old curate took the liberty to wait upon his lordſhip, to learn the ſucceſs of his interpoſition with the deſigned incumbent. My lord told him frankly he had uſed the moſt preſſing arguments in his favour he was maſter of, but was unable to ſucceed.--Here the tears began to flow involuntarily from the old man's eyes, who was going to retire to vent his grief, when the chancellor calling him back, ſaid, *Sir, I perceive your diſtreſs, and I really pity you; the* curacy *I cannot give you, but the* living *I can, and you may write to your family and friends by the next poſt, that tho' you only apply'd for the Curacy, your modeſty and merit have gained you the rectorſhip.* He bleſt the chancellor, and unable to utter a word more, left him.

Mr Prior, when he was ambaſſador in France, being at the opera in Paris, and ſeated in a box with a nobleman belonging to the court. as ſoon as one of the principal performers came upon the ſtage, and began to ſing, the nobleman, as the cuſtom is in France, joined in the favourite air, and in accompanyment with others, ſo raiſed the concert that the voice of the perſomer could not be diſtinguiſhed. Mr Prior, inſtead of ſinging, as moſt of the company did, broke out into bitter invectives againſt the Italian raſcal who impoſed upon the audience by pretending to ſing. Sir, ſaid the marquis, who ſtopt to make a reply, the fellow has a moſt excellent voice, and I'm ſurprized you are not charm'd with it. *Why, really, ſo he has*, reply'd his excellency, *but it is ſo far* below *your lordſhip's, that while you were pleaſed to ſing, I could not hear a note of it.*

The late biſhop Burnet, happening to dine one day with the then earl of Uxbridge, who was a nobleman of great compaſs of thought, but ſomewhat of a romantic turn, and the converſation affording him a fair opportunity, obſerved, not without deſign, that there was in moſt men ſome predominant paſſion; as to wine, to women, to money, or the like; *but as for my part,* adds

adds he, *my great inclination is to tell lies. Then*, ſays the earl with a ſneer, who thought himſelf pointed at, *your lordſhip is the fitteſt perſon in the world to write the Hiſtory of your own Times.*

When marſhal Broglio was in England, in the beginning of King George the firſt's reign, a debate aroſe in converſation between his majeſty and him, concerning the diſpoſition of the troops at the famous battle of Ramillies, and likewiſe concerning the behaviour of the French houſhold troops in that engagement, who, his majeſty inſiſted, were totally routed and put to flight. The marſhal took the liberty to differ from the king, by ſaying, they behaved with their uſual bravery, and were of infinite ſervice in covering the retreat of the army, when the French gave way. The king appealed to general Cadogan, who happened to be preſent, and he gave his ſentiments in favour of his majeſty. But the marſhal ſaid, I muſt really beg leave to differ from your lordſhip, becauſe I was upon the field *during the whole action*, and I never ſaw troops behave with greater intrepidity in my life. The general reply'd pleaſantly, *I grant what your excellency ſays to be true; but I was upon the field* after the action, *and I never ſaw troops in a greater panic, ſince I knew what it was to purſue an enemy.* The marſhal was ſenſibly mortified, and his majeſty perceiving him to look grave, took occaſion, upon the approach of ſome ladies, to turn the diſcourſe into gallantry.

Mr Th-rnt-n, a gentleman of large property in Yorkſhire, and member of the H—e of C——ns, was more than ordinarily active during the laſt rebellion, by his perſonal ſervice in the corps of Gentlemen Volunteers, named the *Yorkſhire-Hunters*, and was particularly remembered by his majeſty, for his zeal on that occaſion: his lady, who is one of the fineſt women in England, being ſome time afterwards introduced to court, the king received her in the politeſt manner, and after ſaluting her,

turned himſelf to Mr Thornton, and ſaid. *Sir, I always had a very high opinion of your ſervices, but I never knew till* now *how much I was beholden to you.* —— A fine compliment from a ſovereign to a ſubject, and expreſſed with uncommon delicacy.

Lord Willoughby de Brooke, coming one day out of the houſe of Peers, and his ſervant not being in ſight, called out, *Where* is *my fellow?*——*Not in Europe, by G—d*, ſaid Anthony Henley, who happened to be near him.

While king Richard I. was in France, about his war which he held againſt king Philip, there came to him a French prieſt whoſe name was Fuleo, and deſired the K. to put away his three abominable daughters which he had, or commit them to marriage, leſt God puniſhed him for them. *Thou lyeſt, hypocrite*, ſaid the king, *to thy face, for I have no daughter.* The prieſt reply'd, I lye not, for thou haſt three daughters, one of them is called *Pride*, another *Covetouſneſs*, and a third *Luſt*. With that the king called his lords and barons about him, and ſaid to them, *This hypocrite here requires me to marry my three daughters, which he ſaith, I cheriſh and maintain; namely*, Pride, Covetouſneſs, *and* Luſt; *and now that I have found husbands for them, I will do it with effect: I therefore beſtow my* Pride *on the high-minded Templars and Hoſpitallers, who are as proud as Luciſer himſelf. My* Covetouſneſs *I give to the White Fryers, otherwiſe called, the Ciſteans order, for they covet the devil and all. And my* Luſt *I give to the prelates of the church, who take moſt pleaſure in it.*

In my lord Gainſborough's park at Titchfield, in Hampſhire, ſome few years paſt, a deer was killed. After it was broke up the keeper went to quarter the heart, and the edge of the knife grated againſt ſomething that was hard, which he found to be a bullet, near the middle of the heart; about which bullet there was a callous ſkin

ſkin like horn, by which it was ſuppoſed the deer had been formerly ſhot. When my lord was told of it, he merrily ſaid, the beaſt had been in love, and it was no ſuch great miracle for lovers to ſurvive a wounded heart.

Soon after Dr Swift was made dean of St Patrick's, he was loitering one Sunday in the afternoon at the houſe of Dr Raymond, with whom he had dined, at Trim [a little town near Dublin, of which the doctor was vicar,] the bell had rung; the pariſhioners were aſſembled for evening prayers; and Dr Raymond was preparing to go to church, which was ſcarce 200 yards from his houſe. *Raymond*, ſays the dean, *I'll lay you a crown, I will begin prayers before you this afternoon. I accept your wager*, reply'd Dr Raymond; and immediately they both ran as faſt as they could towards the church. Raymond, who was the nimbler man of the two, arrived firſt at the door, and when he entered the church walked decently towards the reading-deſk; Swift never ſlacken'd his pace, but running up the iſle, left Dr Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and ſtepping into the reading-deſk, without putting on a ſurplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the liturgy with an audible voice, and continued to repeat the ſervice ſufficiently long to win his wager.

Dr Jefferies, archdeacon of Norwich, who was a great ſtickler in the Convocation, in 1710 married a ſecond wife; after which he diſcontinued his attendance on the convocation; and being aſk'd the reaſon, pleaſantly excuſed himſelf out of the old law, which ſaith, *that when a man hath taken a new wife, he ſhall not be obliged to go out to war.*

Among other papers, a manuſcript was carefully preſerved by the late lord Oxford, containing an extract from the Journals of the houſe of Commons; which honourable houſe reſolving to diſgrace the name of the

late uſurper Oliver Cromwell, as far as lay in their power, ordered his body to be taken up, and to be firſt hanged on the gallows at Tyburn, and then to be burnt. This order was purſued by the ſerjeant of that honourable houſe ſo far as to find a coffin with Oliver's name and uſurped titles, at the eaſt end of the middle iſle of Henry VIIth's chapel in Weſtminſter-abbey. This, with an account where the ſaid inſcription is, or was, within a few years ago to be ſeen, is written in a very fair hand; then, in two different hands, there follows the moſt remarkable account that ever was told, of a counter-interment of the arch traytor, as well as the reaſon and contrivance, to ſecure his body from that expected ignominy, and to continue the revenge of Charles's enemies, even to the diſgrace of ſubſtituting the body of the beheaded king in the puniſhment intended the dead body of the uſurper. The ſtory of this counter-interment was ready to be atteſted, in lord Oxford's time, by Mr Barkſtead, whoſe father was lieutenant of the tower at the time of Oliver's death, and a great confident of his, having been concerned in the king's death, for which he was executed ſoon after the reſtoration. This gentleman, however, among other ſuch ſecrets, in in the time of the uſurper's ſickneſs, deſired to know where he would be buried. To which he anſwered, in the field of Naſeby, in Northamptonſhire, where he obtained the greateſt victory and glory, and as nigh the ſpot as could be gueſſed where the heat of the action was; which accordingly was thus performed: At midnight (ſoon after his death) being firſt embalmed and wrapped in a leaden coffin, he was conveyed in a hearſe to the ſaid field, Mr Barkſtead the younger, by order of his father, attending cloſe to the hearſe; and being come to the field, there found, about the midſt of it, a grave about nine feet deep, with the green ſod carefully laid on one ſide, and the mould on the other; in which the coffin being ſoon put, the grave was inſtantly filled up, and the green ſod laid exactly flat upon it, care being taken that the ſurplus mould was clean taken away. Soon after

after like care was taken that the ſaid field was intirely ploughed up, and ſown three or four years ſucceſſively with wheat.

Talking over this account of Barkſtead's, ſays lord Oxford, with th the reverend Mr Sm—— of Q——, whoſe father had long reſided in Florence as a merchant, and afterwards as miniſter from king Charles II. and had been well acquainted with the fugitives after the reſtoration, he aſſured me, he had often heard the ſame account by other hands; thoſe miſcreants always boaſting, that they had wrecked their revenge againſt the father as far as human foreſight could carry it, by beheading him whilſt living, and making his beſt friends the executors of the utmoſt ignominies upon him when dead. Aſking him the meaning of this laſt ſentence, he ſaid, that Oliver and his friends apprehending the reſtoration of the Stuart family, and that all imaginable diſgrace, on that turn, would be put upon his body as well as memory, he contrived his own burial, as averred by Barkſtead, having all the theatrical honours of a pompous funeral paid to an empty coffin; into which afterwards was removed the corpſe of the martyr (which by L. Clarendon's own account had never truly or certainly been interred; and after the reſtoration, when moſt diligently ſought after by the earls of Southampton and Lindſey, at the command of king Charles II. in order to a ſolemn removal, could no where in the church where he was ſaid to have been buried, be found) that, if any ſentence ſhould be pronounced, as upon his body, it might effectually fall upon that of the king. That on that order of the Commons in Charles II's time, the tomb was broken down, and the body taken out of a coffin ſo inſcribed as mentioned in the ſerjeant's report, was from thence convey'd to Tyburn, and, to the utmoſt joy and triumph of that crew of miſcreants, hung publickly on the gallows amidſt an infinite number of ſpectators, almoſt infected with the noiſomneſs of the ſtench. The ſecret being only amongſt that abandon'd few, there was no doubt in the reſt of the people but the body ſo expoſed was the

body it was ſaid to be, had not ſome whoſe curioſity brought them nearer to the tree, obſerved with horror the remains of a countenance they had little expected there; and that on tying the cord, there was a ſtrong ſeam about the neck by which the head had been, as was ſuppoſed, immediately after the decollation, faſtened again to the body. This being whiſper'd about, and the numbers that came to the diſmal ſight hourly increaſing, notice was immediately given of the ſuſpicion to the attending officer, who diſpatched a meſſenger to court to acquaint them with the rumour, and the ill conſequences the ſpreading or examining into it farther might have. On which, the body was immediately ordered down to be buried again to prevent any infection. Certain it is, adds his lordſhip, it was not burnt as in prudence, but for that pretended reaſon, might have been expected; as well as in juſtice to have ſhewn the utmoſt deteſtation of his crime, and the moſt laſting mark of infamy they could inflict upon him. This was the account the reverend Mr Sm—gave. What truth there is in it, is not ſo certain. Many circumſtances make the ſurmiſe not altogether improbable, as all thoſe enthuſiaſts to the laſt moment of their lives, ever gloried in the truth of it.

[There are ſome circumſtances not commonly known, that ſeem to favour this ſtory;——the Commons, after the reſtoration, voted 70,000 l. 29 Jan. 1677 8, for a ſolemn *funeral* for his majeſty king Charles I. and to erect a *monument* to his memory.———Sir Chriſtopher Wren, by king Charles IId's order, drew a deſign for a moſt magnificent *mauſoleum* or *tomb* in conſequence of this vote.--The ground was pitched upon whereon it was to be erected; which was, near Windſor-caſtle, on the very ſpot where now ſtands a little Gothic building raiſed by cardinal Wolſey, called the Tomb-houſe.——The drawings and eſtimate of the expence, amounting only to 43,663 l. were laid before his majeſty.——Says Mr Chriſtopher Wren, *the king returned the drawings and*

and eſtimates to my father, and the whole deſign of the *funeral* and *tomb, from motives unknown to the public*, were laid aſide.—Echard, indeed, produces a certificate from Mr John Sewell, regiſter of Windſor, of the interment of K. Charles I. in Henry VIIIth's vault at Windſor, which makes nothing for the purpoſe, as the outward appearance of an interment is out of the queſtion; but the ſame hiſtorian adds, that when the body of K. Charles lay in the dean's hall, the duke of Richmond had the coffin opened, and was ſatisfied that it was the king's body; but, as to this circumſtance, he neither mentions the time nor the occaſion, and the truth may be queſtioned, becauſe the duke could not do this without a ſpecial order.]

Dr Trapp, ſoon after the acceſſion of his late majeſty to the crown of England, had made himſelf obnoxious to the then miniſtry by his 30th of January, and other tory ſermons, as they were called; upon which, lord Sunderland informed the king that there was a certain clergyman preached very dangerous ſermons, and that the only way to put a ſtop to ſuch inſolence, was to impeach him in parliament. His majeſty enquired the character of the man: *O, Sir*, ſaid my lord, *the moſt violent, hot, poſitive fellow in England; ſo extremely wilful, that I believe he would be heartily glad to be a martyr.* The king anſwered, *Is he ſo? then I'm reſolved to diſappoint him;* and never would hear a word more of the complaint.

Captain Hall, ſitting in a coffee-houſe near two gentlemen, whereof one was of the clergy, who were engaged in ſome diſcourſe that ſavoured of learning, the captain thought fit to interpoſe; and profeſſing to deliver the ſentiments of his fraternity, as well as his own, turning to the clergyman, ſpoke in the following manner; *D—n me, doctor, ſay what you will, the army is the only ſchool for gentlemen. Do you think my lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin? D—n*

me,

me, a ſcholar, when he comes into good company, what is he but an aſs? D—n me, I would be glad, by G--d, to ſee any of your ſcholars with his nouns and his verbs, and his philoſophy and trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a ſiege or blockade, or reconnoitering,— D—n me, &c. The clergyman gravely reply'd, *But pray, Sir, do you think, with your oaths and your damme's, you ſhall be able to ſtorm heaven?*

In the year 1733, an experiment was tried on one Gordon, a noted highwayman, thro' the means of the late duke of Montague, who being aſſured by Mr Chovet, an anatomiſt of that time, that opening the windpipe would prevent the fatal conſequences of the halter, obtained a pardon for Gordon, on condition he would try the experiment upon himſelf. Dr B--vis and Chovet attended him ſeveral times in his cell, but it was with difficulty he was prevailed upon to cut his own throat. At length he made a ſlight inciſion, which Chovet opened; the effect of which was, that when Gordon ſtopt his mouth, noſtrils and ears for ſome time, air enough came through the cavity to continue life. But when he came to be ſuſpended in the halter, tho' there was breath enough to play the lungs, the veins were ſtopt that carried on the circulation of the blood, ſo the man died like the reſt of his fellow rogues. On which the duke humourouſly rebuked the ſurgeon, by telling him, *he had but half learnt his trade; he knew how to let the air to a man's lungs; but did not underſtand caſing his veins.*

[This Gordon had been a bold highwayman twenty years, had robbed the Cheſter mail and hanged his accomplice, was tried for robbing the Fiſhmongers company on Epping-Foreſt, but proved himſelf in Ireland. The robbery he was hanged for was on Mr Peters, under treaſurer of the Temple, between Knightſbridge and Hyde-Park, but being drunk was off his guard, and ſoon taken.]

In

In the reign of Edward IV. a citizen of London, who lived at the ſign of the crown, was convicted of high-treaſon for ſaying in a jocular manner, *He would make his ſon heir to the crown.*

In 1733, Sir Simon Stuart of Hartley, in Hampſhire, looking over ſome old writings, found on the back of one of them a memorandum noting that 1500 broad pieces were buried in a certain ſpot in an adjoining field. Whereupon he took a ſervant, and after digging a little in the place, found the treaſure in a pot, hid there in the time of the civil wars by his grandfather Sir Nicholas Stuart, with this note on the top, written on patchment. *Rather for the devil than Oliver.*.

As ſome chriſtian captives at Algiers, who had been ranſom'd, were going to be diſcharged, the cruizers brought in a Swediſh veſſel. Among the crew was the father of one of thoſe captives. The ſon ſoon made himſelf known to the father, but their unhappineſs to meet in that place was grievous to both. The young man, however, conſidering that the ſlavery his father was going into would inevitably put an end to his life, requeſted, *that his father might be releaſed and himſelf detained in his room;* which the Moors readily granted; but when the ſtory was told to the governor, he was ſo affected with it that he cauſed the ſon likewiſe to be diſcharged, *as the reward of his filial tenderneſs.*

King James I. being apt to talk to his courtiers in time of divine ſervice, biſhop Laud, one Sunday, when he knew his majeſty was in high good-humour, made a full ſtop in his ſermon as often as he perceived the king in diſcourſe. His majeſty aſking him after ſervice the occaſion of it, the biſhop told him, *he could not think it conſiſtent with good manners to interrupt his majeſty's converſation.*——*Then, good faith,* ſaid the king, *I'll be even with you, I'll ne mair interrupt your lordſhip's ſermon.*

When

When the civil war was breaking out about the middle of the laſt century, there lived a memorable ſmall-coal-man in Kent-ſtreet, who had loſt moſt of his cuſtomers by endeavouring to be civil to all. The good women on the king's ſide would buy no ſmall coal from a rogue that converſed with the round heads; and the parliament good houſewiſes withdrew their penny a week from an ungodly incendiary that ſold fire to the royaliſts. What ſhould a poor devil do under this terrible dilemma? He took it wiſely into his head to turn ideot, and left off his trade. The conſequence fell out to his wiſh. Both ſides took ſtupidity into its protection; the Puritans, becauſe this loſs of his wits was a viſible judgment from heaven; and the Royaliſts, becauſe he *ran mad from too quick a ſenſe of the times*. And thus a fellow who was ready to ſtarve by his induſtry, lived in plenty by his cunning.

Dr ——, fellow of St John's college, Oxford, was remarkable for two things, a great ſtock of wit, and a great ſtomach; one day after dinner and half an hour's facetiouſneſs and gluttony, juſt as the courſe was going to be removed, began to look with unuſual melancholy; every one about him wondered at the doctor's gloominеſs, and at laſt the Preſident of the college aſk'd him the reaſom. *Sir*, anſwered he, *I am extremely out of order*. Dear doctor, anſwered the Preſident, you look well and roſy, your colour is freſh, and you ſeem not to have loſt your ſtomach. *Mr* Preſident reply'd our reverend trencherman, *however well my looks may be, my caſe is deſperate. I am not long a man of this world; the proof is too plain; for when I had my health, I never dined in this hall but before the laſt courſe was removed, my circingle fairly touched the margin of the table; you ſee, notwithſtanding my beſt endeavours at the veniſon paſty, I am now diſtant full three inches; it is no toucher; I fall ſtrangely away, and I'm a gone man!* Is that all the matter, cry'd the Preſident; courage, doctor, though you have not reached at a toucher; for

you

you muſt know, we have had the table mov'd ſix inches farther from the bench you ſit upon, and therefore inſtead of loſing three inches, you have gain'd three. *Oho! is that the buſineſs? it is well enough then,* anſwered the doctor, with a ſmile upon his countenance; and immediately reſumed his gaiety, drank his two bottles, and rolled home to his chamber with great chearfulneſs.

At a quarter-ſeſſions in Leiceſter, the juſtices had wiſely decreed to take off a half-penny a pint from the price of ale, as knowing the ſellers of it would abate a proportionable part of the ſtrength of it, and workingmen would not be ſo liable to be intoxicated. Maſter Wolley, who was one of them, and came in after the thing was determined, and who was a lover of good ale, being informed of what had paſſed, ſaid, *Gentlemen, you have made an order that ale ſhould be ſold in our county for three halfpence a pint; I deſire you will now make another to appoint who muſt drink it, for by G— I won't.*

Monſieur D'Aubigny, grandfather to madam Maintenon, tells a very remarkable ſtory of himſelf. He was one of the head of the proteſtants in the reign of Henry the IVth of France, and oppoſed the court with ſo much vigour, that the king was determined to take away his life, or confine him to the Baſtile. M. D'Aubigny being privately informed of it, conſidered how to preſerve himſelf; and after many deliberations, he reſolved to repair to court, and beg a penſion of the king, as the ſureſt method. His majeſty, very much ſurpriſed, as well as pleaſed to ſee a man of his high ſpirit humbled, immediately embraced him, and granted his requeſt. From the court he went to the duke de Sully, the prime miniſter, who congratulated him on this occaſion, and ſhewed him the Baſtile; aſſuring him that he would have been a priſoner there in leſs than twenty four hours, tho' now in no farther danger.

A poor

A poor crazy Capuchin in Lewis XIIIth's time, took it into his head to acquaint his audience, in a fit of enthuſiaſm, *that he had luckily found out an expedient, which he did not doubt but would make all men happy and juſt, even in this life, and that the fleſh ſhould no longer luſt againſt the ſpirit.* He then proceeded to explain himſelf, by telling them, that the cauſe of all the wickedneſs and ſin, and by conſequence of all the miſeries and afflictions in the world aroſe from the enmity between God and the devil, by which means God was often croſſed in his good intentions to mankind both here and hereafter, the devil by his temptations making us incapable of the mercy and favour of our Creator: therefore, he had a deſign, he told them, with the aſſiſtance of the Roman church, to mediate with the Almighty to take the devil into favour again; and then, ſaid he, mankind having no tempter, will all neceſſarily be good.

Mr Chriſtopher Stephens, a tobacconiſt at Reading, who had acquired a large fortune by his induſtry, but had no children of his own to inherit it, ſent for a nephew out of America, to ſucceed him both in his buſineſs which was very conſiderable, and in part of his eſtate; but the youth turning out wild, the diſſenting miniſter of the place, who had a great aſcendency over the old gentleman, took occaſion one day to diſcourſe him concerning the diſpoſal of his worldly concerns, telling him at the ſame time, that as he could be no ſtranger to his nephew's character, it would be more prudent to bequeath his fortune to charitable uſes than to beſtow it on one who would ſquander it away in pleaſure and debauchery. Mr Stephens heard him with great compoſure; and as he ſpoke through his noſe, ſaid, *Why, Sir, what you ſay may be very good pulpit-doctrine; but 'tis a maxim with me that charity begins at home, and my nephew can never have more pleaſure in ſpending my money than I have had in getting of it; and therefore, I'll never leave him a ſhilling the leſs for being wild;*

for

for the wilder he is, he'll have the more need of money. The miniſter, who did not expect ſuch a return, changed the ſubject; but the old gentleman never reliſhed him afterwards.

The famous Buſſy d'Ambois, ſaid to be the handſomeſt man in France of his time, being invited to court on a grand day, where every one appeared with the utmoſt magnificence, inſtead of adorning himſelf like the reſt, put on that day a plain ſuit of cloathes, and dreſſed all his ſervants in the moſt coſtly gay habits he could procure: the event was, that the eyes of whole court were fixt upon him; all the reſt looked like his attendants, whilſt he alone was diſtinguiſh'd as of ſuperior quality.

Dr South, when he lived at Caverſham in Oxfordſhire, was called out of bed one cold winter's morning by his clerk, to marry a couple, who were then waiting for him. The doctor hurried up, and went ſhivering to church, where when he came, ſeeing nobody there but an old man of ſeventy, a woman about the ſame age, and his clerk, he aſked in a pet, where the bridegroom and bride were, and what that man and that woman did there? The old man reply'd, *they came there to be married.* The doctor lookingly ſternly at him, *Marry'd! Yes, married,* ſaid the old man haſtily; *better marry than do worſe.* —*Go, get you gone, you ſilly old fools,* ſaid the doctor, *get home and do your worſt;* and accordingly hobbled out of church in a great paſſion, raving at his clerk for calling him out of bed on ſuch a ſleeveleſs errand.

In the nineteenth year of the reign of Q. Elizabeth (1579) the fourth, fifth and ſixth days of July were holden the aſſizes at Oxford, where was arraigned and condemned one Rowland Jenks, for his ſeditious tongue, at which time there aroſe ſuch a peſtilential ſtench from the body of the priſoner, that almoſt all preſent were

infected. The jurors died preſently; ſhortly after died Sir Robert Bell, lord chief-baron; Sir Robert de Olie; Sir William Babington, Mr Wenman, Mr de Olie, high-ſheriff, Mr Davers, Mr Harcourt, Mr Kirle, Mr Phete-place, Mr Greenwood, Mr Foſter, ſerjeant Baram, Mr Stephens, &c. There died in Oxford 300 perſons, and ſickened there but died in other places 200 and odd, from the 6th of July to the 12th of Auguſt. After which died not one of that ſickneſs for one of them infected not another, nor any woman nor child died thereof.

After the battle of Edgehill, which was the firſt that was fought between king Charles I. and the parliament army, and which was a ſort of drawn battle; when the enemy had retired, the king's party returned to the field to view the dead bodies, and to enquire after their friends that were miſſing, where they found ſeveral not yet dead of their wounds, but lying ſtript among the dead; among whom, with others, young Mr Scroop brought off his father, Sir Gervas Scroop; who, being an old gentleman of great fortune in Lincolnſhire, had raiſed a foot company among his tenants, and brought them in to the earl of Lindſay's regiment, out of reſpect to his lordſhip, as well as duty to the king; and had about the time that general was taken, fallen with ſixteen wounds in his body and head, and had lain ſtript among the dead, from that time, which was about three in the afternoon on Sunday, all that cold night, all Monday and Monday night, and till Tueſday evening; for it was ſo late before his ſon found him; whom with great piety he carried to a warm lodging, and afterwards to Oxford, where he almoſt miraculouſly recovered.

When William of Normandy, now called William the Conqueror, after the battle of Haſtings in Suſſex, was directing his march into Kent, Stigand, archbiſhop of Canterbury, and Eggleſine abbot of St Auguſtine, near the ſame city, had notice of his deſign; they preſently aſſembled

aſſembled the chief men of the county, and having laid open the impending danger, propoſed a ſtratagem to ſtop the progreſs of the enemy and preſerve their liberties; to which all readily agreed. Accordingly, the night before the conqueror was expected, they privately ſtole with their men in ſmall parties into the woods near Swanſcombe, where they lay concealed till his arrival, and then carrying in their hands great boughs of trees, ſuddenly ſurrounded him and his men unprepared. The Conqueror was confounded, and had hardly preſence of mind to provide for his defence. Stigand and Egglesine taking advantage of his ſurpriſe, preſented themſelves before him, and frankly declared that the men of Kent were come to meet him as their king, but with determined reſolutions to die rather than acknowledge him their conqueror; that all they required was a confirmation of their ancient rights and privileges, on the continuance whereof their zeal and their loyalty would wholly depend. The haughty Norman heſitated a while; but recollecting the danger he was then in, and being entirely ignorant of their number or ſtrength, or by whom he was encompaſſed, judged it moſt prudent to agree to the terms propoſed, and accepted of the earldom of Kent conditionally, never to infringe their rights, or to deprive them of their ancient tenures.

There is a ſtory of the famous Rabelais, who, when he was at a great diſtance from Paris, and without money to bear his expences, got together a convenient quantity of brick-duſt, and having diſpoſed of it into ſeveral papers, wrote upon one, *Poiſon for Monſieur*; upon a ſecond, *Poiſon for the Dauphin*; and on a third, *Poiſon for the King*. Having made this proviſion for the royal family of France, he laid his papers ſo that his landlord, who was an inquiſitive man, and a good ſubject, might get ſight of them. The plot ſucceeded as he deſired; the hoſt ſecured his gueſt, and and gave immediate intelligence to the ſecretary of ſtate. The ſecretary preſently ſent down a ſpecial meſſenger,

who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expence with proper accomodation on the road. As ſoon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder upon examination found very innocent, the jeſt was only laughed at; for which a leſs eminent droll would have been ſent to the gallies.

A Derviſe, as Sir John Chardin tell us, travelling through Tartary, and arriving at the city of Balk, went into the king's palace by miſtake, as thinking it to be a public inn. Having looked about him for ſome time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and ſpread his carpet in order to repoſe himſelf upon it after the manner of the eaſtern people. He had not been long in this poſture before he was diſcovered by ſome of the guards, who aſked him what was his buſineſs in that place? The derviſe told them, he intended to take up his night's lodging in that inn. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the houſe he was in, was not an inn, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himſelf paſſed thro' the gallery during this debate, and ſmiling at the miſtake of the derviſe, aſk'd him how he could poſſibly be ſo dull as not to diſtinguiſh a palace from an inn. *Sir*, ſays the derviſe, *give me leave to aſk your majeſty a queſtion or two. Who were the perſons that lodged in this houſe when it was firſt built?* The king reply'd, *his anceſtors. And who*, ſays the derviſe, *was the laſt perſon that lodged here?* The king reply'd, *his father. And who is it*, ſays the derviſe, *that lodges here at preſent?* The king told him, *that it was he himſelf. And who*, ſays the derviſe, *will be here after you?* The king anſwered, *the young prince, his ſon. Ah, Sir*, ſaid the derviſe, *a houſe that changes its inhabitants ſo often, and receives ſuch a perpetual ſucceſſion of gueſts, may as well be called an inn as a palace.*

The late rev^d. Baſil Kennet was once chaplain in a ſhip of war; and as his place was to meſs with his brother

ther officers, he found they were ſo addicted to the impious and nonſenſical vice of ſwearing, that he thought it not becoming his character to continue any longer among them, unleſs he could prevail upon them to leave it off; but conceiving at the ſame time that any grave remonſtrance would have but little effect, he bethought himſelf of a ſtratagem, which might anſwer his purpoſe. One of the company having entertained the reſt with a ſtory agreeable enough in itſelf, but ſo interrupted and perplexed with *damme! blood and wounds!* and ſuch like ſhocking expletives as made it extremely ridiculous. Mr Kennet then began a ſtory himſelf, which he made very entertaining and inſtructive, but interlarded it with the words *bottle, pot, and glaſs* at every ſentence. The gentleman who was the moſt given to the ſilly vice, fell a laughing at Mr Kennet, with a great air of contempt. *Why*, ſaid he, *G-d damme, doctor, as to your ſtory, it is well enough; but what the d--l have we to do with your d—d* bottle, pot, and glaſs? Mr Kennet very calmly reply'd, *Sir, I find you can obſerve what is ridiculous in me, which you cannot diſcover in yourſelf: and therefore you ought not be offended at my expletives in diſcourſe any more than your own. —— Oh, oh! damme, parſon, I ſmoke you; you ſhall not hear me ſwear another oath whilſt I am in your company:* nor did he.

A jeweller, a man of good character and conſiderable wealth, having occaſion in the way of his buſineſs to travel to ſome diſtance from the place of his abode, took along with him a ſervant to carry his portmanteau. He had with him ſome of his beſt jewels, and a large ſum of money, to which his ſervant was privy, who watch'd his opportunity, and with a piſtol ſhot his maſter dead. With his booty he made off undiſcovered to a diſtant country, where he had reaſon to believe neither he nor his maſter were known, and there he began to trade in a low way at firſt, that his obſcurity might ſcreen him from obſervation, and in the courſe of a good many

years ſeemed to riſe by the natural progreſs of buſineſs into wealth and conſideration; ſo that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of his induſtry and virtue. Of theſe he counterfeited the appearances ſo well that he grew in great credit, married into a good family, and at length was choſen chief magiſtrate of the city where he dwelt. In this office he maintained his character fair and unimpeach'd, till one day as he ſat on the bench with ſome of his brethren, a criminal was brought before them who was accuſed of murdering his maſter. The evidence came out full; the jury brought in their verdict *guilty*, and nothing remained but the preſident of the court to pronounce ſentence, who appeared to be in an unuſual agitation of mind, and his colour changed often; at length he roſe from his ſeat, and coming down from the bench, placed himſelf juſt by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no ſmall aſtoniſhment of all preſent: *You ſee before you*, (addreſſing himſelf to thoſe who had ſat on the bench with him) *a ſtriking inſtance of the juſt reward of heaven, which this day, after thirty years concealment, preſents to you a greater criminal than the man juſt now found guilty.* Then he made an ample confeſſion of his guilt, and of all its aggravations, particularly the ingratitude of it to a maſter who had raiſed him from the very duſt, and repoſed a peculiar confidence in him; and told them in what manner he had hitherto ſcreened himſelf from public juſtice, and how he had eſcaped the obſervation of mankind by the ſpecious maſk which he had wore. *But now*, added he, *no ſooner did this unhappy priſoner appear before us, charged with the ſame crime I was conſcious of myſelf, than the cruel circumſtances of my guilt beſet me in all their horror; the arrows of the Almighty ſtuck faſt within me, and my own crime appeared ſo atrocious, that I could not conſent to paſs ſentence againſt the criminal, till I had firſt diſburthened my conſcience by accuſing myſelf. Nor can I now feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conſcience, but by requiring that juſtice may be forthwith done againſt me in*

the

the moſt public and ſolemn manner, for ſo aggravated a parricide. Therefore, in the preſence of the all-ſeeing God, the great witneſs and judge of my crime, and before this whole aſſembly, who have been the witneſſes of my hypocriſy, I plead guilty, and require ſentence may be paſſed againſt me as a moſt notorious offender. We may eaſily ſuppoſe the amazement of the whole court, and eſpecially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded upon his confeſſion, to paſs ſentence upon him, and he died with all the ſymptoms of a penitent mind.

The famous Mogul emperor, Aurengzebe, having occaſion for money, publiſhed an edict requiring all the Faquirs in his kingdom to aſſemble on a certain day on a large plain, where he might have the pleaſure of dining with them. He ordered a vaſt number of new caſſocks to be ready againſt the time, and after dinner preſenting one to every Faquir, ordered him to pull off his old one, and throw them in a heap, and cauſed them all to be burnt. This produced a vaſt ſum. He was no ſtranger to the tricks of thoſe pretended monks; he knew them to be great collectors of alms, which for ſafety they quilted in the folds of their caſſocks; and this was the motive of his generoſity to the poor Faquirs.

[The Faquirs are a ſort of begging prieſts in that country, who affect great poverty, but who conceal vaſt riches in their rags.]

An eminent trader at Lyons, who had acquired an eaſy fortune, had two handſome daughters whom he married to his liking, and divided between them all he had, upon an agreement that he ſhould paſs the ſummer with the one, and the winter with the other. Before the end of the firſt year he found ſufficient ground to conclude, that he was not a very acceptable gueſt to either; of which however he took no notice, but hired a handſome lodging in which he reſided a few weeks. He then applied himſelf to a friend, and told him the truth

truth of the matter, desired him to give him 200 livres, and to lend him fifty thousand in ready money for a few hours. His friend very readily comply'd with his request. The next day the old man made a grand entertainment, to which his daughters and their husbands were invited. Just as the dinner was over, his friend came in a great hurry, told him of an unexpected demand upon him, and desired to know if he could lend him 50,000 livres. The old man told him, without any emotion, that twice as much was at his service if he wanted it; and going into the next room brought him the money. After this he was not suffered to stay any longer in his lodging; his daughters were jealous if he remained but a day more in one house than in the other; and after three or four years spent in this manner, he died; when upon examining his cabinet, instead of riches there was found a note in which were these words; *He who has suffered by his virtue, has a right to avail himself of the vices of those by whom he has suffered; and a father ought never to be so fond of his children as to forget what is due to himself.*

Mr Brown, formerly a face painter in Holborn, was one day walking in St James's Park, and happened to please the eye of a fine lady, who upon finding out his profession, sent for him the next morning to take her picture. He found the lady alone, who made several amorous advances. Charm'd with her beauty, but a little shocked at her behaviour, he returned home called his little family about him, took his wife upon his lap, and fell into discourse upon the amiableness of virtue, the charms of modesty, and the transports which attended virtuous love. Soon after the lady sent for him again: He went, but took a little girl, a gentleman's daughter in the neighbourhood, about ten years old, along with him, pretending that he met her at the door, and being willing to see her home, hoped the lady would excuse his bringing her up. She sat a second time, but was much out of humour. The next day the lady sent again;

gain; but he excuſed himſelf by pretending to be ſomewhat indiſpoſed, and deſired the lady to take the third ſitting at his own houſe, charging his wife to be preſent if the lady ſhould come. The lady inſiſted upon his coming to her, as ſhe had ſet apart that afternoon for the purpoſe, and would not be diſappointed; but he abſolutely refuſed to go, and concealing his reaſons, went out upon other buſineſs, after taking a tender leave of his wife, who was that afternoon to pay a viſit. Mr Brown returned before ſhe was dreſſed, but imagined ſhe was gone out, and had no ſooner got into the outer room, but ſomebody knocked at the door, and up came the lady. *Well Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I find love, which brings me here, frightens you away.* Mrs Brown, alarmed at ſo uncommon a ſalutation from a lady to her huſband, placed herſelf at the key-hole of the door of the room ſhe was dreſſing in. The lady upbraided his coldneſs, and wondered what in the name of beauty was ſo frightful in her, that he durſt not truſt himſelf alone with her at her lodgings. Mr Brown ſeeming not to underſtand her, anſwered, only, *Will your ladyſhip pleaſe to ſit?* No! reply'd ſhe, with ſome warmth; the picture ſerves only for a pretence for being alone with you; love is my buſineſs, though you ſeem to neglect it. Then ruſhing into his arms, ſhe reſted on his ſhoulders and kiſſed him with great eagerneſs. Upon this, poor Mrs Brown was ready to fall down; but her fears abated when ſhe ſaw with what a ſteady reſolution he ſtill kept his ground; and in compliance with the lady, took her faintly in his arms, gave her two or three kiſſes, and without any ſeeming emotion, quitted her. Then the lady began to declare in plain terms, how much ſhe loved him, and told him ſhe was of an honourable family, but wedded to a gentleman, whom notwithſtanding his unbounded generoſity, ſhe hated and deſpiſed; that many gentlemen of birth and fortune had endeavoured by all poſſible means to obtain the favour which ſhe then offered him, but that in all her life ſhe had known no more than one man, whom ſhe loathed. Here ſhe ty'd up her

her garter, giving him an oppprtunity of seeing a very handsome leg; afterwards pulling out a purse of gold, she said, that was at his service if he would accept of it upon the easy terms she proposed. This obliged him to answer; *No, madam; if I am the object of your love, tempt me no farther to wrong an innocent and virtuous wife. 'Tis not in the power of money, or aught else the world can give to purchase the smallest share of my affections from her.*——*Why* replies the lady, *your wife is not handsome.*——*Not*, says he, *when compar'd to you; but she has an angel's mind.* Upon this he called up a gentlewoman who lived below, and said, he desired she would be pleased to look upon the lady's picture whilst the lady was present, and tell him if he had been so lucky as to hit upon her likeness. The lady saw he was determined to disappoint her, which raised her resentment to such a degree, that, at length, she rushed out of the room like a fury. Mr Brown, presently after went out, without discovering that his wife had been all the while in the inner room. She too went to pay her visit; but, says she, when I got home in the evening, I neither knew what to do with him, nor how to contain myself. However, I kissed him, and cry'd most heartily.

Old Sir Hugh Montgomery, a Scots gentleman, who had long been an admirer of the ladies, and was always fond of their company, and they of his, on account of his droll humour, was strongly importuned to dance one evening with some young girls where he happened to be visiting; and to oblige them comply'd. But after they had done, they began to rally Sir Hugh on his aukward performance; particularly, one ask'd him what made him straddle so? The old gentleman, with his wonted drollery reply'd, *Gued faith, Miss gin you had between your legs what I have between my legs, ye wad e'en straddle too;* which set all the company a laughing.

About

About the beginning of king William's reign, one of Tourville the French admiral's ſhips took priſoner a Suſſex fiſherman. The admiral was then preparing to make a deſcent upon England in favour of king James; and intending to land in Suſſex, he was earneſt to know how the people of that country ſtood affected to the government. He ordered the fiſherman upon deck, and began himſelf to queſtion him how he and his neighbours loved king James? and how the prince of Orange, or king William as you call him, ſaid the admiral? and how they were affected to the government? The fiſherman ſtared, and ſaid, that he had never ſeen either of the gentle folks, whom his honour was pleaſed to mention, in his life; that mayhap they were very civil perſons, and he had no ill-will to either; God bleſs them both. As to matters of government, how ſhould he know any thing of them, for he could neither write nor read. The admiral thinking the fellow groſly ignorant of all public affairs, at laſt ſaid to him, Come, come, you're a good likely fellow, and as you are ſo indifferent about all parties, you can have no objection to liſting in my ſhip. *What!* ſaid the fellow, *to fight againſt my country! I would not do that for the French king's ranſom.*

The late biſhop of Durham, who was a great ſcholar and an able ſpeaker, but remarkable for a total neglect of dreſs, and a ſlovenly habit of keeping one hand almoſt always *in his breeches*, having been pitched upon by the miniſtry to introduce the bill for making a proviſion for officers widows, into the Houſe of Lords, his lordſhip, when he made the motion, ſtood with the bill in one hand, and held the other in *the uſual place*; and, then began with great ſolemnity to acquaint the Houſe, that *what he had in his hand was for the benefit of the officers widows*; upon which, the duke of Argyle, who never miſſed an opportunity to mortify the clergy when it offered, inſtantly interrupting him before he could proceed farther in his ſpeech, aſked with a ſmile, *In which of your*

your hands, my lord? The jeſt put the whole houſe in a roar, but did not in the leaſt diſconcert the biſhop, who went on with his motion as if no ſuch interruption had been made.

The earl of Rocheſter, in king Charles IId's time, was as famous for his frolics and humour as he was infamous for his vices; and one day as he was walking in the Park with ſome of his gay companions, he ſaw doctor Barrow, one of the graveſt divines, and the greateſt mathematician of his time, muſing along the Mall, in his uſual contemplative manner; and ſo he propoſed to make up to him, and have ſome drollery, as he term'd it. His companions were ready enough to attend him; and upon meeting the doctor, lord Rocheſter making a very low bow, with great vivacity ſaid, *Doctor, a good morning to you——I am exceeding glad to ſee you——I am yours to the very* Centre of Gravity. The doctor, who was not eaſily to be ſurpriſed, perceived his drift, and with all the compoſure in the world, returned the lowly bow, and ſaid, *My lord, I am yours to the* Antipodes. This put his lordſhip to a ſhort pauſe, but as wit is ſeldom at a loſs——*Doctor*, ſaid he, *I am yours to the loweſt pit of hell.*——*There then*, reply'd the doctor, *I will leave your lordſhip*; and ſo purſued his walk.

The old earl of Bedford, who was afterwards created a duke, happened, when he was in waiting at court, to be called away upon ſome preſſing affairs of his own, but promiſed his majeſty that his ſtay ſhould not exceed the hour of twelve. But when that hour came the earl was ſtill abſent; and the king, who had enquired for him ſeveral times, when he appeared was in ſome diſpleaſure; juſt as he entered, however, the clock in the drawing room ſtruck *One*, and the earl perceiving his majeſty angry, by a preſence of mind peculiar to himſelf, went up with his cane in a ſeeming paſſion, and broke the glaſs of the clock all to pieces. What is that for, ſaid his

his majeſty, what provocation has the clock given your lordſhip? ——*Provocation!* ſaid the earl, *nay, your majeſty can witneſs it, the clock ſtruck* firſt. ——This ſeaſonable jeſt averted the king's diſpleaſure, who could not help ſmiling tho' much againſt his will.

When lord O-f-rd was upon his travels, during his ſtay at Rome he appeared in a private manner, but yet took care to ſee every thing that was curious in a place ſo much the admiration of the whole world. It happened, however, that notwithſtanding all his precautions, his quality came to be known to the preſent Pope, Lambertini, who, perhaps, is the moſt ſenſible man that ever filled the Roman See; his holineſs immediately upon this notice, ſent a moſt friendly invitation to his lordſhip to come and ſee the curioſities in his own palace, acquainting him at the ſame time, that he ſhould take a particular ſatisfaction in ſhewing him ſome things that he was ſure he would be pleaſed with. His lordſhip returned a ſuitable anſwer, excuſing himſelf in a polite manner, for not viſiting his holineſs in form, and thanking him for the great honour done him, which he knew not how to teſtify better than by a ready acceptance of his invitation. Accordingly his lordſhip, next morning, attended by two friends, who were likewiſe upon their travels, went to the palace, and was received by the pope with particular marks of honour and reſpect, as being the ſon of a perſon whoſe character was ſo well known throughout Europe; and after conducting them himſelf through every room in his palace, and ſhewing them many things that hardly any proteſtant had ever been permitted to ſee at Rome before; when they were preparing to take their leave, he ſaid to them with a moſt familiar, open, and unreſerved countenance, *Gentlemen, I know you want no indulgences, pardons, or abſolutions at my hands, becauſe your religion teaches you to laugh at thoſe things; but the bleſſing of an old man* CAN *do you no harm;* and ſo

clapping his hand reſpectively on their heads, he ſaid, *God bleſs you; God bleſs you; God bleſs you.*

The facetious Harry H-tſ-ll, than whom there is not perhaps a perſon of more humour and ſprightlineſs in converſation breathing, being in company with ſome gentlemen of the faculty, among whom were two of the beſt anatomiſts in England, took occaſion, in order to ſtrike out ſomething new, to find fault with the ſtructure of the human body; for inſtance, ſays he, a man has ten toes, for which he ſeems to have no manner of uſe, and but one little affair for the grand buſineſs of propagation, though to increaſe and multiply was the chief taſk allotted him. Harry, ſaid Dr B—vis, who was one of the company,

Who finds not providence, all good and wiſe
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

You have had enough to do to keep your *One little Matter* in repair, and if you had happened to have had ten of them to nurſe, you muſt have been ten times more miſerable. Harry allowed what the doctor ſaid to be true, but could not help wiſhing for ten of 'em to try, becauſe, ſaid he, it would be ten to one if all of them were lame together.

When the marquis of Ormond, who followed the fortune of king Charles II. in his exile, was over in London ſolliciting the king's affairs, it was remarked that Oliver knew the very day of his arrival and the day of his departure, and was informed every day what ſteps had been taken, and who he had conferred with the day before; but though he iſſued out orders to the magiſtrates of London, and to all his officers to uſe their utmoſt diligence in order to apprehend him, yet all was to no purpoſe; which at that time ſurpriſed every body. But when the death of Oliver unhinged the new form of government, ſome who were in the ſecreteſt part of Cromwell's affairs; began to think how they might do

ſuch

ſuch ſervice to the king as to merit his regard; accordingly, Mr Moreland (afterwards Sir Samuel) who had a poſt in the ſecretary's office, ſent an expreſs to his majeſty to inform him, what perſons might be induced to ſerve him, and what methods he muſt take to induce them to it; and what other perſons would never ſerve him, what profeſſions ſoever they might make. He made offer of his own ſervice to his majeſty; and, as an inſtance of his fidelity, he advertiſed his majeſty of a perſon who was much truſted by him, and conſtantly betrayed him; that he had received a large penſion from Cromwell, and that he continually gave Thurloe intelligence of all that he knew; but with ſo great circumſpection that he was never ſeen in his preſence; that in his contract he had promiſed to make ſuch diſcoveries as ſhould prevent any danger to the ſtate; but that he would never endanger any man's life, nor be produced to give in evidence againſt any; and this very perſon had diſcovered the marquis of Ormond's being in London, but could not be induced to diſcover where his lodging was, only undertook that his journey ſhould be ineffectual, and that he ſhould quickly return; and then they might take him if they could, to which he would not contribute. The gentleman accuſed was Sir Richard Willis, who had from the beginning to the end of the war, given teſtimony of his fidelity to the king. He was a gentleman very well bred, and of very good parts, a courage eminently known, and a very good officer; and in truth of ſo general a good reputation, that, if the king had profeſſed to have harboured any doubt of his honeſty, his friends would have thought he had received ill impreſſions without ground; and he had given a very late teſtimony of his ſincerity by concealing the marquis of Ormond, who had communicated more with him than with any man in England during his being there. For theſe reaſons, neither the king nor thoſe about him could believe this information of Moreland's, but concluded it a contrivance to amuſe them; and therefore returned for anſwer that the king confeſſed himſelf much ſatisfi-

ed in the information he had received, acknowledged the great ſervice; only frankly declared, that nothing could convince him of the infidelity of that gentleman but the evidence of his own hand-writing. The meſſenger no ſooner brought Moreland this letter, than he diſpatched another with all that manifeſtation of the truth, that there remained no farther doubt. A great number of letters were ſent, whereof the character was well known; and the intelligence communicated was of ſuch things as were known to very few beſides the perſon himſelf.

Alderman Barber was one of thoſe gentlemen whom the world diſtinguiſh by the name of *Lovers of women*; and tho' he was never married, yet he was ſhrewdly ſuſpected to hold converſation with ſeveral free ladies, as well in his declining ſtate of life, as in his younger days. One morning while he was in bed he was viſited by Mr Deputy B——d, who without any ceremony bolted into his chamber, being told he was ill of the gout. The deputy after the uſual compliments, ſat down and entered into converſation, but obſerved the curtains to be cloſe drawn, and the alderman to be more reſerved than uſual, he began to ſuſpect ſomething more than ordinary to be the matter, and caſting his eyes round the room, he ſpy'd a woman's ſhoe juſt under the bed; *Well, Mr Alderman*, ſaid he, *I hope you are not dangerouſly ill.——I am miſerably tormented in my feet*, reply'd the alderman. *I don't wonder at that*, ſaid the Deputy *when you wear ſuch narrow-toed ſhoes*, reaching the lady's ſhoe at the ſame time. The alderman, who could not help ſmiling at the diſcovery, laid aſide his forced reſerve, and ſaid *If that's the caſe, Mr Deputy, I'll get another pair.*

Themiſtocles, the great Athenian general, being aſked whether he would chuſe to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthleſs man of an eſtate, reply'd, *That he ſhould prefer a man without an eſtate, to an eſtate without a man.*

Eginhart,

Eginhart, who was ſecretary to Charles the Great, was a man of great abilities, and highly eſteemed by his maſter and the whole court. Imma, the emperor's daughter, was ſo pleaſed with his perſon and converſation, that ſhe fell in love with him. As ſhe was one of the greateſt beauties of the age, Eginhart anſwered her with a more than equal return of paſſion. They ſtifled their flames for ſome time, under apprehenſion of the fatal conſequences that might enſue. Eginhart, at length, reſolving to hazard all rather than be deprived of one whom his heart was ſo much ſet upon, conveyed himſelf one night into the princeſs's apartment, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted. He was with her in private moſt part of the night; but upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he obſerved that there had fallen a great ſnow during his ſtay with the princeſs. This much perplexed him, leſt the prints of his feet in the ſnow might make diſcoveries to the king, who often uſed to viſit his daughter in the morning. He acquaint Imma with his fears; who, after ſome conſultation, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the ſnow upon her own ſhoulders. It happened that the emperor, not being able to ſleep, was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking through the window he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his firſt miniſter acroſs the ſnow; which ſhe had no ſooner done but ſhe returned again with the utmoſt ſpeed to her own apartment. The emperor was extremely troubled and aſtoniſh'd at this accident; but reſolved to ſpeak nothing of it till a proper opportunity.

In the mean time, Eginhart, knowing that what he had done, could not be long a ſecret, determined to retire from court; and in order to it, begged the emperor that he would be pleaſed to diſmiſs him, pretending a kind of diſcontent at his not having been rewarded for his long ſervices. The emperor would not give a direct anſwer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleaſure. He then called together the

graveſt of his counſellors, and acquainting them with what he had ſeen, aſked them their advice in ſo delicate an affair. Moſt of them were of opinion that the perſon could not be too ſeverely puniſhed who had thus diſhonoured his maſter. Upon the whole debate, the emperor declared it was his opinion, that Eginhart's puniſhment would rather increaſe than diminiſh the ſhame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the moſt adviſeable way, to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly, Eginhart was called in, and acquainted by the emperor, *That he ſhould no longer have any pretence of complaining his ſervices were not rewarded, for that the princeſs Imma ſhould be given him in marriage, with with a dower ſuitable to her quality;* which was ſoon after performed accordingly.

The Cordeliers tell a ſtory of their founder St Francis, that as he paſſed the ſtreet in the duſk of the evening, he diſcovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good father, ſay they, lifted up his hands to heaven with a ſecret thankſgiving, *that there was ſtill ſo much chriſtian charity left in the world.*

When Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, had ſhewn the utmoſt fondneſs for an expedition he had meditated againſt the Romans, Cyneas, his chief favourite, aſked him what he propoſed to himſelf by this war? Why, ſays Pyrrhus, to conquer the Romans and reduce all Italy to my obedience. What then, ſays Cyneas? To paſs over into Sicily, ſays Pyrrhus, and then all the Sicilians muſt be our ſubjects. And what does your majeſty intend next? Why truly, ſays the king, to conquer Carthage, and make myſelf maſter of all Africa. And what, Sir, ſays the miniſter, is to be the end of all your expeditions? Why then, ſays the king, for the reſt of our lives we'll ſit down to good wine. *How Sir*, reply'd Cyneas, *to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?*

There

There is a Jewiſh tradition concerning Moſes, that deſerves to be remembered. That great prophet, it is ſaid, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propoſe to him ſome queſtions concerning his adminiſtration of the univerſe. In the midſt of his divine colloquy, he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there iſſued out a clear ſpring of water, at which a ſoldier alighted from his horſe to drink. He was no ſooner gone than a little boy came to the ſame place, and finding a purſe of gold which the ſoldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirſt, ſat down to reſt himſelf by the ſide of the ſpring. The ſoldier, miſſing his purſe, returns in ſearch of it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not ſeen it, and appeals to heaven in witneſs of his innocence. The ſoldier, not believing his proteſtations, kills him. Moſes fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his expoſtulation: Be not ſurpriſed, Moſes, nor aſk why the judge of the whole earth has ſuffered this thing come to paſs. The child is the occaſion that the blood of the old man is ſpilt; but know, that the old man whom thou ſaweſt was the murderer of that child's father.

A young negro wench of colonel Maſon's in Maryland, began to breed very early, and had at the firſt birth a negro; in leſs than a twelve month after, ſhe was delivered of twins, a mulatto girl and a negro boy. Tho' born at one time, they were believed in the family to be the children of different fathers, as, beſides her negro huſband, it was well known that her overſeer, a white man, called Thomas Phim, kept company with her, to the no ſmall uneaſineſs of her black huſband. But the appearance of the children was a proof ſtronger than any witneſſes; for, Auſtin, the boy, was as black a negro

a negro as could be ſeen, and had ſhort, curled, woolly hair, and in every other reſpect was like other negroes; but the twin, Sarah, was as remarkably white, with blue eyes, and long, black hair that reached to her waiſt. This girl being aſked the reaſon of this difference in the colour of her children, reply'd, *She had looked at peeled reeds in the water, and* that, *ſhe believed, had made her children black and white.*

Old Juſtice Miller, when he was upwards of ſeventy, married a young girl about nineteen, and as he knew he muſt be the jeſt of his acquaintance, who would be ſure to rally him on the occaſion, he reſolved to be prepared for them; and accordingly, when any of his intimate friends came to ſee him, after the firſt ſalutations had paſſed, he was ſure to begin the converſation by ſaying, he believed he could tell them news; they naturally aſked him, What? His reply was, *I have marry'd my taylor's daughter.* Why did you ſo? or, How came you to do it? was generally the return. *Why*, ſaid the old gentleman, *the father had fitted me very well for forty years paſt, and I thought the daughter might fit me as well for forty years to come.*

Mr Humphreys, a gentleman no leſs ancient than the juſtice, after marrying a young wife, was obſerved to loſe his fore teeth very faſt, ſo that he had ſcarce one left in his upper-jaw. Being in company at a club of his acquaintance, one ſaid Mr Humphreys had loſt his teeth by lying too much up his face and preſſing them out; another, that young ladies lips had an attractive quality, and he had loſt 'em by too much kiſſing; a third, that poſſibly they might be looſened while he was a batchelor. In ſhort, every one in company had ſomething to ſay on ſo jocular a ſubject. But when they had all done, the old gentleman ſaid, he believed none of 'em had hit upon the true cauſe of his misfortune, but he would ſatisfy them. *It is an obſervation among naturaliſts*, ſaid he, *that no creature with* horns *ever has any teeth in its upper*

upper jaw; and that, gentlemen, I hope will ſatisfy you as to the loſs of mine.

The metempſychoſis, or tranſmigration of ſouls, was not the doctrine of Pythagoras alone; the Bramins of Malabar teach it to this day; of which, an Engliſh captain narrowly eſcaped feeling the effects; for, trading along the coaſt, and going one day aſhore, he unluckily ſhot a bird called Perumel, which carries one of their gods of the firſt rank. A Malabarian ſaw it, and accuſed him; whereupon the people in the neighbouring villages immediately aſſembled, ſeized the ſacrilegious perſon, and he was going to be ſacrificed, when a Jew, to ſave the captain's life, and get himſelf a fee, adviſed him to own the crime, and make the following defence; *My father who has been dead ſome time, was thrown into the ſea, and was become a carp, the Perumel was going to devour him before my eyes; and could I ſuffer it?* His judges ſtruck with the juſtneſs of his plea, acquitted him.

Dr Mead tells a ſtory of a young man in Scotland, who was bit by a mad dog, and was married the ſame morning. He ſpent as uſual the whole day till late at night in mirth, dancing and drinking, in the morning he was found in bed raving mad; his bride, a horrible ſpectacle, dead by him, her belly torn open with his teeth, and her entrails twiſted round his bloody hands. He remarks upon this ſtory, that the heat of the blood and ſpirits from exceſs of exerciſe and wine, but more perhaps from the tranſports of paſſion in the firſt fury of conjugal embraces, had no doubt in this calamity given ſuch advantage to the venom, that its power was raiſed to a greater in degree in leſs than twenty-four hours, than in common accidents of this kind it acquires in as many days.

The late Mr Blunt, a Roman catholic gentleman of good family and large property in Oxfordſhire, had contracted an intimacy with Mr Wagſtaff, a quaker, of Henley

Henley upon Thames, who had two handſome daughters: the girls were free and good natured, and the father was jocoſe and dry. One time Mr Wagſtaff happening to dine at the Squire's upon a fiſh day, took occaſion to talk of religion, and wondered that Mr Blunt, who was a man of ſenſe, ſhould deny himſelf the pleaſure of eating like other folks; for thee knoweſt ſays the quaker, what the ſcripture ſaith, *that it is not what goeth into the man that defileth the man.* Mr Blunt, willing to put an end to that kind of diſcourſe, as the prieſt was preſent, readily reply'd with a ſmile, *I know, friend Wagſtaff, that muſt be a favourite doctrine of yours, becauſe you taught it ſo early to your own daughters.*

Counſellor Layer, who about the year eighteen, was try'd and executed for being concerned in a plot againſt his late majeſty, was ſo notorious a Jacobite, that he had ſeveral times been taken up, and had been in cuſtody of one of the king's meſſengers for months together, inſomuch that he had got great with the meſſenger's wife, who afterwards came frequently to viſit him at his chambers in the Temple. It happened, however, that, previous to the diſcovery of the plot for which he was executed, the government had notice of the arrival of the duke of Berwick in London, and the meſſengers had orders iſſued immediately from the ſecretary's office to ſearch all ſuſpected houſes, and particularly counſellor Layer's chambers, in order if poſſible, to apprehend him. Theſe orders were not kept ſo ſecret, but they ſoon came to the knowledge of the meſſenger's wife, who took the firſt opportunity to appriſe Layer of the danger, and if the duke were with him to contrive ſome method to convey him away. The duke was there ſure enough, and the meſſengers were cloſe at the lady's heels.——Something was therefore to be reſolved upon quickly; Layer propoſed to the lady to ſtrip herſelf inſtantly and go into bed.—This appeared a deſperate ſcheme, as ſhe every moment expected her huſband to come and detect her; but Layer ſwore damnation to him

him if any harm ſhould come to her, and at the ſame time ſaid, there was no other way to preſerve the duke. The lady conſented, and was ſcarce undreſſed when the meſſengers came thundering at the door. It was early in the morning, and Layer jumped out of bed, as it might ſeem in his ſhirt, and going to the door, demanded in a ſevere tone of voice, Who they were, and what their buſineſs was with him? The anſwer was, They came by the king's authority, and demanded immediate admittance.——The counſellor opened the door, and and ſeemed under great ſurpriſe; when the gentleman whoſe whoſe wife was in bed, ſaid Mr Layer, you may make yourſelf eaſy, we have no warrant againſt you if you do not harbour the duke of Berwick; but our order is to ſearch your chambers narrowly, which you muſt not oppoſe. Layer, with a ſmile ſaid, if that were all, he hoped as they were gentlemen, they would behave as ſuch; and if their buſineſs was only with the duke of Berwick, they could have nothing to do with his amours; and therefore, as they had ſurpriſed him at a very unlucky time when he had a lady with him, they would be civil enough not to put her to the bluſh by inſiſting upon ſeeing her face, as he would give them a more convincing demonſtration that no duke of Berwick was in *bed;* and as to every other part of his chambers, they were welcome to ſearch even to his ſtrong box. And ſo begging their patience till matters were prepared, he carefully turned up the cloaths as high as the lady's middle, and by pretending to cover her face, ſo artfully concealed the duke, who lay acroſs the bed under the bolſter, with the lady's head upon his breaſt, that no ſuſpicion could ariſe of ſo ſudden a contrivance; and then turning up her ſhift, he deſired them to be ſatisfied that tho' the perſon there might be a dutcheſs, yet for the preſent ſhe could have no concern with a duke. The ſight ſet them all a laughing, and the huſband ſaid, *the duke muſt deal with the pope and the devil too if he could hide himſelf in that little hole;* and ſo went and rummaged the reſt of the lodgings.

There

There is a ſtory told of a ſtratagem of Oliver Cromwell's, that exceeds this in ſtretch of policy, but of a more deliberate kind. Cardenas, when he was ambaſſador in England from the court of Spain, tho' he had been treated with uncommon reſpect by Cromwell, yet could never be brought to betray any of the ſecrets of his court, or enter into any meaſures whatever to the prejudice of his nation, in favour of the protector's views; yet in point of policy the protector was too cunning for him; for while he was making prodigious naval preparations for the war againſt Spain, he had the addreſs to make its miniſter believe, that the fleet which was fitting out was to be ſent to ſuccour the Spaniards againſt the duke of Guiſe; and in this manner he amuſed him, till the burning the galleons by Blake, opened his eyes. Cardenas reſented this ſo much that when he was afterwards recalled, he traverſed every propoſal of Cromwell's at the court of Madrid; ſo that while he remained there in office, the protector found he was not likely to carry any point. He therefore determined his deſtruction, though it was no eaſy matter to effect it, as his credit was great not only with the king his maſter, but with the whole Spaniſh court. Cromwell had conceived a way, however, that he thought would accompliſh his ruin; and to put it in execution he ſent for the keeper of Newgate, and privately retiring with him into his cloſet, aſked him many queſtions concerning the ſeveral qualifications of his priſoners, and among the reſt if he had any in his cuſtody remarkable for houſe-breaking. The goaler told him, there was a fellow under ſentence of death, that he believed could get in or out of any houſe in the world, if his hands were at liberty. Him the protector deſired to ſee, and him the goaler went inſtantly and fetched. The fellow was ſuch a miſerable woe-begon wretch, that Cromwell ſtood aſtoniſhed at the ſight of him, and more ſo at the ſpecimens of his art which he practiſed at the inſtance of his keeper, on locks of the moſt curious contrivance; theſe, though of different forms, he readily opened, and ſaid,

there

there was no lock ever made that he would not undertake to open in the ſame manner. The keeper was then ordered to withdraw, and the protector, after ſome private diſcourſe with the fellow, remanded him back to Newgate under the ſame guard that brought him. But at the dead of night he ſent a truſty perſon to Newgate, with a warrant ſigned in form to the keeper, for his releaſement, and with orders to bring him again into his preſence to receive ſome inſtructions. When the fellow came the ſecond time, the protector then ſhewed him a plan of a garden and pavilion, into which he was to make his way by opening a certain number of locks, each of which had three keys; and then he aſked him if he thought he could effect it, promiſing him not only a free pardon but a conſiderable reward for his pains. The fellow ſaid he could. The protector told him he ſhould be conducted to the place where the ſervice was to be performed, and then he would have a letter given him, which he was to drop under a table that he would find in the middle of the pavilion, as there repreſented in the plan. This was all the fellow was entruſted with, and care had been taken to provide him ſuitable apparel, and every thing neceſſary for his journey and the ſervice he was to perform; ſo that he no ſooner received his inſtructions than he was hurry'd off immediately, and put on board the veſſel that carried him to Spain. The perſon to whoſe conduct he was intruſted had his inſtructions likewiſe; but as the one did not know where he was to be carried, ſo the other was not acquainted with the buſineſs of his companion when he had brought him to the determined place and given him the letter; but was inſtantly to leave him to himſelf, and repair to Venice with another letter, which he was to deliver to the Engliſh envoy there. Each of theſe performed his ſervice punctually. The letter the felon carried was directed to Don Cardenas, ſecretary of ſtate to the Spaniſh king; and was written in Engliſh with Cromwell's own hand, thanking him for the care he had taken to perform his engagements, and acquainting him the 20 000

ſterling which had been ſtipulated was lodged in the bank of Venice for his uſe, and that he might draw for it when ever he pleaſed. This letter, as Cromwell had foreſeen was picked up by the king, whoſe cuſtom was to repair to that pavilion every morning to deliberate on the weighty affairs of the nation, and to read diſpatches, as well as to receive the advice and aſſiſtance of his council. The king knowing the hand, but not underſtanding the contents, was greatly alarmed, and immediately ſent for the Engliſh agent, who read the contents to his majeſty, but proteſted his ignorance as to any ſecret intelligence between Cardenas and his maſter, who, he ſaid, was of ſuch a temper as never to entruſt a ſecond perſon with things of that nature. This increaſed his majeſty's apprehenſions, and when the council aſſembled, Cardenas was ordered to withdraw, and the letter was produced by the king, with an account of its contents and the manner of finding it; adding, that Cardenas was indeed the laſt man that ſat there except his majeſty, the evening before it was found. All unanimouſly pronounced him a traytor; and his whole conduct while at the Engliſh court, was recalled to mind, and urged in proof of it; but his majeſty, whoſe affection for him was ſincere, was unwilling to judge ſo raſhly of him without further evidence, and knowing the artifices of courtiers to diſgrace or ſupplant one another in their prince's favour, and that it might not be impoſſible that ſome other of the council might counterfeit ſuch a letter, and drop it there with a deſign to ruin Cardenas, propoſed to trace the affair to the bottom before paſſing ſentence, by ſending to Venice to know if ſuch a preciſe ſum was lodged in the bank there, by whom lodged, and for whoſe uſe. His majeſty's propoſal was thought reaſonable, and a meſſenger was immedately diſpatched to the Spaniſh miniſter at Venice to make ſtrict inquiry into the above particulars. The meſſenger returned, and brought with him the original order, dated the ſame day with the letter to Cardenas, written with the ſame hand, and to remove all ſuſpicion, ſealed with the protector's

rector's own ſeal, and the great ſeal of England annexed.——There now remained no farther doubt. Cardenas was infamouſly degraded, and his eſtate was confiſcated; but his majeſty, by reaſon of his age and long ſervices, thought fit to ſpare his life.

During the warm diſputes in Sacheverell's time between the High-Church and the Low, an encounter happened in King's-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, between the mobs of the two parties. The Low-Church prevailing drove the Tories quite to Weſtminſter Ferry, where their ammunition of ſtones and brick-bats failing, they paſſed their time very indifferently, till R——ll, the non-juring parſon, who ſaw the diſtreſs of his party, threw himſelf in the way, *God Almighty bleſs you, doctor*, cry'd ſome of the ring-dealers, *paſs along, we mean you no harm; you need not be afraid.*——*I afraid!* ſaid he dryly, *no, no, I aſſure you, I am not afraid of myſelf, but of that good woman's oyſters;* pointing to a woman who ſat near them. They took the hint, and down went the poor woman's baſket, and the mob ſupply'd themſelves with plenty of ammunition, which they would never have thought of, had they not been forbidden the uſe.

A ſtory is told to the honour of a Roman ſoldier, that when Cæſar landed in Britain, one of his legions being purſued by the enemy took refuge in a moraſs, on which, a private centinel poſting himſelf in a narrow paſs, bravely defended it with his ſword, and ſtopt the purſuers, till his party diſengaging themſelves retired in good order. Cæſar, who had been a ſpectator of his bravery, ran to him, embraced him, and extolled his courage before the whole army. But the ſoldier thinking himſelf unworthy of the honour, threw himſelf at Cæſar's feet, and moſt earneſtly begged forgiveneſs for having left his ſhield behind.

In a long march which the young pretender had made in Lancaſhire, through very bad roads, in the late rebellion, he had wore a hole in his ſhoe; upon his ar-

rival at the firſt village, he ſent for a blackſmith and ordered him to make a thin plate of iron, which was faſtened to the bottom of the ſole. Then paying him for his labour, ſaid, *My lad, thou art the firſt blackſmith that ever ſhod the ſon of a king.*

A raw country boy in the late war having a ſtrong fancy to go to ſea, entered on board a privateer. An engagement ſoon happening with a French ſhip of greater force, in which the boy deſired a muſket and ball to kill the French captain; for adds he, I was always ſure of a carrion crow, and can hit a mark as well as the gunner himſelf: but the boy's requeſt was diſregarded, the privateer given up, and the whole crew made priſoners and carried into France, where the boy was daily reciting the ſtory of his offer, always concluding we ſhould not have been here if I had been heard. Well, ſays one of the owners, if I live to get to England, I'll have another ſhip, and a captain that ſhall try thee. He did ſo; and the firſt engagement they were in, the boy fetched down the officers ſo faſt that the enemy preſently ſtruck. *And now*, ſays the boy, *for the honour of old England, I'd fight a whole French company.*

Admiral Blake, when he commanded the Engliſh fleet, procured a ſhip for his own brother on a ſuppoſition that he was a man of courage as well as himſelf; but coming to action his brother's heart failed, and he betrayed cowardice on the firſt trial; on which the admiral inſtantly broke him, and ſent him home with this ſarcaſtical ſaying, *That though my brother can't face the enemy on board a ſhip, he may yet ſerve his country at the plough-tail.* And to find him employment, he left him his whole eſtate when he died.

Mr Harriot was author of a great diſcovery in Algebra, which he printed at London, and afterwards Des Cartes publiſhed his Geometry, in which he inſerted the ſame invention, without taking notice from whom he had it,

and for which he was admired by all the foreigners who had not ſeen the other. Some time after Sir Charles Cavendiſh, brother to the firſt duke of Newcaſtle, who was well ſkill'd in mathematics, was at Paris, and he diſcourſing there with Mr Roberval, a famous geometrician, concerning that piece of Des Cartes, then lately publiſhed, I admire, ſaid Roberval, that thought of Des Cartes, of putting over the whole equation to one ſide, and making it equal to nothing. The reaſon why you admire, ſaid Sir Charles, is becauſe you are a Frenchman, for if you were an Engliſhman, you would not admire it. Why ſo? reply'd Roberval. Becauſe, ſaid Sir Charles, we in England know whence he had it, namely, from Harriot's Algebra. Next time you come to my chamber, added Sir Charles, I will ſhew it you; which ſome time after he did; and upon peruſal of it M. Roberval cry'd out, *Il a veu, il a veu;* He had ſeen it, he had ſeen it; he's a thief and a plagiary.

Lewis XIV. of France, during Q. Anne's war, made uſe of a very politic ſtratagem to recruit his army after its being almoſt ruined by the ſiege of Turin, the battle of Ramillies, and the relief of Barcelona. It happened to be a time of prodigious ſcarcity, and therefore his majeſty iſſued out money, and ſent ſhips to Egypt, Syria, Conſtantinople, and other places where corn was cheap, and filled his magazines, and while his generals were ſurpriſed that he iſſued no order about levies, he only commanded them to take care that his ſoldiers ſhould have plenty of bread, and to publiſh it every where that it was his majeſty's ſtrict orders. On this the poor ſtarving peaſants ran every where to the officers, and liſted ſo faſt, that tho' they wanted eighty thouſand men, the army was filled up without any expence for levies, beſides twenty new regiments by way of augmentation.

Capt. Clarke, trafficking on the coaſt of Africa, went up the country where he was introduced to a Mooriſh king, who being taken with the polite behaviour of

the captain, put ſuch confidence in him as to entruſt him with his ſon, about eighteen years of age, and another ſprightly youth of quality, to be brought up in England. The captain received them with great civility, but baſely ſold them for ſlaves. Shortly after he died, and on the ſhip's return home, the officers related the whole affair; on which the government ſent to pay their ranſom, and they were brought to England, and put under the care of the right honourable the earl of Halifax, firſt commiſſioner of trade and plantations, who gave orders for cloathing and educating them in a very genteel manner; after which they were introduced to his majeſty, richly dreſſed, who received them graciouſly and made them handſome preſents. On the firſt of February, 1749, they went to Covent Garden theatre, to ſee the tragedy of Oronooko, where on ſeeing perſons of their own colour on the ſtage, apparently in the ſame diſtreſs from which they had been ſo lately delivered, the tender interview between Imoinda and Oronooko, who was betrayed by the treachery of a captain, his account of his ſufferings, and the repeated abuſe of his placability and confidence, ſo ſtrongly affected the young prince, that he was forced to retire at the end of the fourth act. His companion ſtaid, but wept the whole time, which attracted the eyes of the whole audience.

[In Nov. 1738. theſe princes were baptized by the reverend Mr Terret.]

The late duke of Montague being in company with ſome other noblemen, propoſed a wager, that let a man advertiſe to do the moſt impoſſible thing in the world, he would find fools in London to fill a playhouſe, who would think him in earneſt. Surely ſaid the earl of C—d, if a man ſhould ſay, he could jump into a quart bottle, nobody, could believe that. The duke was ſtaggered a little, but for the jeſt's ſake determined to try the experiment; accordingly, a perſon advertiſed, 'that 'next day (Jan. 17. 1749.) at the theatre in the Hay-'Market

'Market he would play on a common walking-cane the 'muſic of every inſtrument now in uſe, to ſurpriſing 'perfection; that he would, on the ſtage, get into a ta-'vern quart-bottle, without equivocation; and while 'there, ſing ſeveral ſongs, and ſuffer any ſpectator to 'to handle the bottle; that if any ſpectator ſhould 'come maſk'd, he would, if requeſted, declare who 'they were; that, in a private room, he would produce 'the repreſentation of any perſon dead, with whom the 'party requeſting it might converſe ſome minutes as if 'alive.' In conſequence of this advertiſement a great company came, waited till ſeven at night, then growing impatient and noiſy, a perſon came before the curtain, and declared, that if the performer did not appear, the money ſhould be returned; one in the pit then crying out, *For double prices the conjurer will go into a pint-bottle*, a tumult began, and a perſon in one of the boxes threw a lighted candle on the ſtage: the greateſt part of the ſpectators hurried out, and the mob breaking in, they tore down the inſide of the houſe, and burnt it in the ſtreet. During the confuſion, the money which was ſecured in a box, according to contract with the owner of the houſe, was carried off. Several perſons of high rank, being preſent, the pickpockets made a good booty; among the reſt the D—— of C——d loſt his fine ſword, for which a reward of thirty guineas was advertiſed, to the no ſmall diverſion of thoſe who were in the ſecret.

The lady Elizabeth Piercy, being heireſs to the great Northumberland eſtate, her mother was much concerned about providing a ſuitable match for her; accordingly ſhe was twice married while an infant; firſt to Henry Cavendiſh, earl of Ogle, only ſon to the duke of Newcaſtle, who died an infant; next, to Thomas Thynne, Eſq; a young gentleman of vaſt eſtate, who was barbarouſly murdered in Pall-Mall through the inſtigation of count Coningſmark, a foreign nobleman, who had got acquainted with this lady at the court of Hanover,

ver, while she was yet undeflower'd, and wanted to marry her: upon this accident various rumours were spread, and among the rest one, that it was a judgment upon Thynne for debauching a young gentlewoman of good family under colour of marrying her, and basely deserting her when his uncle died and left him 10,000 l. a year. *Ay*, said a grave divine, to whom this was told, *This murder had never happened, if Thynne had either marry'd the woman he had lain with, or lain with the lady he had marry'd.*

Sir Philip de Somervile held the manors of Whychenovre, Sirescot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, all in Com. Stafford, of the earls of Lancaster, by this memorable service. The said Sir Philip, shall find, maintain, and sustain, one Bacon-Flitch, hanging in his hall at Whychenovre, ready arrayed at all times of the year, but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past, in form following: Whensoever any one such as is before named will come to enquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the bailiff, or to the porter of the lordship of Whychenovre, and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth;

'Bailiff, or porter, I do you to know, that I am 'come for myself, to demand, one bacon-flitch hanging 'in the hall of the lord of Whychenovre, after the form 'thereunto belonging.'

After which relation, the bailiff or porter shall assign a day to him, upon promise by his faith to return, and with him to bring twain of his neighbours. And in the mean time, the said bailiff shall take with him twain of the freeholders of the lordship of Whychenovre, and they three shall go to the manor of Rudlow, belonging to Robert Knightleye, and there shall summon the aforesaid Knightleye, or his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whychenovre the day appointed, at prime of day, with his carriage, that is to say a horse and a saddle, a sack and a prike, for to convey the said bacon and

and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, at his coſtages. And then the ſaid bailiff ſhall, with the ſaid freehoolders, ſummon all the tenants of the ſaid manor, to be ready at the day appointed at Whychenovre, for to do and perform the ſervice which they owe to the bacon. And at the day aſſigned, all ſuch as owe ſervices to the bacon, ſhall be ready at the gate of the manor of Whychenovre, from the ſun riſing to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon. And when he is come, there ſhall be delivered to him and his fellows, chapelets; and to all thoſe which ſhall be there, to do their ſervices due to the bacon. And they ſhall lead the ſame demandant with trumps and tabors, and other manner of minſtrelſy, to the hall-door, where he ſhall, the lord of Whychenovre, or his ſteward, be ready to deliver the bacon in this manner.

He ſhall enquire of him which demandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him; who muſt anſwer, *They be here ready.* And then the ſteward ſhall cauſe theſe two neighbours to ſwear, if the ſaid demandant be a wedded man, or have been man wedded; and if ſince his marriage one year and a day be paſt: and if he be a freeman or a villain? And if his ſaid neighbours make oath, that he hath for him all theſe three points rehearſed; then ſhall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall-door, and ſhall then be laid upon one half quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon ſhall kneel upon his knee, and ſhall hold his right hand upon a book, which book ſhall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and ſhall make oath in this manner.

Here ye, Sir Philip de Somervile, lord of Whychenovre, maynteener and gyver of this baconne; That I A, *ſithe I wedded* B *my wife, and ſithe I had hyr in my kepyng, and at my wylle, by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other; farer ne fowler; richer ne pourer; ne for none other deſcended of greater lynage; ſlepyng ne waking at noo tyme. And if the ſeyd* B *were ſole and I ſole, I would take*

take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condiciones soever they be, good or evylle; as help me God ond his seyntes, and this flesh and all fleshes.

And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found by his neighbours before named, that he be a freeman, there shall be delivered to him half a quarter of wheat and a cheese; and if he be a villain, he shall have half a quarter of rye without cheese. And then shall Knightleye, the lord of Rudlow, be called for, to carry all the things tofore rehearsed; and the said corn shall be laid on one horse, and the bacon above it; and he to whom the bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his horse, and shall take the cheese before him, if he have a horse. And if he have none, the lord of Whychenovre shall cause him to have one horse and saddle, to such time as he be passed his lordship; and so shall they depart the manor of Whychenovre with the corn and the bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, tabourets, and other manner of minstrelsie. And all the free tenants of Whychenovre shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whychenovre. And then shall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the costs of his lord of Whychenovre.

Not many years ago the then earl of Pembroke who in a rencounter by night in the streets of Madrid had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door, he was surprised to find it open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light, but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and asked what he did there. He told her the truth without reserve, believing that he had met a ghost. Upon which she spoke to him in the following manner: *Stranger, thou art in my power: I am a murderer as*

thou

thou art. Know then, that I am a nun of a noble family. A baſe, perjur'd man undid me, and boaſted of it. I ſoon had him diſpatched; but not content with the murder, I have bribed the ſexton to let me enter his grave, and have plucked out his falſe heart from his body; and thus I uſe a traitor's heart. At theſe words ſhe tore it in pieces, and trampled it under her feet.

An old fellow of a college being preſſed by the ſociety to come into ſomething that might redound to the *honour* of the College to which he belonged, ſaid, *That, for his part, he came there to carry the* honours *of his College away if he could; but they might do as they liked.*

A lewd young fellow ſeeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, *Father,* ſays he, *you are in a very miſerable condition if there is not another world. True, ſon,* ſaid the hermit, *but what is thy condition if there is?*

Sir Richard Steele tells a ſtory of a young pragmatical fellow in the country, who upon reading over the *Whole Duty of Man,* had written the names of ſeveral perſons in the village at the ſide of every ſin which is mentioned by that excellent author; ſo that he had converted one of the beſt books in the world into a libel againſt the Squire, Church-wardens, Overſeers of the poor, and all other the moſt conſiderable perſons in the pariſh. This book with theſe extraordinary marginal notes fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never ſeen it before; upon which there aroſe a current report that ſome body had written a book againſt the Squire and the whole pariſh. The miniſter of the pariſh having at that time a controverſy with ſome of his congregation about tythes, was under ſome ſuſpicion of being the author, till the good man ſet his people right by ſhewing them that the ſatirical paſſages might be applied to ſeveral o-

thers

thers of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was written againſt all the ſinners in England.

In the reign of king Charles I. the company of Stationers, into whoſe hands the printing of the Bible was committed by patent, made a very remarkable blunder in one of their editions; for inſtead of, *Thou ſhalt not commit adultery*, they printed off ſome thouſand copies, *Thou ſhalt commit adultery*. Archbiſhop Laud, to puniſh this their negligence, laid a conſiderable fine upon the company in the Star-chamber.

Shortly after the reſtoration of king Charles II. and the manifeſt joy that poſſeſſed the whole kingdom thereupon, Richard Cromwell, whom his father had declared Protector at his death, found it neceſſary to tranſport himſelf into France, more for fear of his debts than of the king; who thought it not neceſſary to enquire after a man already forgot. After he had lived ſome years in Paris un-noticed, and indeed unknown, living in a moſt obſcure condition and diſguiſe, not owning his name, nor having above one ſervant to attend him, he thought it neceſſary, upon the firſt rumour and apprehenſion that there was like to be a war between England and France, to quit that kingdom, and to remove to ſome place that would be neutral to either party; and pitched upon Geneva. Making his way thither by Bourdeaux and through the province of Languedoc he paſſed through Pezenas, a very pleaſant town belonging to the prince of Conti, who has a fine palace there, and being then governor of Languedoc, made his reſidence in it. Here Richard made ſome ſtay, and walking abroad to entertain himſelf, met with a perſon who well knew him, and was well known by him, the other having always been of his father's and his party; ſo that they were glad enough to find themſelves together. The other told him, that all ſtrangers who came to that town uſed to wait upon the prince of Conti, who expected it, and always treated ſtrangers, and particularly the Engliſh, with great civility; that he need not be known,

known, but that he himſelf would firſt go to the prince and inform him, that another Engliſh gentleman was paſſing through that town towards Italy, who would be glad to have the honour to kiſs his hand. The prince received him with great civility and grace, according to his natural cuſtom, and after few words began to diſcourſe of the affairs of England, and aſked many queſtions concerning the king, and whether all men were quiet, and ſubmitted obediently to him; which the other anſwered briefly, according to the truth. *Well*, ſaid the prince, *Oliver, tho' he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command; but that Richard, that coxcomb, that poltroon, was ſurely the baſeſt fellow alive; what is become of that fool? How could he be ſuch a ſot?* He anſwered, that he was betrayed by thoſe whom he moſt truſted, and who had been obliged by his father. So, being weary of his viſit, quickly took his leave, and the next morning left the town, out of fear that the prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned ſo kindly. And within two days after, the prince did come to know who it was whom he had treated ſo well, and whom before, by his behaviour, he had believed to be a man not very glad of the king's reſtoration.

Of all the men mentioned in hiſtory, Leonardo da Vinci, the Italian painter, ſeems to have had the moſt univerſal genius. In his profeſſion of hiſtory painting he excelled all who went before him: he was a maſter too in ſculpture and architecture; and ſkilful in anatomy, mathematics, and mechanics. He had learned ſeveral languages, and was acquainted with the ſtudies of hiſtory, poetry, and muſic. All who have writ of him mention likewiſe his perfection of body; the inſtances of his ſtrength were almoſt incredible; he is deſcribed to have been a well-formed perſon, and maſter of all genteel exerciſes; of an honeſt generous mind, adorned with great ſweetneſs of manners; but what makes him

have place here is the ſtory of his death. The fame of his works having gained him an univerſal eſteem, he was invited to the court of France, where after ſome time he fell ſick; and Francis I. coming to ſee him, he raiſed himſelf in his bed to acknowledge the honour which was done him by that viſit. The king embraced him, and Leonardo fainting at the ſame inſtant, expired in the arms of that great monarch.

In the county of Kent ſtands the famous ſteeple of Tenterden, that gave occaſion to the well-known ſaying, which is thus made out: Goodwin, earl of Kent, father of king Harold, owned a great quantity of low lands near the iſle of Thanet, which were defended from the ſea by a wall that wanted continual repairs; theſe lands were afterwards given to the monaſtery of St Auguſtine near Canterbury, which had likewiſe the rectory of Tenterden in poſſeſſion, the ſteeple of whoſe church the abbot of St Auguſtine was ſo intent upon building, that he neglected the wall which defended the Goodwin lands, as they were then called; whereupon the ſea broke in and overflowed them, leaving a light ſand upon them, dangerous to ſailors; and thus *was Tenterden ſteeple the cauſe of Goodwin ſands.*

The famous Dr Pitcairn was one of thoſe phyſicians, whoſe great knowledge in his profeſſion made him acceptable every where. When he was in Holland, the Univerſity of Leyden complimented him with the Profeſſorſhip of phyſic, which by an unaccountable whimſicalneſs of temper he ſoon quitted, and retired to Edinburgh, under pretence of viſiting his native country. He was ſtrongly ſolicited to return for three years together, during which time that important poſt was kept vacant for him, but he reſolutely declined it without aſſigning any other reaſon than that his friends in Scotland liked his company, and were loth to part with him. By this contemptuous anſwer the Heads of that univerſity thought themſelves highly affronted; and at laſt pro-

proceeded to a new election; at the ſame time entering it as a ſtanding order in their ſtatute books, *That no Scotchman ſhould ever be elected to a Profeſſorſhip in that univerſity for the future.*

At the battle of Edgehill, Mr Fanſhaw, who was ſecretary to K. Charles, was taken priſoner and committed to the Tower, where he lay during the whole time of the civil wars, and till Oliver was declared Protector, without any ſolicitations in his favour; but at length, when all things began to be quiet, the governor of the Tower happened among other things to ſpeak of Mr Fanſhaw, and to make mention of him as a perſon of great honour, and well-deſerving his highneſs's clemency; and withal to move his compaſſion the more, declared that he was eat up with the ſcurvy, and muſt die if not ſpeedily releaſed; whereupon Oliver immediately gave orders for his enlargement; but Bradſhaw, who was then preſent, adviſed that he ſhould firſt take the Solemn League and Covenant. Oliver turning to him ſternly, *D'ye think*, ſaid he, *the ſolemn league and covenant will cure the man of his ſcurvy?*

Every body knows the general character of Lewis XIV. the late king of France, that he was ambitious, crafty, and a prince that delighted in blood; but there is a ſtory told of him for truth, which ſhews, that he was more tender of the lives of men than either his enemies or friends commonly imagined. The fact was this; the Sieur Poli, a Roman chemiſt, having diſcovered a diabolical compoſition ten times more deſtructive than gun-powder, came into France, in 1702, (a time when he knew that kingdom was upon the eve of a war againſt a formidable confederacy) and made an offer of his ſecret to the grand monarque. Lewis was fond of all chemical diſcoveries, and was highly pleaſed with an opportunity of gratifying his curioſity by a proceſs of this nature; and accordingly ordered all fitting encouragement to be given to the inventor, who, in the royal

laboratory perform'd the process, and made several experiments in his majesty's presence of the surprising effects of his composition; at the same descanting largely on the use that might be made of it against an enemy in time of war. *Sir*, said the king, *your process is ingenious, and your experiments amazingly terrible, but the engines of destruction used in war are abundantly too sufficient, and I enjoin you never to disclose it more, but to destroy every memorandum relating to it, and suffer it for the sake of mankind to perish.* Poli promised upon the faith of a christian that he should be obeyed, and on that condition his majesty ordered him a princely reward, and graciously dismissed him.

Mr Quin is a gentleman whose humour gives life to the conversation of thousands, who, perhaps never had the pleasure of seeing him: many of whom, but for the repetition of his wit, would be very dull companions; but the story that follows does honour to his GOOD-NATURE, and therefore it is here selected. Mr Thomson, a Scots gentleman, now universally known by his fine poems on the Seasons, on Liberty, &c. when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances, and before he was distinguished by his writings was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and upon the publication of his Seasons one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr Quin, who had indeed read the Seasons, but had never seen their author; and upon stricter enquiry, he was told that Thomson was in the bailiff's hands at a spunging-house in Holborn; thither Quin went, and being admitted into his chamber, *Sir*, said he, in his usual tone of voice, *you don't know me, I believe, but my name is Quin.* Mr Thomson received him politely, and said, *that tho' he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance,*

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he was no ſtranger either to his Name or his Merit; and very obligingly invited him to ſit down. Quin then told him, he was come to ſup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide ſupper, which he hoped he would excuſe. ——Mr Thomſon made the proper reply, and then the diſcourſe turned indifferently upon ſubjects of literature. When ſupper was over, and the glaſs had gone briſkly about, Mr Quin then took occaſion to explain himſelf by ſaying, *It was now time to enter upon buſineſs.* Mr Thomſon declared he was ready to ſerve him as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he ſhould command, (thinking he was come about ſome affair relating to the Drama.) *Sir*, ſays Mr Quin, *you miſtake my meaning. I am in your debt, I owe you a hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you.* Mr Thomſon, with a diſconſolate air, reply'd, that as he was a gentleman, whom, to his knowledge he had never offended, he wondered he ſhould ſeek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. *No, by G-d*, ſaid Quin, raiſing his voice, *I'd be damn'd before I would do that. I ſay, I owe you a hundred pounds, and there it is*, (laying a bank-note of that value before him.) Mr Thomſon was aſtoniſhed, and begged he would explain himſelf. *Why*, ſays Quin, *I'll tell you; ſoon after I had read your* Seaſons, *I took it into my head that as I had ſomething in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my Will, and among the reſt of my legatees I ſet down the* Author *of the* Seaſons *a hundred pounds, and this day hearing that you was in this houſe, I thought I might as well have the pleaſure of paying the money myſelf, as to order my executors to pay it when perhaps you might have leſs need of it; and this, Mr Thomſon is the buſineſs I came about.* I need not expreſs Mr Thomſon's grateful acknowledgements, but leave every reader to conceive them.

The late king of Pruſſia was remarkable all over Europe for an extravagant humour of ſupporting at a vaſt

expence a regiment of the talleſt men that could be pick-ed up throughout the world; and would give a fellow of ſix foot and a half or more high, to liſt, perhaps eighty or a hundred guineas advance, beſides the charge of bringing him from the farthermoſt part of the globe, if it ſo happened. One day when his majeſty was reviewing that regiment, attended by all the foreign ambaſſadors and moſt of the great officers of rank both in the court and army, he took occaſion to aſk the French miniſter, who ſtood near him, if he thought his maſter had an equal number of troops in his ſervice able to engage thoſe gallant men? The Frenchman who was no ſoldier ſaid, he believed not. The king pleaſed with ſuch a reply from a native of the vaineſt nation in the world, aſked the emperor's ambaſſador the ſame queſtion. The German frankly declared his opinion, that he did not believe there was ſuch another regiment in the world. *Well, my lord Hyndford*, ſaid his majeſty to the Britiſh ambaſſador, *I know you have brave troops in England, but would an equal number of your countrymen, do you think, beat theſe?——I will not take upon me abſolutely to ſay that*, reply'd his excellency; *but I dare be bold to ſay, that half their number would try.*

When Mr How was ambaſſador at the court of Vienna, in the time of the emperor Charles VI. one of his Imperial majeſty's principal ſecretaries of ſtate, who had taken great pains to learn the Engliſh language, and by way of exerciſe uſed every time the diſpatches arrived from England to read the Engliſh news-papers, obſerving that in almoſt every one of them there were more or leſs of *ſuch a one, Eſquire*, being married to a lady of beauty, merit and fortune, or, *ſuch a one, Eſquire*, being dead, to the inconſolable grief of his afflicted widow, took occaſion one day to aſk the ambaſſador what rank of honour theſe Eſquires held, who were ſo numerous in his country. His excellency reply'd, *They much reſemble*

ſemble German princes, with this only difference, that the Eſquires have commonly much better eſtates.

Henry Carey, firſt couſin to queen Elizabeth, uſed frequently to attend her majeſty in her palace, and was thought very acceptable to her, till a trifling accident happened by which he forfeited her favour. He was one day walking in a thoughtful mood in the gardens before her window, when her majeſty, thinking to divert his melancholy, ſaid to him in Italian, *What does a man think on when he thinks of nothing?*——His anſwer was, after a ſhort pauſe, *On a woman's promiſe.* ——*Couſin*, ſaid the queen, *I muſt not confute you*, and ſo retired. Solliciting afterwards the honours of peerage, and being deny'd, he laid the diſappointment ſo much to heart that he languiſh'd for a long time on a ſick bed, and at length died of a broken heart.

The late Dr Frampton of Oxford, when he lay upon his death-bed, was viſited by the moſt eminent phyſicians of that city, who all met together, when they thought him in imminent danger, in order, to hold a conſultation concerning the nature of his diſorder, and to preſcribe for him; after which, Dr Fr——n, telling him what they had agreed upon, preſſed him to have immediate recourſe to it, adding that his life was at ſtake if he delay'd a moment. But the doctor who had an averſion to all apothecaries potions, abſolutely refuſed, and ſaid, *that for his part he ſhould truſt to that great Phyſician in whoſe hands are the iſſues of life.* This unexpected obſtinacy and religion in a member of their own body, required their united arguments to overcome; and have preſſed him a good while without being able to obtain any other anſwer; at length being out of patience, *Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *why do you teize me, when you all know as well as myſelf, that the Art you pretend to is but opinion.*

Lord V——, who is a nobleman abounding with good-nature, had the misfortune (if it may be counted a mis-

a misfortune) to be married to one of the fineſt ladies in Europe, but being of too ſprightly a turn of mind to bear the reſtraints of matrimony, ſhe had more than once made what is called the Grand Tour without the knowledge, at leaſt without the conſent of her huſband. As often, however, as ſhe returned to her duty, ſo often was ſhe kindly received by her indulgent lord; and ſome time after one of theſe excurſions, being aſleep in her cloſet, with the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* before her, her lord happened to ſtep in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the *Practice of Piety*, and ſo left her. When ſhe waked, ſhe preſently perceived the trick; and his lordſhip entering while the book was yet in her hand, took occaſion to compliment her on her ladyſhip's reformation. *Nay, nay*, anſwered my lady, *let our reformation go hand in hand, I beſeech you; when you my lord, practiſe the* whole duty of man, *then I'll read the* practice of piety.

Mr Law, author of the Miſſiſippi ſcheme, was a Scots gentleman of narrow fortune, but great ambition; he had travelled through great part of Europe, and ſubſiſted chiefly on gaming, by which he acquired conſiderable ſums, particularly in Italy, where he firſt hatched his paper-project, which afterwards gave birth to thoſe deteſtable bubbles that brought both France and England to the brink of ruin. He offered his ſcheme firſt to the king of Sardinia, who told him, *His dominions were too ſmall for ſuch a project*; adding, *if I know the humour of the French, I am ſure they will reliſh your deſigns*. Mr Law took his majeſty's advice, and found it true. The regent-duke of Orleans came into his views. In Dec. 1719, Law abjured the proteſtant religion, and in January following was made comptroller general of the finances; in which poſt he ſo managed affairs that he amaſſed almoſt all the caſh of the kingdom into the king's coffers, and was himſelf nominally, worth 500,000*l*, but not having the conduct or fore-

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ſight to ſecure a ſhilling of it in foreign banks, he was obliged to relinquiſh this immenſe treaſure, and the very next year fly ſecretly from France to avoid being torn to pieces by the enraged people. Such a ſudden elevation and precipitate downfal has no where its parallel. From being the firſt man in a great kingdom, on whom all men gazed as on a meteor, he was reduced as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, to the low rank of a ſorry vagabond, whom all men deſpiſed; for after wandering about in different parts for ſome time, he died at Munich, very poor. After his deceaſe his widow lived at Utrecht in a private manner, but his ſon had the good fortune to procure a cornetcy of horſe in the Dutch ſervice; and his daughter, a moſt amiable lady, married the lord Wallingford, ſon to the earl of Banbury.

Soon after my lord C—ld came into the privy-council, a place of great truſt happened to become vacant, to which his m——ty and the duke of D—t recommended two very different perſons. His m——y eſpouſed the intereſt of his friend with ſome heat, and told them, *He wou'd be obey'd;* but not being able to ſucceed, he left the council chamber in great diſpleaſure. As ſoon as he retired, the matter was debated warmly, but at length it was carried againſt the king, *becauſe if they once gave him his way, he would expect it again, and ſo it would riſe at length to a precedent.* However, in the humour his m—y was then in, a queſtion aroſe, who ſhould carry the grant of the office for his m—y to ſign? and the lot fell on lord C——ld. His lordſhip expected to find his m—y in a very unfavourable mood; and accordingly it happened ſo; and therefore he prudently forbore to incenſe him by an abrupt requeſt, and inſtead of bluntly aſking to ſign the inſtrument, very ſubmiſſively aſked whoſe name his m—y would be pleaſed to have inſerted to fill up the blanks——The k—g anſwered in a paſſion, *The Devil's if you will.* Very well, reply'd his lordſhip; *but would your m——y have the inſtrument run in the uſual ſtyle, Our truſty and well-*

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beloved Couſin and Counſellor? The k—g laught, and with all the good-nature in the world ſet his name to the paper, tho' to promote a perſon not very acceptable to himſelf.

A gentleman who had long danced attendance after the Miniſtry in hopes of preferment, being one day, as uſual, at the duke of Newcaſtle's levee, and happening to caſt his eyes up to the ceiling, obſerved to his fellow-ſollicitors how properly that room was decorated. The gentlemen preſent ſaid, they could ſee no great ornament about it. *I did not ſay there was*, ſaid he, *but I admire the* propriety *of what there is; for both top and bottom is full of* Fretwork.

Lord Ch——ld chanced one day to be at the ſame levee, when *Garnet upon Job*, a book dedicated to the duke of Newcaſtle, happened to lie in the window. Before his Grace made his appearance, his lordſhip had time enough to amuſe himſelf with the book, and when the duke entered, he found him reading in it. *Well, my lord*, ſaid his Grace, *what is your opinion of that book?——In any other place I ſhould not think much of it*, reply'd his lordſhip, *but here in your Grace's levee I think it one of the beſt books in the world.*

When Holt was lord-chief-juſtice, a ſect ſomewhat like that of the methodiſts, but rather more enthuſiaſtic, was the canker that feſtered the community; and it being his lordſhip's opinion that a well-timed ſeverity was the readieſt way to deſtroy the ſpreading humour, cauſed ſeveral of the ringleaders to be committed to priſon: upon which Mr Lacy, a follower of theirs, went to his lordſhip's houſe, and demanded a conference with him. The porter ſaid, his lordſhip was indiſpoſed, and ſaw no company. But tell him, ſaid Lacy, that I muſt ſee him, for I am ſent to him by the *Lord God*. The porter being ſtruck with the oddity of the meſſage, cauſed it to be delivered; and the judge gave orders that the man ſhould be admitted. When he entered the room, *I am come*,

come, ſaid he to the judge, *with a meſſage from the Lord, requiring thee on pain of everlaſting fire, to grant a* Noli proſequi *for John Atkens, and others, God's faithful ſervants, whom thou haſt wrongfully caſt into priſon.* —*Thou art a lying prophet*, reply'd his lordſhip, *for if the Lord had ſent thee, he would have directed thee to the attorney-general, for he knows it is not in my power to grant thee a* Noli proſequi. And ſo wrote his *mittimus* to keep his brethren company.

There were about that time another kind of enthuſiaſts who infeſted the pulpits of our Northern neighbours; a ſpecimen of whoſe preaching may not unaptly be here introduced. The reverend Mr Brodie, at a kirk in Edinburgh, took his text from theſe words, *Reſiſt the devil and he will flee from you*; and began in this manner; My beloved, ye are all here to-day, but wot ye wha is among ye, even the mickle horn'd de'el. Ye canna ſee him. But by the eye of faith I can ſee him. But ſome of you will ſay, What ſhall we do with him now we have him here? How ſhall we deſtroy him? We will haung him. Alas, my beloved, there are not ſo many tows in the pariſh as will haung him; he's as light as a feather. Then ſome of you will ſay, we will drown him. Ah! my beloved, there is too much cork in his a-ſe; he will not ſink. Others of you will ſay, we will burn him; Na, na, Sirs, you may ſcald your fals but ye canna burn him; for all the fire of hell could never yet ſinge a hair of his tail. Now, Sirs, you canna find a way among ye all to kill him, but I'll find it. What way will this be, Sirs?--We ſhall even ſhoot him. But wherewith ſhall we ſhoot him? We ſhall ſhoot him with the Bible. Now, Sirs, I ſhall ſhoot him preſently. (*So, preſenting the Bible as ſoldiers do their muſkets, he cries out,*) Toot, toot, toot; now he is ſhot; there lies the foul thief as dead as a heron.

Dr Matthew Wren, who was dean of Windſor and chancellor of the garter, atteſts with his own hand-writ-

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ing that king James I. diſcrediting the account of the Budding Oak in the New Foreſt of Hampſhire, Andrews, biſhop of Wincheſter, in whoſe dioceſe it grew, cauſed one of his chaplains, a man of known integrity, to examine ſtrictly into the truth of it for his majeſty's ſatisfaction. This gentleman, upon the eve of the nativity, gathered with his own hand above a hundred ſlips from it, with the leaves newly opened, which he ſtuck in clay in the bottoms of a convenient number of long, white boxes, and ſo ſent them expreſs to court; theſe, Dr Wren diſtributed to the great perſons of both ſexes about the court, to the admiration of all that received them; but, adds he, a deviliſh fellow of Heroſtratus' humour, in the troubleſome times that ſucceeded, having hewn it round the root, made the laſt ſtroke on his leg, whereof he died with the old wondrous tree.

[Heroſtratus was a man who being conſcious to himſelf of having no merit to tranſmit his name to poſterity, reſolved to do it by committing ſome capital miſchief, and accordingly ſet fire to the temple of Diana, one of the Seven Wonders of the world, and burnt it to the ground.]

A bold attempt was made in the reign of king Charles II. to carry off the crown and other enſigns of royalty, by one Colonel Blood, a gentleman of Ireland, who, having ſpent his ſubſtance in following the fortune of K. Charles II. while in adverſity, thought himſelf hardly uſed, by being neglected when that prince was reſtored to his juſt rights; and therefore, after being engaged in ſeveral very deſperate, tho' unſucceſsful plots, ſuch as ſurpriſing the caſtle of Dublin, and ſeizing the perſon of the D. of Ormond, and others, he at length thought of a ſcheme to make himſelf amends once for all, by ſeizing the crown, globe, ſceptre and dove, and carrying them all off together; for this purpoſe he put himſelf into the habit of a doctor of divinity, with a little band, a long, falſe beard, a cap with ears, and all thoſe other formalities

lities of garb belonging to that degree, except the gown, chuſing rather to make uſe of a cloak, as moſt proper for his deſign. Under this diſguiſe, he made it his buſineſs to get acquainted with the keeper of the Jewel-office; an old man, whom he treated and careſſed at a rate, not ſo much expenſive, as kind and obliging; by which means ſuch a friendſhip and intimacy was ſoon eſtabliſhed between them, that the old man having a ſon, and the doctor pretending to have a daughter, they mutually agreed to match them together; but the ſon being at ſea, put the pretended daughter under no neceſſity of appearing.——The night before the fact was to be done, the doctor told the old man, that he had ſome friends at his houſe that wanted to ſee the Regalia, but that they were to go out of town pretty early in the morning, and therefore hoped he would gratify them with the ſight, though they might come a little before the uſual hour. (Blood had engaged three accomplices, named Deſborough, Kelſey and Perrot, in this enterpriſe.) Accordingly two of them came, accompanied by the doctor, about eight in the morning, and the third held their horſes that waited for them at the outer gate of the Tower, ready ſaddled; they had no other apparatus but a wallet and a wooden mallet, which there was no great difficulty to conceal. Upon their approach the old man received them with great civility; and preſently admitted them into his office; but as it is cuſtomary for the keeper of the Regalia, when he ſhews them, to lock himſelf up in a kind of grate with open bars; to the end, that thoſe things of high value may be ſeen but not foiled, the old man had no ſooner opened the door of this place, but the doctor and his companions were in at his heels, and without giving him time to aſk queſtions, effectually ſilenced him, by knocking him down with the wooden mallet; they then inſtantly made flat the bows of the crown to make it more portable, ſeized the ſcepter and dove, put them into the wallet together, and were preparing to make their eſcape, when, unfortunately for them, the old man's

ſon, who had not been at home for ten years before, came from the ſea in the very nick, and being told that his father was with ſome friends, that would be very glad to ſee him, at the jewel-office, he poſted thither immediately, and met Blood and his companions as they were juſt coming out; who, inſtead of returning and ſecuring him, as in good policy they ought to have done, puſhed forward with their prize, in order to eſcape; but the young man ſeeing his father weltering in his blood, and the treaſure gone, inſtantly alarmed the firſt upon guard, who giving the ſignal to the reſt, the gates were ſhut, and the criminals ſecured, all but the man that held the horſes, who inſtantly fled upon the firſt rumour; upon ſearching them, the prize was recovered, though all bruiſed and battered and one ſtone loſt, which was afterwards found by a cinder wench and reſtored; the next thing to be done, was to confine the priſoners, and acquaint his majeſty with the nature of their offence, and take directions from court how to proceed: The reſult was, that the king had a fancy to examine Blood himſelf; and while all men thought that ſome new puniſhment would be deviſed to torture ſo daring an offender, his majeſty thought proper not only to pardon him and his accomplices, but to grant Blood a penſion, ſome ſay of 500 l. a year, during his life. What the motives were that induced his majeſty to ſhew ſo much lenity to a man who had been engaged in ſo many plots and conſpiracies, is yet a ſecret, and ever muſt remain ſo: many conjectures were formed, and ſurmiſes made, but no man knew the truth. Blood ſoon after died of grief, being convicted of a plot againſt the duke of Buckingham, who laid a heavy action of *ſcandalum magnatum* againſt him, by which he was like to remain a priſoner for life; though moſt people were of opinion, that this plot was forged againſt him by his enemies; and having eſcaped puniſhment for what he did do, ſuffered at laſt for what he did not do.

[We have but juſt hinted above, that Blood was engaged in a plot to ſurpriſe Dublin-caſtle, and another to ſeize

ſeize the perſon of the duke of Ormond; of both which, we ſhall give a brief account.]

Upon the Reſtoration, many Engliſh, Scots and Iriſh were diſſatisfied, and wanted only a head to lead them into action. Colonel Blood, having declared himſelf of their party, was thought a proper perſon for that purpoſe; and, as nothing could be attempted in England with any probability of ſucceſs, Ireland was pitched upon for the ſcene of rebellion; the colonel knowing what advantage it would be to their cauſe, to be maſter of ſome place of ſtrength, propoſed to begin with the ſurpriſe of Dublin caſtle; which was accordingly to have been attempted on the 29th of May, the anniverſary of the king's return in the following manner: Blood, with a company of reſolute fellows, were under a pretence of preſenting a petition to the duke of Ormond, then lord-lieutenant, to have procured admittance, and ſeized his perſon, while about fourſcore choſen foot, in the habit of tradſemen, were to have waited without, and upon a certain ſignal to have ſurpriſed the guards; but this plot by the treachery of one of the conſpirators, having been defeated before it was ripe, a proclamation was iſſued out, with a reward of five hundred pounds for the apprehenſion of any of the ringleaders; in conſequence whereof, one Mr Lockey, brother-in-law to Blood, was taken, tried, and executed, and Blood himſelf obliged to make his eſcape; but with a full reſolution to be avenged of the duke of Ormond, by whoſe vigilance his views had been diſappointed, and his brother-in-law hanged. But it was not till nine years afterwards, that he durſt attempt any thing upon the duke's perſon; when having engaged five of his old truſty friends, on the 6th of Decemb. 1670, being all well armed and mounted, they beſet the duke's coach, as he was paſſing from St James' palace, thro' the long ſtreet that leads to Clarendon houſe, where the duke then reſided; and having knocked out the flambeaux, and ſecured the attendants, they forced the

duke out of his coach, and had actually tied him behind one of their aſſociates, (who was to have rode with him without ſtopping till he came to an appointed place, where they were to meet him, and conſult what advantage they could make of their priſoner), when his Grace's porter, being apprized of his maſter's danger, by a boy who concealed himſelf under the coach and eſcaped, ſeaſonably came to his reſcue; but what is very ſurpriſing, not one of the ruffians were ever apprehended, though a thouſand pounds reward was offered, till the attempt already related, diſcovered them; and then they were all pardoned.

Michael Angelo, in his picture of the laſt judgment in the Pope's chapel at Rome, had painted, among other figures in hell, that of cardinal Campegio (who had once done him ſome ill offices abroad) with ſuch a ſtriking likeneſs that every body knew it at firſt ſight. Upon which, Campegio complained of the affront to his Holineſs, and deſired it might be eraſed. The Pope replied, *It was out of his power to oblige him.* Why ſo? ſaid Campegio. *Becauſe*, ſaid his Holineſs, *we can only deliver out of Purgatory, but not out of Hell.*

Some years ago, among other fine paintings that adorned the great church at Harlem, was one of *Abrabraham offering up his ſon Iſaac*, which in every reſpect but the deſign exceeded all the reſt in the church; but *that* was *of true Dutch invention indeed!* for, Abraham was repreſented as ſhooting Iſaac with a pocket piſtol, when inſtantly as the hammer was ſuppoſed to be ſtriking up the ſteel, a little cherub deſcends and piſſes out the fire. Biſhop Burnet, ſpeaking of Holland one day to king William, ſaid, *he had ſeen a curioſity in that country, which he believed was not to be match'd in the whole world;* and his majeſty being deſirous to know what it was, the biſhop mentioned this picture. His majeſty ſmiled; but when he returned to Holland, cauſed it to be removed.

Upon

Upon the acceſſion of King James II. to the throne, every body knows an attempt was made to reſtore the Roman catholic religion in England, and for that purpoſe the Heads of the Univerſities were firſt applied to. Some who abhorred the ſuperſtition and dreaded the conſequences, reſigned their offices; but others of leſs ſcrupulous conſciences thought fit to conform, among whom was Obadiah Walker, then Head of Univerſity-College. Public acts were at that time looked upon as congratulatory compliments which every new prince expected, and theſe were attended with plays, balls, and a variety of other entertainments. On this occaſion therefore, his majeſty's company of comedians from the theatre in Drury-Lane, went down to perform there, and among other plays acted, the *Committee* or *Faithful Iriſhman* was one. Tony Leigh, who perſonated Teague, and who was a man of infinite humour, in the latter end of the comedy hawling in Obadiah, a character in the play, with a halter about his neck, whom according to his written part he was to threaten to hang for no better reaſon than his refuſing to drink the king's health, thought fit to aſſume a theatrical liberty; and, to juſtify his purpoſe with a ſtronger provocation, put himſelf into a more than ordinary heat with his captive, which having heightened his maſter's curioſity to know what Obadiah had done to deſerve ſuch uſage, Leigh, folding his arms, with a ridiculous ſtare of aſtoniſhment, replied, *Arra, by my ſhoule he has chaunge his Reliſhon.* As the merit of this jeſt lay chiefly in the auditors ſudden application of it to the Obadiah of Oxford, it was received with all the triumph of applauſe which the zeal of a different religion could inſpire. But Leigh was given to underſtand that the king was highly diſpleaſed at it; *and had the oppoſite party prevail'd, Tony might have lived to repent it.*

Soon after the acceſſion of king George I. to the throne of theſe kingdoms, a rebellion broke out in favour of the houſe of Stuart, who had ſtill many friends

in England as well as Scotland; at which time the government, who knew very well who were the principled Jacobites, iſſued out orders for apprehending thoſe among them that were able to do moſt miſchief, in order to confine them in priſon till the danger was over. Among the reſt Sir William Wyndham of Orchard-Wyndham, was as much ſuſpected as any; but having married the daughter of Charles, duke of Somerſet, who at that time was maſter of the horſe, and in high favour with the king, it was thought reſpectful to acquaint the duke with the apprehenſions that were entertained of his ſon-in-law's inclinations to favour the rebels (nay, of his actual intentions to join them) before they took any meaſures to lay a reſtraint on his liberty. The duke was not a little alarmed at this intimation, and being a man of high ſpirit, inſtantly diſpatched an expreſs to Sir William, in order to diſſuade him from an enterpriſe that could not be attended with any good conſequences to himſelf, but muſt reflect diſhonour on his family. Sir William returned ſuch an anſwer as ſatisfied the D. that the report was groundleſs; and therefore, upon the receipt of it, his grace inſtantly repaired to court, *and offered himſelf to be anſwerable for the peaceable behaviour of his ſon-in-law Sir William; and on that condition obtained the royal word that he ſhould not be moleſted; looking upon it as an indignity to impriſon any of his family, over whom he thought he had influence enough to command loyalty, at leaſt to reſtrain them from committing any open acts of treaſon.* But the then miniſtry being of opinion, that if one nobleman, however reſpectable, was ſuffered to protect, others could not be denied the like indulgence, cauſed a warrant to be iſſued out againſt Sir William, without the duke's knowledge, and he was apprehended at Bath, juſt as he had got his foot in the ſtirrup to mount on horſeback, in order, as it was ſaid, to join the rebels; brought priſoner to London, and committed to the Tower. His grace, who was a proud man, thought his honour wounded on the occaſion, and reſented it accordingly. He inſtantly reſigned

ſigned all his employments to his majeſty, with this ſarcaſtical expreſſion, *that he ſcorn'd to ſerve a maſter who had the meanneſs to break his word.* The king diſclaimed any knowledge of the proceeding; but the haughty duke would admit of no alleviation, and inſtantly retiring from the royal preſence, cauſed all the Regalia in his cuſtody, as maſter of the horſe, to be loaded in hired carts and laid before the palace gate. Under any other government this contempt might have coſt him dear; but his late majeſty was too wiſe a prince to reſent it. *The duke he knew would baniſh himſelf from court, and would live in the country in a kind of impriſonment; and as his majeſty judged, ſo it happened; for he never came to court again in the late king's reign, becauſe there was a greater man there than himſelf; nor did he ever make a viſit in the country, becauſe he thought none there his equal.*

Mr Cibber, the preſent poet-laureat, after the great ſucceſs the Beggar's Opera had met with, was ſo ſtupid as to attempt ſomething of the ſame kind, but unhappily miſtook the ſubject. His new-fangled performance was called *Love in a Riddle;* and with much ado was brought upon the ſtage, where it made a ſhift to ſhew itſelf two nights, and then diſappeared for ever. This performance was juſt the oppoſite of Gay's, which, by ſetting greatneſs and authority in a contemptible light, and vulgar vice and wickedneſs in an amiable one, had taken a whole nation, high and low, into a general applauſe; but when the contraſt was tried, no body but the heir apparent of the crown would venture to take virtue and innocence under their protection, and he was unable to ſupport them. On the ſecond night, though the late prince of Wales was preſent, the audience was no leſs clamorous and turbulent than they had been the night before; but Cibber was now neceſſitated at all events to ſilence them; and therefore quitting the actor for the author, he ſtept forward to the pit, and with an addreſs peculiar to himſelf, ſaid, "Gentlemen, ſince

"I find

"I find you are not inclined that this play ſhall go for-
"ward, I give you my word that after this night it
"ſhall never be acted again; but in the mean time, I
"hope you will conſider in whoſe preſence you now are,
"and for that reaſon, at leaſt, ſuſpend for the preſent
"what farther marks of your diſpleaſure you may ima-
"gine I have deſerved." At this there was a dead ſi-
lence, and the play went off afterwards uninterrupted,
and with much greater applauſe than the author expect-
ed, though he never durſt venture to bring it on again.

Having juſt mentioned the late prince of Wales, the reader will not be diſpleaſed with the following ſtory. When his Royal Highneſs was viewing the curioſities of the Tower, in company with ſeveral of the young nobility, an old Warder that conducted them through the ſeveral apartments, among a vaſt variety of breaſtplates that were in the horſe-armoury, pointed to one, the lower edge of which had been carried away by a ſlant ſhot of a cannon-ball, and with it, as the warder ſaid, *part of the bowels and the rim of the man's belly that wore it; notwithſtanding which, being put under the care of a ſkilful ſurgeon, the man recovered, and lived ten years afterwards.* The company ſmiled at the gravity with which the warder repeated his tale; and the prince, with a gracious condeſcenſion, and as much good-nature and pleaſantry as if he had been talking with his equal ſaid, "I remember, father, to have read ſome-
"where in a book, a ſtory like yours, of a ſoldier who
"had his head cleft in two ſo dexterouſly by the enemy,
"that one half of it fell on one ſhoulder, and the other
"half of it upon the oppoſite ſhoulder; and yet on his
"comrade's laying his hands carefully under the two
"ſides, clapping them nicely together again, and bind-
"them cloſe with his handkerchief, the man did well,
"drank his pot of ale at night, and ſcarcely recollected
"that ever he had been hurt."——This ſimilar ſtory ſo ſeaſonably applied, ſet all the company that attended his royal highneſs in a horſe-laugh, which had ſuch ſuch an

effect

effect upon the old warder, that he never had the courage aftewards to tell his accuſtomed ſtory.

The late great duke of Marlborough, when he firſt commanded in Flanders, had neglected to equip his cavalry with the neceſſary piece of armour we have juſt been ſpeaking of, till experience had convinced him of the uſe of it, and he ſaw with what ſecurity the enemy fought, entrenched as it were in their cuiraſſes, againſt troops expoſed to the danger of every piſtol-ball. But before the next campaign, his Grace reſolved to be provided; and accordingly diſpatched General Cadogan home, with orders to procure at all events a ſufficient number of breaſt-plates for the ſervice of the horſe, and to ſee them put on board, leſt they ſhould be neglected. The General went himſelf to the Tower to execute his commiſſion. and under his own direction ſaw all the breaſt and back-plates that were fit for uſe in the armories there properly fitted up, and with other military ſtores embarked. When they arrived, which was not till after his lordſhip had rejoined the army, the duke aſked the general, what thoſe back-plates were for? who replied. *that all the French cavalry wore ſuch.*— *Yes*, ſays the duke, *they may probably want them; but I hope the Britiſh troops will never ſhew their* BACKS *to an enemy.*

When the E. of Stair was ambaſſador at the court of France, immediately after the acceſſion of his late majeſty to the crown, his excellency made a moſt ſplendid appearance; and being a nobleman naturally inclined to gallantry and expence, ſoon became a great favourite with the ladies there, by whoſe intrigues he was enabled to diſcover ſecrets which otherwiſe might have eſcaped the penetration of the moſt vigilant and ſagacious miniſter. In the management of the ladies whoſe favour he courted, he was forced to obſerve the greateſt delicacy; Play, he perceived, was their predominant paſſion, and as he was equally inclined to that amuſement, he eaſily obtained

obtained, by means, of cards, many private conferences which he could not have indulged on any other pretence. The dutcheſs of Maine was one of thoſe illuſtrious perſonages whom the E. took moſt pains to engage in his intereſt. She was paſſionately fond of play, of an inquiſitive and buſy temper, of vaſt capacity, and of a diſcernment ſo quick that it was no eaſy matter to impoſe upon her; ſhe was among the number of ladies too that affected to pry into the affairs of the cabinet, and who had gained an aſcendancy over the then regent ſo far as not to be altogether ignorant of the moſt ſecret tranſactions of ſtate. His excellency, by loſing large ſums with this lady, and upon all occaſions paying her particular reſpect, had inſenſibly worked upon her affections, but had reaped not the leaſt advantage over her in point of politics, till an accident happened that brought about in an inſtant what he had long laboured at in vain. Being engaged as her partner at play, the run of luck turned againſt them, and the dutcheſs in the end was obliged to borrow of the earl a thouſand piſtoles. His excellency told her, he had yet twice that ſum at her highneſs' ſervice, and preſſed her to continue play, which ſhe abſolutely refuſed. Next morning early ſhe ſent a meſſage to the earl, deſiring inſtantly to ſpeak with him. It is no unuſual thing in France for ladies to receive morning viſits from gentlemen, in bed; neither was his excellency at all ſurprized when he found himſelf alone in the chamber of one of the princeſſes of the blood-royal; ſhe ſpoke of the money ſhe had borrowed, with ſome concern, as a matter ſhe was very unwilling ſhould take air; but his excellency interrupted her, by ſaying, *it was impoſſible it ſhould, for he had already forgot it himſelf, and ſhould never have recollected it again had not her highneſs put his memory upon the rack by refreſhing it.* Her highneſs made no reply, but entered into a diſcourſe on politics; in which ſhe diſcovered to him the project which the court of Sweden was meditating, in concert with France, for a deſcent upon England and Scotland, in favour of the royal houſe of Stuart; by

which timely diſcovery the whole ſcheme was defeated, and his excellency acquired the reputation of an able and active miniſter.

Peter Walters was one of thoſe men who from a low beginning acquired an immenſe eſtate (chiefly) by attending to the follies and extravagancies of young noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, and taking the advantage of their neceſſities. He was firſt an under-ſteward to the late great earl of Uxbridge, whom he had the addreſs to manage with ſuch dexterity, that till his dying hour no man ſtood ſo well with that nobleman as Peter Walters. The earl himſelf was a great uſurer, and Peter was privy to all his bargains. When they were alone and diſengaged, their cuſtom was to confer notes, and then a queſtion aroſe, which of them had pocketed the moſt peers? Pope calls Walters a perſon eminent in the wiſdom of his profeſſion as a dexterous attorney, and a good if not a ſafe conveyancer. It happened then one night, that Anthony Henley, who was a man remarkable for wit; and this Peter Walters, who was as remarkable for money, met at an inn upon the road, and joined company. In the courſe of an evening's converſation Henly rallied his new companion ſufficiently on his immoderate love of money, and his means of getting it; and Peter was no leſs ſevere upon Henley for his ſovereign contempt of that precious metal, and his ways of ſquandering it. At laſt, ſaid Henley, *Every body knows, Walters, how you got your money, but I want to know how you got your wit?*——*Why*, ſaid Peter, *I thank my ſtars, I am not indebted to nature for a grain of it; but you muſt know, I have lately bought a good many eſtates of men of* wit, *and they gave me their* wit *into the bargain.*

The lord-lieutenant of Ireland having preſented Dr Sheridan, who was a keen ſportſman, and loved ſhooting better than praying, to a living in the country; the firſt Sunday he preached to his new pariſhioners happened to be the anniverſary of the king's acceſſion to the throne,

throne, and he undeſignedly took theſe words for his text; *Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.* Though the ſermon itſelf had nothing of politics in it, yet ſome people took occaſion to repreſent him to his excellency as a diſaffected perſon, and indeed his excellency was ſo much offended at the impropriety of the choice he had made of a ſubject, that he gave him to underſtand, he had nothing farther to expect. This was ſoon whiſpered about, and when it was told to Dr Swift, who indeed loved him, but could not ſpare his jeſt. *Poor Sheridan*, ſaid he, *is ſo true a markſman, that he has ſhot his preferment dead with a ſingle text.*

Upon the reſtoration of king Charles II. the reverend Mr Bull, afterwards Bp) who had loyally and learnedly maintained his majeſty's cauſe, while in exile, and had ſuffered for it, was preſented by the king with a grant of his former living, which the lord-chancellor Hyde made ſome difficulty to confirm, as the then incumbent had no complaint preferred againſt him, either in point of loyalty or religion. Mr Bull finding his pocket exhauſted by this delay, but being a man of wit, and knowing his majeſty's humour, took occaſion to whiſper him one day as he was in company, *that he had juſt had his pocket pickt of all his money and had not a ſhilling left.*——*Well*, ſaid the king, *and can't you tell the thief? Why*, replied Bull, *if I may ſpeak the truth, I have caught your majeſty's hand in it;* and out he pulls the grant. *What!* ſaid his majeſty, *are you not yet preſented to your living?*——*No*, replied Bull, *nor ever ſhall either with the chancellor's conſent or mine; for neither of us would willingly diſplace your majeſty's friend.* The king then gave him a recommendation to the chancellor for the next vacancy that happened worth his acceptance; which he immediately went and delivered, becauſe, ſaid he, *delays are dangerous.* The chancellor, in order to make a memorandum of it, aſked his name. My name is *Bull*, anſwered he. *Bull!* ſaid the chancellor, *Where are your horns?* Pleaſe your honour,

nour, replied Bull, the *Horns* always go along with the the *Hyde*.

A clergyman of the preſent time, who is equal in point of wit and humour to any of his profeſſion in former times, and for good ſenſe, learning and polite converſation not inferior to the moſt accompliſhed of his cotemporaries, by his unlucky frolicks lately made himſelf the ſubject of much mirth. But previous to the ſtory, it muſt be remarked, that the gentleman here ſpoken of has a more univerſal acquaintance and particular intimacy with the principal nobility and gentlemen of rank and eminence about the court, than perhaps, any perſon in the kingdom beſides; and as he makes it a rule never to aſk a favour either for his friend or himſelf, he is, by keeping himſelf thus independent, equally acceptable wherever he goes; and his converſation has the freer ſcope. He is an old batchelor; yet the ladies are no leſs delighted with his converſation than the men; as his only foible, if it may be called a foible, is in conſtantly turning the edge of his rallery againſt thoſe huſbands, who having been ſome time married, have failed in their endeavours to materniſe their ladies. A nobleman of no leſs humour than himſelf, who having the worſt ſide of the argument, had been frequently his butt, yet never thought himſelf ſo happy as when he had his chaplain, (as he was pleaſed to call him, though not ſo in reality) with him, had long watched an opportunity to play him a trick, and to return him, as the proverb is, a Rowland for his Oliver; when, an accident happened that gratified his wiſh. The chaplain (for ſo we ſhall now call him) has a cuſtom, whenever he finds himſelf dull or heavy, to throw himſelf into the cold-bath (if ſuch there be) at whoſe houſe ſoever he is, and that refreſhes him and recruits his ſpirits. The nobleman had obſerved this, and one day juſt before dinner ſeeing him preparing to ſtrip, took care to aſſemble all the ladies in the great hall that fronted the cold bath, and immediately ſet open the doors. No ſooner did the chaplain

plunge himſelf over head and ears, after his uſual manner, but in went his cloaths along with him. The nobleman retired unperceived, and acquainted the ladies with what he had done, who were no leſs pleaſed with the trick than himſelf; and after keeping him ſome time there to cool, retired, and ordered the footman to call him to dinner. The footman found him raking his cloaths out piece by piece from the water, and in a terrible dilemma; and inſtantly returned to acquaint his maſter with the gentleman's diſtreſs, who flew to his aſſiſtance. *I proteſt*, ſaid the chaplain, *I have had the ſaddeſt miſchance---in plunging into the water I have unluckily dragg'd my cloaths after me, and I have not a dry rag.*---The nobleman feigned great concern and buſtle, and ordered the ſervant inſtantly to fetch a warm blanket and ſlippers, and a cloth to dry him; and was himſelf the valet to wrap him up warm, and in that manner hurried into the drawing-room next where the company were to dine. He had ſcarce ſat down when the word was given for dinner. Every body was at table but the chaplain; but the nobleman's lady would not touch a morſel till he came. Then, ſaid her lord, you muſt fetch him yourſelf; he's only in the next room—he ſcruples to come becauſe of his dreſs. Nay, ſaid her ladyſhip, I never knew him beauiſhly inclin'd before; and in ſhe burſts into the room, and with a laughing hallow, loud enough to be heard a mile, called all the company to ſee the chaplain. A peal of laughter enſued. To dinner he muſt come however; there was no reſiſting; he was threatened with violence if he did not dine in his new dreſs; and his moſt noble valet took care to ſit down by him. His blanket was faſtened about him with a ſkewer, and the figure he made was droll enough, and the company at dinner immoderately merry; when all of a ſudden a Rattatattatt at the door ſilenced their jollity. Word was inſtantly brought up that the counteſs of C——was juſt arrived, and was coming to dinner: at which the chaplain riſing to retire, his valet ſlips out the ſkewer and down drops the blanket about his

his heels, leaving the picture of Adam in his primitive purity to the full view of a dozen ladies. The chaplain ſmok'd the prank, and vowed not to die in his patron's debt.

A regiment of horſe in K. William's time being quartered at Canterbury, and archbiſhop Tillotſon being then at his palace in that city, invited all the officers of the regiment to dinner, giving them a day's notice beforehand. One of the coronets, an unlucky youth, whoſe turn it was to be upon duty, and who for that reaſon could not have the honour to attend the archbiſhop, thought of a ſtratagem to get himſelf off. A brother officer, when the invitation came, happened to be on a party of pleaſure and heard nothing of it; and therefore he took care to be the firſt to inform him; adding, that all were to be catechiſed that went, and thoſe that were perfect were to dine with the biſhop, but if any were not, the puniſhment was, to dine with the ſervants. *Then, by G—d*, ſaid the captain, *I'll march out of town directly.*—*No*, reply'd the other, *if you'll mount guard for me, I'll go in your room, for I am perfect enough. That he would do*, he ſwore; accordingly the youth went to dinner along with his brethren. His Grace, who was one of the politeſt churchmen of his time, and knowing very well the cuſtom of the army, enquired of the colonel, Who the gentlemen were that were upon duty, intending to ſend them a ſeparate invitation the next day. The colonel ſaid, that captain Forbes, a Scots gentleman, was the only abſent officer, who that day mounted guard by his own choice; and then took occaſion to relate the ſtory; with which the archbiſhop was highly diverted. His grace made no uſe of the hint however, but ſent, as he had deſigned, a ſervant to the abſent gentleman, deſiring his company by himſelf. The capt. hurried to his friend, to know how he had come off, and whether he had beſt to go or not; telling him that now the archbiſhop had ſent a particular meſſage to him, and he could not with good manners

excuſe himſelf. The coronet, by all means adviſed him to go, *For*, ſaid he, *we were only aſked a queſtion or two, and all was over.* The captain, thus confirmed in his reſolution, went accordingly; and being introduced to his Grace, paid his civilities with ſome confuſion, expecting every moment to be examined, and longing to have his taſk over. *Sir*, ſaid the archbiſhop, *I am ſorry I could not have the pleaſure of your company yeſterday.* The capt. excuſed himſelf very politely, by repreſenting the neceſſity of diſcharging the duties of his poſt. *May I crave your name*, ſaid his grace. *Thomas*, replied the captain in a cold ſweat. *What countryman?* ſaid his Grace. *My godfathers and godmothers*, anſwered Forbes. *I do not mean to catechiſe you*, ſaid the archbiſhop with a ſmile; *gentlemen of the army are apt to be witty with each other, but churchmen muſt not indulge it.* The captain was glad to find it a jeſt, and ſat down with his Grace and laughed heartily.

The late king of Pruſſia, father to the preſent, was remarkable for a total neglect of dreſs, ſo that he was frequently miſtaken as he travelled through his dominions, for an ordinary perſon; which he often did, as well to obſerve the temper of his ſubjects, as to make himſelf acquainted with their grievances. He wore generally a blue coat, little hat, and white worſted ſtockings; and ſeldom travelled in any other dreſs. It happened one day, as he paſſed through Brandenburgh, upon one of his uſual excurſions, that he caſt his eyes upon a young woman of a gigantic ſtature, being near ſeven foot high, at a village, forty miles diſtant from Berlin. Such a ſight as this never eſcaped his majeſty unnoticed. He alighted from his horſe, and cauſed her to be brought before him. He examined her as to her age and condition of life; and finding ſhe was a poor ſhoemaker's daughter of nineteen, ſingle, and unengaged; he immediatey ſat down and wrote a letter to the colonel of the royal regiment of grenadier guards, at Berlin, commanding him to cauſe the bearer to be inſtantly married to the talleſt man in his corps, and to be ſure to

ſee

ſee the ceremony performed. This letter he delivered to the young woman, without acquainting her with the contents; but making her a handſome preſent enjoined her on pain of the king's diſpleaſure, to carry it as directed, and to deliver it into the general's own hand; this done he proceeded on his journey. The girl having never been at Berlin, and not ſuſpecting the perſon in the blue coat, who had given her the letter, to be the king, bargained with an old woman in the neighbourhood to carry the letter, at the ſame time charging her with the very ſame injunction to deliver it as ſhe herſelf had juſt received from the gentleman in blue. The woman was true to her truſt, and delivered the letter; but the general on reading the contents, and viewing the perſon that brought it was ſurpriſed. However, his majeſty's orders were peremptory, and muſt be obeyed: the parties met and were married; and the affair remained a myſtery till his majeſty's return to his capital; when, the firſt perſons he wanted to ſee, were his handſome, new married couple. He was aſtoniſhed at the ſight of the bride, and in a violent rage demanded how ſhe came to practiſe ſuch an abominable deceit? The old woman told him the truth; and lifting up her eyes to heaven, *acknowledged the goodneſs of Providence in bringing ſuch a wonderful work of charity ſo unexpectedly about.*

In the year 1685, when king James II. came to the crown, a motion was made in parliament and put to the vote, Whether his majeſty ſhould be permitted to employ popiſh officers in his army, or not? This important queſtion, on which the eſtabliſhment of the proteſtant, or the popiſh religion in theſe kingdoms depended, came to a ſingle vote, and was carried in favour of the former by a providential accident. A courtier, who was to watch every voter where the member had any employment under the king, obſerved one that had a regiment going to vote againſt the court; and ſeeing him, put him warmly in mind of his regiment. He made anſwer, *My brother died laſt night and left me 700l. a*

year; which ſingle vote gained a majority, and ſaved the proteſtant religion.

While the reverend Mr Whiſton, ſo well known in the learned world for his numerous writings, enjoyed the living of Lowſtoff, a fiſhing town on the coaſt of Suffolk, the pariſh-officers came to him to ſet his hand to a licence for ſetting up a new alehouſe; the juſtices having paid them that compliment as not to grant the licence without the conſent of their miniſter. Maſter Whiſton was of ſuch temperance and ſobriety that he looked upon all ſuch houſes as nurſeries of vice; and therefore diſmiſſed them, with this ſhort anſwer, *That if they would bring him a paper to ſign to pull down an alehouſe, he would certainly ſign it; but would never ſign one to ſet up a chapel for the devil.*

When Dr Leigh was vice-chancellor of Oxford, application was made to him by ſeveral perſons as well of the town as the univerſity, in favour of a flying itinerant, who for the diverſion of the inhabitants would undertake to fly from the top of the ſteeple of St Mary's church into the adjoining meadows, if the vice chancellor would give him leave; but the doctor, with his uſual pleaſantry, ſaid, *That every body ſhould have his free conſent to fly* TO *the church, but he never would give leave for* one *to fly from it;* and ſo diſmiſſed the petitioners.

The great biſhop Stillingfleet, tho' one of the ableſt divines that ever lived, yet was not without vanity, as will appear from the following ſtory; a city divine, of good deſert and preferment, but wanting ſtill *more preferment*, applied himſelf to the biſhop for his recommendation, which was then of the higheſt value at court. Mr Bentley, (afterwards the famous Dr Bentley) was at that time chaplain to the biſhop; and was within hearing when among other things the city divine, in order to gain his ſuit, ſaid, *That his lordſhip's character*

was

was ſo extraordinary, that if it were thought proper to have an univerſal biſhop over the whole church, no man was ſo fit for it as his lordſhip. Bentley was provoked at this extravagant flattery, but the old man was pleaſed with it, granted the recommendation deſired, and otherwiſe befriended the flatterer. From whence Bentley drew this maxim; *Flatter but enough, and you'll conquer every body*; a maxim, of which he afterwards made good uſe.

Mr Whiſton, being one day in diſcourſe with the late lord chief-juſtice King, who was brought up at Exeter a rigid diſſenter, a debate aroſe about ſigning articles which men do not believe, for the ſake of preferment; which the chief-juſtice openly juſtify'd, *becauſe*, ſaid he, *we muſt not loſe our uſefulneſs for ſcruples.* Whiſton, who was of quite an oppoſite opinion, aſked his lordſhip, *If in their courts they allowed of ſuch prevarication?* He anſwered, They did not. *Then*, ſaid Whiſton, *ſuppoſe God Almighty ſhould be as juſt in the next world, as my lord chief juſtice is in this, where are we then?*

About the year 1715, when Dr Halley's ſcheme and other aſtronomical ſchemes of the great ſolar eclipſe, which foretold the preciſe time of the beginning and ending of that eclipſe, and that it would be total, was cried about every where in London, there happened to be a Mahometan envoy here, from Tripoli, who at firſt thought people diſtracted for pretending to know ſo very exactly when God Almighty would totally over-ſhadow the ſun, which his own muſſulmen were not able to do. He concluding thus, that God Almighty would never reveal ſo great a ſecret to us unbelievers, when he did not reveal it to thoſe whom he eſteemed true believers. However when the eclipſe came preciſely as thoſe ſchemes had foretold, he was then aſked by lord Forfar, what he now thought of the matter? His anſwer was, *That they muſt have their intelligence from the devil;*

devil; for he was sure that God would never correspond with such a wretched set of unbelievers as the English astronomers were.

The late archbishop Potter, before his promotion to the See of Canterbury, was recommended to the late queen as a person of great piety, learning, moderation, and without any marks of pride and vanity: but he was no sooner translated to Lambeth, than he was observed to take high and pontifical state upon him, and to carry his pomp and appearance farther than any of his predecessors; upon which, her majesty, who had been the sole instrument of his advancement, being acquainted with this sudden alteration in the archbishop's behaviour, made this reflection; *Happy*, said she, *is that man who is not made a worse christian by being made a bishop, but thrice happy is he who is not made a much worse christian by being made an archbishop.*

There is a story of a learned friar in Italy, famous for his piety and knowledge of mankind, who being commanded to preach before the Pope at a year of jubilee, repaired to Rome a good while before the day appointed, to see the fashion of the conclave, and to accommodate his sermon the better to the solemnity of the occasion. At length, when the day came, having ended his prayer, he, looking a long time about, at last cried out, with a loud and vehement voice, three times; *St Peter was a fool; St Peter was a fool; St Peter was a fool*; and then came down from the pulpit. Being afterwards questioned before the Pope concerning the unsuitableness of this behaviour, he made this reply; *Surely, holy father, if a cardinal may go to heaven abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment, and living at ease, and wallowing in sloth and in luxury, seldom or never preaching; then certainly St Peter was a fool, who took such a hard way of travelling thither, by fasting, preaching, abstinence and humiliation.*

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The late lord Stanhope, when he was made firſt commiſſioner of the treaſury and chancellor of the exchequer, was queſtioned between jeſt and earneſt by Mr Walpole, who ſome years after that nobleman's death, ſucceeded to the ſame high offices, concerning the management of public money. His lordſhip, inſtead of juſtifying himſelf, made this reply; *You'll one day know, young man, that whenever you ſet your foot within the threſhold of a court, you muſt be as great a rogue as ever was hang'd at Tyburn.* And ſome people were of opinion the earl was a true prophet.

A. 9. 7

The famous biſhop Rundle, in his younger days, before he was made dean of Durham, was publickly accuſed of ſcepticiſm, and the then biſhop of London, Gibſon, was ſo well convinced of the truth of the charge, that he oppoſed his preferment in the church with all his weight. The reaſon of this ſuſpicion aroſe from the company he kept, ſuch as, Cannon, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Chub, Ven, and other free thinkers, of whom there aroſe a formidable body at that time, which in point of learning have never been equalled by their ſucceſſors ſince. What the biſhop endeavoured to prove was, ſome words ſpoken negatively by Rundle concerning Abraham's offering up Iſaac; which he repreſented as a tacit denial of the authority of the Bible. The matter was debated in council, when lord Harrington who oppoſed the biſhop, told him frankly, that he could ſee no ſuch mighty matter in it if Rundle did ſay the words charged upon him; *for*, added his lordſhip, *if I had been a juſtice of peace in the days of Abraham, and had ſeen him about to offer up his ſon for a ſacrifice, I ſhould certainly have laid him by the heels.*

Dr Cannon being once aſk'd by Whiſton, after having ſigned the thirty-nine articles and joined with the Athanaſian Creed, How one that believed ſo very little could join in a thing ſo very abſurd, when he himſelf had abſolutely

ſolutely refuſed ſo to do; anſwered ſmartly, *What is one man's meat, is another man's poiſon, Mr Whiſton.*

Some of the readers of this book will not be diſpleaſed to find in it the following curious Anecdote concerning the diſcovery of the Newtonian philoſophy. Sir Iſaac began his philoſophical ſtudies upon the Carteſian principles, which then were almoſt univerſally adopted; but a thought ſtarting into his mind to try whether the ſame power did not keep the moon in her orbit, notwithſtanding her projectile velocity, which he knew always tended to go along a ſtrait line, the tangent of that orbit, which makes ſtones and all heavy bodies with us fall downward, and which we call Gravity; taking this poſtulatum, which had been thought of before, *that ſuch power might decreaſe in a duplicate proportion of the diſtances from the earth's centre.* Upon Sir Iſaac Newton's firſt trial, when he took a degree of a great circle on the earth's ſurface, whence a degree at the diſtance of the moon was to be determined alſo, to be 60 meaſured miles only, according to the groſs meaſures then in uſe. He was in ſome degree diſappointed, and the power that reſtrained the moon in her orbit, meaſured by the verſed ſines of that orbit, appeared not to be quite the ſame that was to be expected, had it been the power of gravity alone, by which the moon was there influenced. Upon this diſappointment, which made Sir Iſaac ſuſpect that this power was partly that of gravity, and partly that of the Carteſian vortices, he threw aſide the paper of his calculation, and went to other ſtudies. However, ſometime afterwards, when Monſ. Picart, had much more exactly meaſured the earth, and found that a degree of a great circle was 69½ ſuch miles. Sir Iſaac, in turning over ſome of his former papers, ſtumbled upon this old imperfect calculation; and correcting his former error, diſcovered that this power, at the true correct diſtance of the moon from the earth, not only tended to the earth's centre, as did the common power of gravity with us, but was exactly of the right quanti-

ty;

ty; and that if a ſtone was carried up to the moon, or to 60 ſemidiameters of the earth, and let fall downward by its gravity, and the moon's own menſtrual motion was ſtopt, and ſhe was let fall by that power, which before retained her in her orbit, they would exactly fall towards the ſame point, and with the ſame velocity, which was therefore no other power than gravity. And ſince that power appeared to extend as far as the moon, at the diſtance of 240,000 miles, it was but natural, or rather neceſſary, to ſuppoſe it might reach twice, thrice, four times, &c. the ſame diſtance, with the ſame diminution, according to the ſquares of ſuch diſtances perpetually. Which noble diſcovery proved the happy occaſion of the invention of the wonderful Newtonian philoſophy.

Victor Amadeus, the late king of Sardinia, had governed that kingdom with great wiſdom for many years, when he at laſt formed a reſolution of reſigning the crown in favour of his ſon, the preſent reigning monarch; which he accordingly did, Septem. 30, 1730, contrary to the advice of his miniſters, and againſt the remonſtrances of the prince himſelf, who conjured him to keep the reins of government in his own hands till death ſhould put a period to his dominion. His ſecret motive for this ſtep, was, that he might retire, and wear out the remainder of his life in dalliance with the counteſs of Sebaſtian, whom he had reſolved to marry; but the reaſons declared in the act of demiſſion were, the fatigues of a long reign, and the infirmities of age. After this ceremony the old king ſet out with his miſtreſs for Chamberry, the place he had choſen for his reſidence. But whether he grew tired of dalliance, or was inſtigated by the ambitious views and ſollicitations of the counteſs his wife, he ſoon entertained thoughts of re-aſcending the throne; and for that end wrote ſecretly to ſeveral of his former favourites, who carried his letters to the new king. His majeſty, willing to make his father eaſy, paid him a viſit at Chamberry; but found him much out of temper.

temper. Charles, however, (for that is the preſent king's name) deſired the counteſs of Sebaſtian to employ her good offices to pacify him, offering any thing to content him; but adding, *As my father has made me king, king I will be.* The lady promiſed him fair, but had no intention of keeping her word. Soon after Charles' return to Turin, Victor wrote him word, that the air of Chamberry did not agree with him, and deſired leave to reſide at Montcalier; but without waiting for an anſwer, ſet out for that caſtle. The young king was not diſpleaſed to have him under his eye; but the miniſtry finding the old king reſolute to remount the throne, adviſed him to confine him, which with great difficulty he conſented to do; but in ſigning the order his hand ſhook ſo, that the ſecretary was obliged to guide it. In conſequence of this order, the count de la Perouſe arreſted the old king at Montcalier, and conducted him to the caſtle of Rivoli. At his departure he aſked only for three things; his wife, his papers, and his ſnuff-box; but only could obtain the laſt. He was treated at Rivoli with great reſpect by the officers appointed to guard him, but no body was allowed to ſee him. He died there in 1732, aged about ſixty-ſix.

About the latter end of laſt ſeſſions a bill paſſed in parliament in favour of foreign Jews, in order to encourage ſuch of them as were rich to come and ſettle in England, by enabling them to be naturalized without baptiſm or the ſacramental teſt. This gave offence to many, who thought ſo great an indulgence to the enemies of Chriſt, was giving them an undue preference to proteſtant diſſenters, who are neither allowed to be naturalized, if foreigners, nor to enjoy any offices in the ſtate if natives, without theſe qualifications; not ſufficiently conſidering, that baptiſm and the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper are rites acknowledged by all chriſtians, and that the form of adminiſtration is the only point in diſpute with them; whereas the whole ceremony is ſo utterly inconſiſtent with the principles of the Jewiſh

Jewiſh religion, that they muſt renounce the latter, or not ſubmit to the former; a reſtraint which muſt neceſſarily keep every conſcientious Jew at a diſtance, and which it was undoubtedly good policy to remove. Mr R——, member for C—t—y, was one of thoſe gentlemen who was of this way of thinking, and who conſequently voted in favour of the bill; but after the ſeſſions was over, returning home and thinking to pay his reſpects to his conſtituents, upon his firſt arrival, he repaired to an inn where he was informed a great number of them were to dine; and being admitted to the room where the company met, with his uſual frankneſs ſaid, *He thought himſelf extremely happy at his firſt coming amongſt them, to find ſo many of his worthy friends together, and would do himſelf the honour, with their permiſſion, to dine with them*: but the reception he met with was very different to what he expected. One of the company for the reſt reply'd, *That indeed he could not dine with them, for they had nothing but Pork for dinner, and they knew that* Jews *had an averſion to Pork.*

Mr ——, member for B——ſtol, met a rebuke no leſs ſevere from a quaker of that city, who being upon change there when Mr —— made his public appearance, he ſaluted him as he did many others with the common civilities of friendſhip, by aſking kindly concerning the welfare of himſelf and family. The quaker made no reply, and the member repeated his compliments; the quaker was ſtill as ſilent as before; on which Mr —— aſked, if he did not hear him? *Yes, friend*, ſaid he, *I heard thee; but I don't underſtand* Hebrew.

During the reign of the late king George, while Sir Richard Steele had the direction of his majeſty's company of comedians, plays were frequently acted in the Great Hall of the palace at Hampton-Court, for the diverſion of the royal family. One day his majeſty had ordered Shakeſpear's Harry the VIII. which is no other than a

ſort of dramatic chronicle of an old Engliſh court, to be preſented before him: and when it was over, the earl of Sunderland meeting Sir Richard in the Collonade, and aſking him gravely, how the king liked it, replied with his uſual humour, *So terribly well, my lord, that I was afraid I ſhould have loſt all my actors; for I was not ſure the king would not keep them to fill the poſts at* Court, *he ſaw them ſo fit for in the* Play.

Mr J——ph Cl-·-, a perſon noted for his humour and genteel addreſs, but inclined to be a little too free upon certain occaſions, when the current of wit flows too ſtrong for him to reſiſt, happened to dine one day at the tavern, and to ſit next a gentleman who had his hair tied up in a knot. This was too fair an occaſion to miſs, though the gentleman was a ſtranger to him, and ſo lifting up the lock, and playing with it his hand, *Is this* Lock *upon human underſtanding*, Sir, ſaid J e? The gentleman looked ſternly at him, and in wrath was pulling out his ſword, when the glittering of the blade ſo terrified our punſter, that it diſarmed him of wit, and fill'd him with compunction. Down he dropt upon his knees, and with a tone of voice that raiſed both mirth and pity. *Pray, Sir, don't be angry I meant no manner of harm, indeed I didn't; my name is J—e Cl—, I never mean* any thing. *I'm the noted fool of Fl-t t, and every body knows I mean nothing.* The gentleman's wrath was turned into merriment, and J——e recovering from his fright, diverted the company the whole afternoon with many ſmart turns.

There is a ſtory of the memorable Joſeph Collins of Oxford, otherwiſe called *Funny Joe*, which has ſomething of humour and miſchief in it, pertinent enough to the occaſion; which was this. After the murder of K. Charles I. a commiſſion was appointed to ſurvey the king's houſe at Woodſtock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demeſnes to that manor belonging; and Collins, under a feigned name, hired himſelf as ſecretary

cretary to the commiſſioners; who upon the 13th of Oct. 1649, met and took up their reſidence in the king's own rooms; his majeſty's bed-chamber they made their kitchen, the council hall their pantry, and the preſence-chamber was the place where they ſat for the diſpatch of buſineſs. His majeſty's dining-room they made their wood-yard and ſtored it with the wood of the famous royal-oak from the High-park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of king about it, they had dug up by the roots, and ſplit and bundled up into faggots for their firing. Things beings thus prepared, they ſat on the 16th of the ſame month for the diſpatch of buſineſs; and in the midſt of their firſt debate, there entered a large black dog (as they thought) which made a dreadful howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and then crept under a bed, and vaniſhed; this gave them the greater ſurpriſe as the doors were kept conſtantly locked, ſo that no real dog could get in or out; the next day their ſurpriſe was increaſed, when ſitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noiſe of perſons walking over their heads, tho' they well knew the doors were all locked, and there could be no body there; preſently after they heard alſo all the wood of the king's oak brought by parcels from the dining room, and thrown with great violence into the preſence-chamber; as alſo all the chairs, ſtools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurled about the room; their own papers of the minutes of their tranſactions torn, and the ink-glaſs broken. When all this noiſe had ſome time ceaſed, Giles Sharp, their ſecretary, propoſed to enter firſt into theſe rooms; and in preſence of the commiſſioners, of whom he received the key, he opened the doors, and found the wood ſpread about the room, the chairs toſſed about and broken, the papers torn, the ink glaſs broken, (as has been ſaid) but not the leaſt track of any human creature, nor the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect one as the doors were all faſt, and the keys in the cuſtody of the commiſſioners. It was therefore unanimouſly

animouſly agreed, that the power who did this miſchief, muſt have entered the room at the key-hole. The night following, Sharp, the ſecretary with two of the commiſſioners ſervants, as they were in bed in the ſame room, which room was contiguous to that where the commiſſioners lay, had their bed's feet lifted up ſo much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with ſo much violence as ſhook the whole houſe, and more than ever terrified the commiſſioners. On the night of the 19th, as all were in bed in the ſame room for greater ſafety, and lights burning by them, the candles in an inſtant went out with a ſulphureous ſmell, and that moment many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room, which next morning were found to be the ſame their honours had eaten on the day before, which were all removed from the pantry, tho' not a lock was found opened in the whole houſe. The next night they ſtill fared worſe, the candles went out as before, the curtains of their honours bed were rattled to and fro with great violence, their honours received many cruel blows and bruiſes by eight great pewter-diſhes and a number of wooden trenchers being thrown on their beds, which being heaved off were heard rolling about the room; though in the morning none of theſe were to be ſeen. This night likewiſe they were alarmed with the tumbling down of oaken billets about their beds, and other frightful noiſes, but all was clear in the morning as if there no ſuch things had happened. The next night the keeper of the king's houſe and his dog, lay in the commiſſioner's room, and then they had no diſturbance. But on the night of the 22d, though the dog lay in the room as before, yet the candles went out, a number of brick-bats fell from the chimney into the room, the dog howled piteouſly, their bed-cloaths were all ſtripped off, and their terror increaſed. On the 24th they thought all the wood of the king's oak was violently thrown down by their bed ſides, they counted ſixty-four billets that fell, and ſome hit and ſhook the beds in which they lay;

lay; but in the morning none were found there, nor had the door been opened where the billet-wood was kept. The next night, the candles were put out, the curtains rattled, and a dreadful crack like thunder was heard; and one of the ſervants running to ſee if his maſter were not killed, found three dozen trenchers laid ſmoothly under the quilt by him; but all this was nothing to what ſucceeded afterwards; the 29. about midnight the candles went out, ſomething walked majeſtically thro' the room and opened and ſhut the window; great ſtones were thrown violently into the room, ſome of which fell on the beds, others on the floor; and at about a quarter after one, a noiſe was heard as of forty cannon diſcharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes diſtance. This alarmed and raiſed all the neighbourhood, who coming into their honours room gathered up the great ſtones, fourſcore in number, and laid them by in the corner of a field, where, in Dr Plot's time, who reports this ſtory, they were to be ſeen. This noiſe, like the diſcharge of cannon, was heard through all the country for ſixteen miles round. During theſe noiſes, which were heard in both rooms together, the commiſſioners and their ſervants gave one another over for loſt, and cry'd out for help; and Giles Sharp ſnatching up a ſword, had well-nigh killed one of their honours, miſtaking him for the ſpirit, as he came in his ſhirt from his own room to theirs. While they were together the noiſe was continued, and part of the tiling of the houſe was ſtript off, and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it. On the 30th at midnight, ſomething walked into the chamber treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming pan violently on the floor; at the ſame time a large quantity of broken glaſs, accompanied with great ſtones and horſes bones came pouring into the room with uncommon force; theſe were all found in the morning to the aſtoniſhment and terror of the commiſſioners, who were yet determined to go on with their buſineſs. But on the firſt of November, the moſt dread-

ful ſcene of all enſued; candles in every part of the room were lighted up, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noiſe like the burſt of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were toſſed about by it even into their honours beds, who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwiſe the houſe had been burnt to the ground; about an hour after, the candles went out as uſual, the crack as of many cannon was heard, and many pailfuls of green ſtinking water were thrown upon their honours beds; great ſtones were alſo thrown in as before, the bed-curtains and bedſteads torn and broken, the windows ſhattered, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the moſt dreadful noiſes; nay, the very rabbet-ſtealers that were abroad that night in the warren, were ſo terrify'd that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night ſpoke, and, *in the name of God, aſk'd what it was, and why it diſturbed them ſo?* No anſwer was given to this; but the noiſe ceaſed for a while, when the ſpirit came again, and as they all agreed, *brought with it ſeven devils worſe than itſelf.* One of the ſervants now lighted a large candle and ſet it in the door-way, between the two chambers, to ſee what paſſed; and as he watched it he plainly ſaw a hoof ſtriking the candle and candleſtick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three ſcrapes over the ſnuff, ſcraped it out. Upon this, the ſame perſon was ſo bold, as to draw a ſword, but he had ſcarce got it out, when he felt another inviſible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and at length prevailing, ſtruck him ſo violently on the head with the pommel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this inſtant was heard another burſt like the diſcharge of the broadſide of a ſhip of war, and at about a minute or two's diſtance each, no leſs than nineteen more ſuch, theſe ſhook the houſe ſo violently that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbours on this, as has been ſaid, being all alarmed, flocked to the houſe in great numbers,

and

and all joined in prayer and pſalm-ſinging; during which the noiſe ſtill continued in the other rooms, and the diſcharge of cannons was heard as from without, though no viſible agent was ſeen to diſcharge them. But what was the moſt alarming of all, and put an end to their proceedings effectually, happened the next day as they were all at dinner, when, a paper in which they had ſigned a mutual agreement to reſerve a part of the premiſes out of the general ſurvey, and afterwards to ſhare it equally amongſt them, (which paper they had hid for the preſent, under the earth in a pot in one corner of the room, and in which an orange tree grew) was conſumed in a wonderful manner, by the earth's taking fire with which the pot was filled, and burning violently with a blue fume, and an intolerable ſtench, ſo that they were all driven out of the houſe, to which they could never be again prevailed upon to return.

[This wonderful contrivance was all the invention of Funny Joe, as we have already ſaid, who having hired himſelf for ſecretary, under the name of Giles Sharp, by knowing the private traps belonging to the houſe, and the help of Pulvis Fulminans, and other chymical preparations, and letting his fellow-ſervants into the ſcheme, carried on the deceit to the very laſt, without diſcovery, inſomuch that the late Dr Plot, in his Natural hiſtory, relates the whole for fact, and concludes in this grave manner; 'That though tricks have been often played in affairs of this kind, many of the things 'above related are not reconcileable with juggling; ſuch 'as, the loud noiſes beyond the power of man to make, 'without ſuch inſtruments as were not there; the 'tearing and breaking the beds; the throwing about 'the fire; the hoof treading out the candle; and the 'ſtriving for the ſword, and the blow the man received 'from the pommel of it.' *Yet all this, Funny Joe accompliſhed without any preternatural aſſiſtance.*]

After

After ſentence of death had been pronounced againſt king Charles I. endeavours were ſtill uſed by his friends to ſave his life; among the reſt, Col. John Cromwell, a near relation of Oliver's, was employed for that purpoſe. It was well known that Oliver would put no faith in the king, becauſe he had once before deceived him; and therefore the colonel was diſpatched to Holland with certain papers to be ratified by the States-General. The colonel ſucceeded in his commiſſion, and ſoon returned with Credential Letters from the States of Holland whereto was added a blank, with the king's ſignet, and another with the prince's, both confirmed by the States, and directed to Cromwell, for him to ſet down his own conditions, if he would now ſave his majeſty's life; for the due-performance of which conditions, the States held their faith engaged. With theſe diſpatches the colonel waited upon Oliver, and with difficulty obtained an audience. After the firſt ceremonies had paſt, the colonel deſired to ſpeak a few words with him in private, and began with much freedom to ſet before him the hainouſneſs of the fact then about to be committed, and to tell him with what deteſtation it was looked upon abroad; adding, *That of all men living he never could have imagined, he would have had any hand in ſuch an act, who, in his hearing, had proteſted ſo much for the king.* To this Cromwell anſwered, *It was not his doings, but the army's; but ſuppoſing it was,* ſaid he, *and that I had once thought favourably of the king, yet times are altered now, and Providence ſeems to order things otherwiſe.* He added, *That he had prayed and faſted for the king, but no return that way was yet made to him.* Upon this, the colonel ſtept a little back, and ſuddenly, ſhut the door, which made Cromwell apprehend he was going to be aſſaſſinated; but the other pulling out his papers, ſaid to him, *Couſin, this is no time to trifle with words; ſee here it is in your own power not only to make yourſelf, but your family, relations, and poſterity happy and honourable for ever; otherwiſe, as they have changed their name before*

from

from Williams *to* Cromwell, *ſo now they muſt be forced to change it again; for this fact will bring ſuch an ignominy upon the whole generation of them, that no time will be able to deface.* At this Cromwell pauſed a little, and then ſaid, *Couſin, I deſire you would give me till night to conſider of it; and do you go to your lodging, but not to bed, till you hear from me.* The colonel did accordingly, and about one in the morning a meſſenger was ſent to tell him, *he might go to reſt, and expect no other anſwer to carry to the king; for the council of officers had been* ſeeking God, *as he alſo had done himſelf, and it was reſolved by them all that the king muſt die.*

Every body has heard of admiral Blake, who perhaps carried the honour of his country to as high a pitch as any man that ever lived; one inſtance of which deſerves to be written in indelible characters upon the heart of every Britiſh ſubject. This great officer being at Malaga with his fleet, ſome of his ſeamen out of curioſity went on ſhore at a time when the hoſt was carrying about the ſtreets, as is uſual in all catholic countries upon every grand feſtival; but inſtead of behaving with that decency which ſerious men ought in a foreign country, they not only refuſed to pay any honours to the bleſſed image themſelves, but laughed at thoſe that did; than which there could not be a groſſer affront. One of the prieſts fired with holy zeal on the ſuppoſed indignity caſt upon his God, inſpired the people with reſentment againſt the ſcoffers, ſo that they fell furiouſly upon them and drove them to their ſhips, not without ſome loſs of blood on both ſides. The ſailors complained to their commander of the uſage they had met with from the townſmen, and and one and all petitioned for leave to take their own revenge. But the admiral promiſed them ſatisfaction in a more honourable way; accordingly he inſtantly diſpatched a trumpeter to the governor of the town to demand the prieſt who had been the chief promoter of the tumult. The governor returned for anſwer, That he had no authority over the prieſts, and therefore could

not

not comply with the admiral's demand. But Blake ſent word back, That he would not enquire who had the power to ſend the prieſt to him, but if he were not ſent within three hours, he would burn the town. Upon this reſolute meſſage, the governor thought proper to deliver up the prieſt; who with fear and trembling appeared before the admiral, expecting no other than to be hanged that inſtant upon the yard-arm. But Blake thought fit to hear what he had to ſay in juſtification of his conduct. The prieſt very naturally laid the blame of all the miſchief upon the rude behaviour of the ſeamen, who had ridiculed one of the moſt ſolemn rites of their moſt holy church. Blake anſwered, That if he had complained to him of the inſult, he would have puniſhed ſeverely the authors of it; ſince he would not allow his men to affront the eſtabliſhed religion of any place at which he might have occaſion to touch; but he took it hainouſly, that he ſhould ſpirit up the Spaniards to ſuch inſolence; for he would have all the world to know, *That an Engliſhman was only to be puniſhed by an Engliſhman.* However, he civilly treated the prieſt and diſmiſſed him, being ſatisfied he had him in his power. Cromwell was exceedingly pleaſed with this incident, and read the letters in council which gave an account of it, with uncommon ſatisfaction, adding, *that he hoped to make the name of an Engliſhman as much revered as ever was that of an old Roman.*

Mr Whiſton, every one knows, was a man of great learning, a voluminous writer, a good mathematician, and ſtrongly inclined to be a reformer of the church. This conceited vanity of his expoſed him to many inconveniencies, and he ſacrificed all his preferments both in the church and college to a fanciful humour of reſtoring primitive chriſtianity, by endeavouring to introduce the apoſtolical conſtitutions of the two firſt centuries of the chriſtian æra upon the ſame footing with the four Goſpels, and by denying the Divinity of Chriſt. He affected beſides, a more than ordinary ſkill in expounding

pounding the prophecies of the Old and New Teſtament; and on that foundation he ventured to foretel the preciſe time of the commencement of the Millenium and the calling of the Jews; which period having nicely computed he himſelf happily outlived, and having reviewed his calculation, and corrected his error, again outlived his ſecond prediction; but at length upon another review he fixed it to the year 1766, which he was not likely to live to ſee. Upon theſe circumſtances a ſtory was raiſed, That having a ſmall eſtate to diſpoſe of, he offered it to ſale to a gentleman who was well acquainted with the obſtinacy with which he maintained his opinion in theſe matters; and having aſked the gentleman *thirty years* purchaſe for it, which was no more than the current price about the year *twenty*, the gentleman appeared aſtoniſh'd. Mr Whiſton demanding the reaſon of his ſurpriſe, as he had aſked no more than other people gave? *I don't wonder at other people*, ſaid the gentleman, *becauſe they know no better; but I am ſurpriſed that you ſhould aſk* thirty years *purchaſe, when you know that in half that time all mens properties will be in common, and no man's eſtate will be worth a groat.*

The late king George was remarkably fond of ſeeing the Play of Henry VIII. which had ſomething in it that ſeemed to hit the taſte of that ſagacious monarch; for, one night being very attentive to that part of the play where Harry the VIII. commands his miniſter Wolſey to write circular letters of indemnity into every county, where the payment of certain heavy taxes had been diſputed, and remarking the manner in which the miniſter artfully communicated theſe commands to his ſecretary Cromwell, whiſpering thus;

A word with you:
Let there be letters writ to every ſhire
Of the king's grace and pardon: the griev'd Commons
Hardly conceive of me —— Let it be noiſ'd

That

That thro' our interceſſion this revokement
And pardon comes.——

The king could not help ſmiling at the craft of the miniſter in filching from his maſter the merit of the good action, though he himſelf had been the author of the evil complained of; and turning to the prince who then ſtood near him (the play being acted at Hampton-Court) ſaid to him. *You ſee, George, what you have one day to expect; an Engliſh miniſter will be an Engliſh miniſter in every age and in every reign.*

During the protectorſhip of Oliver Cromwell, a deſign was formed for re-eſtabliſhing the Jews in this kingdom, with full liberty to carry on trade, and exerciſe their religion; but tho' this affair met with violent oppoſition from the heads of the different ſectaries, yet Oliver ſo far carried his point as to encourage a ſmall body of them to ſettle in their old quarter, under the direction of Manaſſeth Ben-Iſrael, a great rabbi, who ſoon built a ſynagogue, and publickly performed divine worſhip. The intelligence which the protector received, from time to time by means of the extenſive correſpondence and cloſe amity every where maintained throughout the univerſe among the ſcattered remains of the Jewiſh nation, contributed not a little to the ſucceſs of his enterpriſes abroad, and particularly to that of his naval expeditions; an inſtance of which is ſomewhere upon record, and thus related: As the earl of Orrery was once walking with Cromwell in one of the galleries at Whitehall, a man almoſt in rags appeared in view; upon which Cromwell immediately left the earl, and took that perſon with him into his cloſet, who told him of a great ſum of money that the Spaniards were ſending over in a Dutch man of war, to pay their army in Flanders; and alſo the very part of the ſhip where the money was repoſited. The protector then immediately ſent an expreſs to Smith (afterwards Sir Jeremy Smith) who lay in the Downs, informing him that within a day or two ſuch a

Dutch

Dutch ſhip would paſs the channel, which muſt be ſearch for the Spaniſh money. Accordingly, when the ſhip paſſed by Dover, Smith ſent, and demanded leave to ſearch her. The Dutch captain returned, *That none but his maſters ſhould ſearch him.* Upon which Smith ſent him word again, *that he had ſet up an hour glaſs, and if he did not ſubmit to the ſearch before it was run out, he would ſink him.* The Dutchman ſeeing it was in vain to contend with ſuperior force, ſubmitted in time; and ſo all the money was found. And the next time Cromwell ſaw the lord Orrery, he told him, *he had his intelligence from that ſeemingly forlorn Jew he ſaw him go to ſome days before.*

Some time before the abdication of king James II. an attempt was made to draw the princeſs Anne of Denmark to embrace the popiſh religion. The king, indeed, uſed no harſhneſs with her; he only diſcovered his wiſhes, by putting into her hands ſome books and papers, which he hoped might induce her to become a proſelyte; but lord Tyrconnel took more pains, and made uſe of all his intereſt to incline her to hearken to the pious inclinations of a father and a king; theſe remonſtrances had but little effect; and it was not long before the princeſs was delivered from the temptation. Upon the landing of the prince of Orange, in 1688, the king went down to Saliſbury to his army, and the prince of Denmark his ſon-in-law with him; but the news quickly came from thence, that the prince of Denmark had left the king, and was gone over to the prince of Orange, and that the king was coming back to London. This ſo terrify'd the princeſs that ſhe declared, *rather than ſee her father ſhe would jump out at the window;* and immediately ſhe ſent to adviſe with the biſhop of London what was beſt for her to do. The reſult was, that at midnight, the biſhop accompanied by the earl of Dorſet, waited upon her at the Cockpit, according to private agreement, and in a hackney-coach conducted her highneſs to the biſhop's houſe in the city; from thence

ſhe was carried to lord Dorſet's at the Copt-hall; from thence to the earl of Northampton's, and thence to Nottingham; where ſhe hardly thought herſelf ſafe till ſhe ſaw that ſhe was ſurrounded by the prince of Orange's friends. Quickly after this, the king fled into France; the throne was declared vacant; and preſently filled with the prince and princeſs of Orange; the latter of whom, the firſt day ſhe took poſſeſſion of her apartment in Whitehall, ran about it, looking into every cloſet, and conveniency, and turning up the quilts upon the bed, as people do when they come into an inn, and with no other ſort of concern, *tho' it was her own father who had been ſo lately driven from that chamber and that bed.*

Soon after the battle of Oudenarde, the dutcheſs of Marlborough made a tour to Flanders, under a pretence of complimenting the duke on that victory, but in fact to inform him of the cabals of his enemies, which it was not ſafe to entruſt on paper. Her grace landed at Dunkirk, where ſhe lay all night; and in the morning, her thoughts being intent, perhaps, upon more important concerns, though ſhe had given a great deal of trouble in the inn, yet ſhe went away and forgot the uſual preſent to the chambermaid. The girl, who interpreted this neglect to her grace's want of generoſity, thought of an expedient to make herſelf amends; and with this view ſhe purchaſed a number of phials, and then filling them, carefully corked them up and ſealed them; this done, ſhe cauſed it to be rumoured abroad that ſhe had a quantity of the dutcheſs of Marlborough's eye-water, which her grace, at her departure, had put into her hands to ſell. It was in reality the dutcheſs of Marlb's. water that filled the bottles, and the humour ſucceeded to the girl's wiſh; the eye water was bought for the novelty by rich and poor, and the cures it performed were ſo wonderful, that the fame of its virtues reached the dutcheſs at the Engliſh camp. Her grace recollected her omiſſion, and was not a little nettled at the wench's ſtratagem, but could not then help it. In her

er return home however, ſhe lay again at the ſame inn; nd as the wench was putting her to bed at night, *Child,* aid ſhe, *I hear you have a famous eye-water to ſell; I ave a mind to be a purchaſer.* The girl quite conounded and ready to ſink, faintly ſaid, it was all diſpoſed of. *What quantity might you have of it* ſaid the utcheſs? *Only a few dozens,* reply'd the girl. *Well,* aid the dutcheſs, *prepare your bottles, and you now ay have a large quantity of the genuine ſort.* The irl was miſerably perplexed, and could not tell what o ſay; but fell into tears, and dropping upon her knees confeſs'd her indiſcretion, and humbly implored her grace's forgiveneſs, promiſing never to offend again in the like manner; *Nay, but indeed, child,* ſaid her grace, *you muſt make up ſome for me, for I have heard an excellent character of its ſovereign virtues.* Being aſſured her grace was in earneſt, the girl reply'd, *ſhe ſhould be obeyed.* Her grace's intention was, to prevent her eyewater being any more hawked about in Dunkirk; and therefore, in the morning ſhe ordered her young doctreſs in her own preſence to bottle every drop of it, to cork it up ſafely, and ſeal it, as ſhe had done the former; by which ſhe diſcovered that the girl had actually procured her grace's arms to her new Noſtrum, a circumſtance ſhe had not before dreamt of. *Well my dear,* ſaid the dutcheſs, *I find you are a miſtreſs of your trade; you make no ſcruple to counterfeit a ſeal.* Madam, ſaid the girl, you dropt the ſeal in the room, and that put me in the head of it. *And what might you gain,* ſaid her grace, *by your laſt ſupply?* Fifty livres, reply'd the girl. *Very well,* ſaid the dutcheſs; *pleaſe to reſtore the ſeal, and there is double that ſum for you;* putting five Louis d'Ors in her hand; adding with a ſtern look, and a ſevere tone of voice, *Beware of counterfeits, huſſey.*

Old Dyer, who is remarkable for facetiouſneſs and drollery, happened one day to be alone at the Flaſk at Hampſtead, in veniſon time when the Cordwainers-company kept their annual feaſt there. Dyer obſerved two glorious haunches roaſting at the fire, and made it his

buſineſs to learn who they were for. Being told, *for the Cordwainers Company*, he determined to dine with them. He knew it was the cuſtom upon thoſe occaſions for every member to bring his friend, and conſequently that ſeveral, as well as himſelf would be ſtrangers to all but *one* in the company, and that queſtions are never aſked, when once admittance is obtained and people are ſeated; he therefore watched his opportunity when dinner went up, and ſeated himſelf among the reſt as near as he could to one of the haunches, where he did not fail to play his part. He was very pleaſant and chearful, and thoſe that ſat next him were highly diverted; no exceptions were taken, and all paſſed off as he had imagined. After dinner when the bottle and ſong began to move briſkly round, he ſung in his turn, and was much applauded. But when the time came that he thought of departing, he ſhifted his ſeat, and placing himſelf next the door, he began a ſtory. He had already drawn the attention of the company upon him by his uncommon humour; ſo, upon the word *ſtory* all were ſilent. Gentlemen, ſaid he, I am always pleaſed when I have an opportunity of remarking the flouriſhing condition of trade; I remember a wonderful alteration for the better in this very company of yours within theſe forty years, and I think I can give you a remarkable inſtance of it. When I was a young fellow, continued Dyer, gravely, I was but low in the world myſelf; and I obſerved that the neareſt way to wealth was through the road of frugality; and therefore I pitched upon a chop-houſe in Grubſtreet, where I could dine for two pence. The miſtreſs of the houſe was remarkably neat and civil, particularly to thoſe who were her conſtant cuſtomers; and the room where we dined was, by means of a curtain, or more properly a blanket hung upon a rod, partitioned off into two diviſions, the inner and the outer; the inner diviſion the good woman kept for the better ſort of folks, of which I had the honour to be accounted one, and the outer was for the caſual and ordinary ſort. It happened one day, however, as I was drawing

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the blanket to go in as uſual, the miſtreſs of the houſe pulled me haſtily by the coat, and whiſpered in my ear, *You muſt not go in there to-day, Sir.*——*Why ſo*, ſaid I in ſome heat? *I beg your pardon, Sir*, ſaid the woman, *but indeed you can't be admitted.*——*What the devil's the matter that I can't be admitted*, ſaid I ſwaggering? *Why*, ſaid the woman with joy in her countenance, *the maſter and wardens of the Cordwainers company do me the honour to dine with me to-day, and I* muſt *keep my beſt parlour empty for their worſhips reception.* I thought it indeed but decent to give place to that worthy body, and ſo was pacify'd.——The company upon hearing this ſtory began to lay their heads together, to know who this gentleman was: which Dyer obſerving, took that opportunity to ſlip away.

About the letter end of queen Anne's wars, when the Tory miniſtry came into play, they made a mighty rout about enquiring into the conduct of their predeceſſors the Whigs; particularly, as to corrupt management, and miſapplication of public money. Among the reſt, Mr Walpole, (afterwards the famous Sir Robert) then a member of the houſe, and once ſecretary at war, fell under its diſpleaſure; not ſo much perhaps, for what he had done, but out of pique for the violent oppoſition he had made to the meaſures then carrying on. The charge urged againſt him was this: after he, in conſequence of his poſt, had contracted with ſome undertakers for forage for the horſe that lay in Scotland; he, finding that the two perſons who contracted for it made conſiderable gain by it, named a friend of his own as a third perſon, who might partake of the profits; but the other two had no mind to let this third perſon in to know the ſecret of their management; ſo they offered him 500 l. for his ſhare, which he accepted, and the money was remitted. But they not knowing his place of reſidence, directed their bill, *To Mr Walpole, Secretary at War*, who of conſequence was obliged to endorſe the bill before it could be received,

which he acoordingly did, and the perſon concerned received the money. This being diſcovered, Mr Walpole was charged with it, as a bribe that he had taken for his own uſe for making the contract. Both the perſons that remitted the money, and he who received it were examined by the committee, and affirmed that Mr Walpole was neither directly nor indirectly concerned in the matter; but the houſe inſiſted upon his having endorſed the bill, and not only voted this a corruption, but ſent him to the Tower, and expelled him the houſe. However, the violence with which this charge was carried on againſt him by the Tories, turned in the end to his advantage. For in the next reign he was conſidered as one who had ſuffered perſecution for his zeal to the houſe of Hanover; and the poſts of honour that were then heaped upon him, made him ſufficient amends for the ſcandalous aſperſions that had been thrown out againſt him before.

When the great duke of Marlborough commanded in Flanders, a Jew, concerned in the contract for furniſhing bread to the army there, made him an annual preſent of between 5 and 6000 l. the queen had beſides ordered him 10,000 l. a year to ſupport his dignity, and to enable him to procure intelligence; and on the ſame account her majeſty had iſſued out a warrant for him to receive two and a half *per cent.* out of the pay of the the foreign troops, as was the practice in king William's war, which amounted to 15000 l. more, in all about 30,000l. a year. But upon the change of the miniſtry, when things were carried to extremities, and this great man was diveſted of his command by the queen's own letter, a charge was brought againſt him in parliament for the embezzlement of ſo much public money as the Jew's preſent, and the deduction from the pay of the foreign troops annually amounted to. And though he made it appear that the whole ſum was leſs by 20,000 l. a year than in the former war had been allowed king William for the ſame ſervice; and that by diſpoſing of it proper-

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ly he had procured ſo good intelligence, as never once to be ſurpriſed, nor any party he ever ſent out intercepted or cut off; nay, that all his deſigns had been ſo well concerted, through the faith of his intelligence, that he had never miſcarried in any one of them; yet his enemies were ſuffered to prevail, the Houſe cenſured the receipt of the Jew's money as illegal, and her majeſty was prevailed upon to ſend an order to the attorney general to proſecute him for the 15,000 l. that was deducted yearly out of the pay of the foreign troops, tho' he was authoriſed by her own warrant to receive it. Such was the behaviour of a houſe of Commons to a man who had carried the military glory of the Engliſh nation to a higher pitch than any general had ever done before him.

During the reign of king William and queen Mary, a breach was made between the queen and the princeſs of Denmark, then heir-apparent to the crown, which never was made up; nor would the queen ſo much as ſee the the princeſs even when her majeſty lay upon her death-bed, though much importuned to conſent to a reconciliation. The cauſe of this difference was generally imputed to the obſtinancy of the princeſs in continuing lady Marlborough in her ſervice, after her lord had fallen under the diſpleaſure of the king. But the truth is, the 50,000l. a year ſettled by parliament on the prince and princeſs of Denmark, and which had rendered them in a manner independent of the court, had given the diſguſt, as it was carried by a vaſt majority in both Houſes, though the king had uſed his utmoſt endeavours to oppoſe it. What made this meaſure the more acceptable to the princeſs was the rude treatment ſhe met with from king William, who was indeed ſo ill-natured, and ſo little poliſhed by education, that neither in great things nor in ſmall had he the manners of a gentleman. One inſtance of his worſe than vulgar behaviour at his own table, when the princeſs dined with him, will ſet this part of his character in a true light. It was

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in the beginning of his reign when the princeſs was with child of the duke of Glouceſter, there happened to be a plate of peaſe, the firſt that had been ſeen that year. The king, without offering the princeſs the leaſt ſhare of them, eat them every one up himſelf. Whether, ſays my author, he offered any to the queen, I cannot ſay; but he might do that ſafely enough, for he knew ſhe *durſt not touch them*. The princeſs confeſſed afterwards, *ſhe had ſo much mind to the peaſe, that ſhe was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off*.

During the breach between the two Siſters, which, as has been ſaid, was never made up till the queen's death, all the ladies of honour and all the great officers of ſtate were ſtrictly forbidden to viſit the princeſs's court; the guards were diſcharged from any attendance about her perſon, and all poſſible indignities were caſt upon her not only by the king and queen, but by all who had the leaſt dependence upon them. But upon the queen's death, things took a new turn, king William was only king for life, and he had ſenſe enough to know that it would be impoſſible to continue any longer in open difference with the princeſs without expoſing himſelf to daily ſlights and a manifeſt diſregard for the ſovereign pleaſure; and therefore he made offers of reconciliation; the prince and princeſs waited upon the king at Kenſington, and were received with extraordinary civility; which being publickly known, nothing was to be ſeen but crowds of courtiers flocking to Barkley-houſe (the princeſs's reſidence) to pay their reſpects to the prince and princeſs; though before the place had been like a deſart, where none but the bare inhabitants were ſcarce ever to be ſeen. This ſudden alteration occaſioned the half-witted lord Caernarvon to ſay one night to the princeſs, as he ſtood cloſe by her in the circle, *I hope your highneſs will remember that I came to wait upon you, when none of this company did*; which cauſed ſome bluſhing and much mirth.

Biſhop

Biſhop Burnet, every body has heard of, but few are acquainted with his real character; his enemies have made him a worſe man than he was; his friends perhaps a better. Be this as it will, in his charges to the clergy, he ſhewed a great deal of diſintereſted integrity by vehemently exclaiming againſt Pluralities, as a moſt ſacrilegious robbery of the revenues of the church; a remarkable effect of his zeal upon this ſubject may not be improper to be here related. In his firſt viſitation at Saliſbury, he urged the authority of St Bernard, who being conſulted by one of his followers, whether he might not accept of two benefices, reply'd, *And how will you be able to ſerve them both?——I intend*, anſwered the prieſt, *to officiate in one of them by a deputy——— Will your deputy be damn'd for you too*, cried the ſaint? *Believe me, you may ſerve your cure by proxy, but you muſt be damned in perſon.* This expreſſion ſo affected Mr Kelſey, a pious and worthy clergyman there preſent, that he immediately reſigned the rectory of Bemerton in Berkſhire worth 200l. a year, which he then held with one of a greater value. This Chriſtian act of ſelf-denial was not, however, without its reward; for though their principles in church matters were very oppoſite, yet the biſhop conceived ſuch an eſteem for him, from this action, that he not only prevailed with the Chapter to elect him a Canon, but likewiſe made him arch-deacon of Sarum, and gave him one of the beſt prebends in the church.

Sir George Rook, before he was made admiral, had ſerved as a captain of marines upon their firſt eſtabliſhment; and being quartered on the coaſt of Eſſex where the agues made havock among his men, the miniſter of the village where he lay was ſo harraſſed with the duty, that he refuſed to bury any more of them without being paid his accuſtomed fees. The captain made no words, but the next that died he ordered to be carried to the miniſter's houſe, and laid upon the table of his great hall; this greatly embarraſſed the poor clergyman;

man; who in the fulneſs of his heart ſent the captain word, *That if he would cauſe the dead man to be taken away, he would never diſpute it with him, but would readily bury* him *and his whole* company *for nothing.*

In the ſecond ſeſſion of the firſt parliament of queen Anne, an incident happened, that at this juncture, when a general election is approaching, ſhould be univerſally known, and attended to. There had been great complaints of partiality and injuſtice in the elections of parliament-men, both againſt ſheriffs in counties, and returning officers in boroughs. In Ayleſbury the return was made by four conſtables, and it was believed, that they made a bargain with ſome of the candidates, and then managed the matter, ſo as to be ſure that the majority ſhould be for the perſon, to whom they had engaged themſelves; they canvaſſed about the town, to know how the voters were ſet, and they reſolved to find ſome pretence for diſabling thoſe, who were engaged to vote for other perſons than their friends, that they might be ſure to have the majority in their own hands. And when this matter came to be examined by the houſe of Commons, they gave the election always for him who was reckoned of the party of the majority, in a manner ſo barefaced, that they were ſcarce out of countenance when they were charged for injuſtices in judging elections. It was not eaſy to find a remedy to ſuch a crying abuſe, of which all ſides in their turns, as they happened to be depreſſed, had made great complaints; but when they came to be the majority, ſeemed to have forgot all that they had formerly cried out on. Some few excuſed this, on the topic of retaliation; they ſaid, they dealt with others as they had dealt with them, or their friends. At laſt an action, was brought againſt the conſtables of Ayleſbury, at the ſuit of one, who had been always admitted to vote in former elections, but was denied it in the laſt election. This was tried at the aſſizes, and it was found there by the jury, that the conſtables had denied him a right, of which he was undoubtedly

doubtedly in poſſeſſion, ſo they were to be caſt in damages; but it was moved in the queen's bench to quaſh all the proceedings in that matter, ſince no action did lie or had ever been brought upon that account. Powel, Gould, and Powis were of opinion, that no hurt was done the man; that the judging of elections belonged to the houſe of Commons; that as this action was the firſt of its kind, ſo if it was allowed, it would bring on an infinity of ſuits, and put all the officers concerned in that matter, upon great difficulties: Lord chief-juſtice Holt, tho' alone, yet differed from the reſt; he thought this was a matter of the greateſt importance, both to the whole nation in general, and to every man in his own particular: he made a great difference between an election of a member, and a right to vote in it; the houſe of Commons were the only judges of the former, whether it was rightly managed or not, without bribery, fraud or violence; but the right of voting in an election, was an original right founded either on a freehold of forty ſhillings a year in the county; or on burgage-land, or upon a preſcription, or by charter, in a borough: theſe were all legal titles, and as ſuch were triable in a court of law. Acts of parliament were made concerning them, and by reaſon of theſe, every thing relating to thoſe acts were triable in a court of law; he ſpoke long and learnedly, and with ſome vehemence upon the ſubject; but he was one againſt three, ſo the order of the court went in favour of the conſtables. The matter was upon that brought before the houſe of Lords, by a writ of error; the cauſe was very fully argued at the bar, and the judges were ordered to deliver their opinions upon it, which they did very copiouſly.——Chief-juſtice Trevor inſiſted much on the authority that the houſe of Commons had, to judge of all thoſe elections; from that he inferred, that they only could judge who were the electors: petitions were often grounded on this, that in the poll ſome were admitted to a vote, who had no right to it, and that others were denied it, who had a right; ſo that in ſome caſes they were the proper judges of this right:

right: and if they had it ſome caſes, they muſt have it in all. From this he inferred, that every thing relating to this matter was triable by them, and by them only: if two independent juriſdictions might have the ſame cauſe brought before them, they might give contrary judgments in it; and this muſt breed great diſtraction, in the execution of thoſe judgments.——To all this it was anſwered, that a ſingle man who was wronged in this matter, had no other remedy but by bringing it into a court of law: for the houſe of Commons could not examine the right of every voter; if the man, for whom he would have voted, was returned, he could not be heard to complain to the houſe of Commons, though in his own particular he was denied a vote, ſince he could not make any exceptions to the return; ſo he muſt bear his wrong, without a remedy, if he could not bring it into a court of law. A right of voting in an election was the greateſt of all the rights of an Engliſhman, ſince by that he was repreſented in parliament; the houſe of Commons could give no relief to a man wronged in this, nor any damages; they could only ſet aſide one, and admit of another return; but this was no redreſs to him that ſuffered the wrong; it made him to be leſs conſidered in his borough, and that might be a real damage to him in his trade: Since this was a right inherent in a man, it ſeemed reaſonable that it ſhould be brought, where all other rights were tried, into a court of law; the abuſe was new, and was daily growing, and it was already ſwelled to a great height; when new diſorders happen, new actions muſt lie, otherwiſe there is a failure in juſtice, which all laws abhor: practices of this ſort were enormous and crying; and if the rule made in the queen's-bench was affirmed, it would very much increaſe theſe diſorders, by this indemnity, that ſeemed to be given to the officers who took the poll.——After a long debate, it was carried by a great majority to ſet aſide the order in the queen's-bench, and to give judgment according to the verdict given at the aſſizes; which judgment was accordingly exeeuted, and

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the man was allowed damages and coſts of ſuit. This gave great offence to the houſe of Commons, who paſſed very high votes upon it, againſt the man Ayleſbury, as guilty of a breach of their privileges, and againſt all others who ſhould for the future bring any ſuch ſuits into courts of law; and likewiſe againſt all counſel, attorneys and others, who ſhould aſſiſt in any ſuch ſuits; and they affirmed, that the whole matter relating to elections belonged only to them: yet they did not think fit to ſend for the man who had ſued, or rather in whoſe name the ſuit was carried on; ſo they let the matter as to him fall, under a ſhew of moderation and pity, and let it reſt upon thoſe general votes. The Lords on their part ordered the whole ſtate of the caſe to be drawn up and printed, which was done with much learning and judgment; they alſo aſſerted the right, that all the people of England had, to ſeek for juſtice in courts of law, upon all ſuch occaſions; and that the houſe of Commons, by their votes, ſtruck at the liberties of the people, at the law of England, and at the judicature of the houſe of Lords; and they ordered the lord keeper to ſend a copy of the caſe, and of their votes to all the ſheriffs of England, to be communicated to all the boroughs in their counties. The houſe of Commons was much provoked with this, but they could not hinder it; the thing was popular, and the Lords got great credit by the judgment they gave, which let the people of England ſee, how they might be redreſſed for the future; accordingly five others of the inhabitants brought their actions againſt the conſtables, upon the ſame grounds. The houſe of Commons looked on this as a great contempt of their votes, and they voted this a breach of privilege, to which they added a new, and till then unheard of crime, *that it was contrary to the declaration that they had made:* upon that they ſent their meſſenger for theſe five men, and committed them to Newgate, where they lay three months priſoners; they were all the while well ſupplied and much viſited; ſo they lay without making any application to the houſe

of Commons. It was not thought adviſeable to move in ſuch a matter, till all the money bills were paſſed; then motions were made, in the interval between the terms, upon the ſtatute for a *habeas corpus*; but the ſtatute relating only to commitments by the royal authority, this did not lie within it.—Upon that they moved for a writ of error, to bring the matter before the Lords; that was only to be come at, by petitioning the queen to order it: The Commons were alarmed at this, and made an addreſs to the queen, ſetting forth, that they had paſſed all the money bills, therefore they hoped her majeſty would not grant this. Ten judges agreed, that in civil matters a petition for a writ of error was a petition of right, and not of grace; two of them only were of another mind; it was therefore thought a very ſtrange thing, which might have moſt pernicious conſequences, for a houſe of Commons to deſire the queen, not to grant a petition of right, which was plainly a breach of law and of her coronation oath; they alſo took on them to affirm, that the writ did not lie; though that was clearly the work of the judicature to declare, whether it lay or not, and that was unqueſtionably the right of the lords; they only could determine that: the ſupplying the public occaſions was a ſtrange conſideration to be offered to the queen, as an argument to perſuade her to act againſt law; as if they had pretended that they had bribed her to infringe the law, and to deny juſtice. ——— The queen anſwered their addreſs, and in it ſaid, *That the ſtopping proceedings at law, was a matter of ſuch conſequence, that ſhe muſt conſider well of it*; This was thought ſo cold that they returned her no thanks for it; though a well compoſed houſe of Commons would certainly have thanked her, for that tender regard to law and juſtice. The Commons carried their anger farther; they ordered the priſoners to be taken out of Newgate, and to be kept by their ſerjeant; they alſo ordered the lawyers and the ſollicitors to be taken into cuſtody, for appearing in behalf of the priſoners. Theſe were ſuch ſtrange and unheard of proceedings, that by them the minds of all people were much alienated

nated from the houſe of Commons. But the priſoners were under ſuch management, and ſo well ſupported, that they would not ſubmit nor aſk pardon of the houſe; it was generally believed, that they were ſupplied and managed by the lord Wharton. They petitioned the houſe of Lords for relief; and the Lords reſolved to proceed in the matter by ſure and regular ſteps. They firſt came to ſome general reſolutions; that neither Houſe of parliament could aſſume or create any new privilege that they had not been formerly poſſeſſed of; that ſubjects claiming their rights in a courſe of law, againſt thoſe who had no privilege, could not be a breach of privilege of either Houſe; that the impriſoning the men of Ayleſbury, for acting contrary to a declaration made by the houſe of Commons, was againſt law; that the committing their friends and their counſel for aſſiſting them, in order to the procuring their liberty in a legal way, was contrary to law; and that the writ of error could not be denied without breaking the Magna Charta and the laws of England. Theſe reſolutions were communicated to the houſe of Commons at a conference.——They made a long anſwer to them. In it they ſet forth, that the right of determining elections was lodged only with them, and that therefore they only could judge who had a right to elect; they only were the judges of their own privileges, the Lords could not intermeddle in it; they quoted very copiouſly the proceedings in the year 1675, upon an appeal brought againſt a member of their houſe; they ſaid their priſoners ought only to apply themſelves to them for their liberty; and that no motion had ever been made for a writ of error in ſuch a caſe. Upon this ſecond conference according to form, the matter was brought to a free conference, where the point was fully argued on both ſides. The city and the body of the nation were on the Lords ſide in the matter. Upon this, the Lords drew up a full repreſentation of the whole affair with great decency of ſtile, but with many heavy reflections on the houſe of Commons. ——By this time the whole buſineſs of the ſeſſion was

brought to a concluſion; for the Lords, who had the money bills, would not paſs them, till this was ended. They carried their repreſentation to the queen, who in anſwer to it told them, *That ſhe would have granted the writ of error, but ſhe ſaw it was neceſſary to put a preſent concluſion to the ſeſſion.* This being reported to the Houſe, was looked on them by as a clear deciſion in their favour; therefore this ſhould be a caution to returning officers, when they ſee they are liable to be ſued, and that a vote of the houſe of Commons cannot ſcreen them, how they deny any who have a right to vote, their privilege on that occaſion.

Dean Swift was of a humour ſo frank that thoſe who were unacquainted with his manner, could hardly be prevailed upon to conſider him in any other light than that of an unpoliſh'd clown; how far he might deſerve that character in general muſt be left to the determination of his moſt intimate acquaintance; but with regard to his behaviour upon particular occaſions, nothing could be more rude. The very laſt time he ever was at London he went to dine with the earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. My lord being willing, perhaps, to ſurprize his lady with a new character, and to have ſome diverſion, forbore to introduce him in the uſual manner, or even to mention his name; and as he generally appeared in a ruſty gown, and had no very ſtriking perſon, her ladyſhip could not help eying her new gueſt.—After dinner, ſaid the dean, *Lady Burlington, I hear you can ſing; ſing me a ſong.* The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of aſking a favour, with diſguſt, and poſitively refuſed him. He ſaid, *ſhe ſhould ſing, or if he was her huſband he would make her. Why, madam, I ſuppoſe you take me for one of your poor, paultry, Engliſh hedge parſons; ſing when I bid you.* As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was ſo vexed that ſhe burſt into tears and retired.—His firſt compliment to her when he ſaw her again was, *Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-*

natur'd now, as when I ſaw you laſt? To which ſhe anſwered with great good-humour, *No, Mr Dean, I'll ſing for you, if you pleaſe.*

When Humphry, duke of Glouceſter, was regent of the kingdom, in the minority of Henry VI. there came to St Alban's, (then the reſidence of the court) a poor, blind beggar and his wife; who for five or ſix days walked about the town, aſking alms, and telling a plauſible tale of his being warned in a dream to leave the town of Berwick, the place of his nativity, and ſeek St Alban. This had a wonderful effect upon the minds of the people, and gave the prieſts of that time a fit opportunity to work upon their credulity. Great ſolemnity was uſed in preſenting the man before the ſhrine of the Saint, and great multitudes were aſſembled to be witneſſes of the iſſue; when inſtantly he received his ſight, to the aſtoniſhment of all beholders. This miracle being noiſed abroad, people far and near came flocking to town, and happy was he who could gain admittance to the perſon who had been bleſt with ſo ſignal a mark of the divine favour. In ſhort, every body ſpoke of this miracle with ſuch an air of confidence, that the king deſired the poor man to be brought before him, and the duke took upon him to examine into the matter for his majeſty's ſatisfaction. In order to this, he looked upon the man's eyes, and aſked him whether he ever had his ſight before? He ſaid he was born blind, and till the day of his preſentment before the holy ſhrine, he had never beheld the light; and this was confirmed by the man's wife. The duke then looked more attentively at his eyes, and ſaid, *he believed him; for, friend*, ſaid his grace, *I hardly think you can ſee now.* The man with great devotion lifted up his eyes to heaven, and ſaid, *he could ſee diſtinctly.* You can, ſaid the duke! Then what colour is this garment? The beggar told him. He tried him again and again; and ſtill the beggar was ready. The duke then aſked him, *If he could tell him the names of every man preſent?* His anſwer

was, *He could not.*——*Take this Impoſtor away, then,* ſaid the duke, *and let him be openly ſet in the ſtocks: for tho' he could have been ſuddenly reſtored to ſight ſo as to diſtinguiſh the difference of colours, yet he could no more tell the names of thoſe colours by ſight, unleſs he had known them before, than he could the names of every man here preſent.*——The man upon this conviction acknowledged the fraud, and pray'd forgiveneſs.

Cardinal Wolſey makes ſo great a figure in the Engliſh hiſtory, that every body ſhould be acquainted with his birth and the manner of his riſing in the king's favour. That he was a butcher's ſon at Ipſwich, is commonly known; but the particular circumſtance that firſt recommended him to Henry VII. was this: It happened that his majeſty had occaſion to ſend to the emperor Maximilian, about ſome buſineſs that required diſpatch, and Wolſey was pitched upon to be the meſſenger, who having received his inſtructions left the king at Richmond about noon, and by next morning got to Dover, from thence by noon he arrived at Calais, and by night was with the emperor; to whom having delivered his meſſage, and received a preſent diſpatch, he returned before morning to Calais, and the night following came to the court at Richmond. The next morning he appeared before the king, who in the utmoſt violence of rage, was about to lay him dead at his feet for neglecting to execute his orders, which were of the utmoſt importance. Wolſey pacified hisanger, by preſenting to him the emperor's letter. The king aſtoniſhed at his ſpeed, aſked him, *if he met the meſſenger whom he had ſent after him, to acquaint him with a circumſtance which in his inſtructions he had forgotten.* Wolſey anſwered, that he had; adding, *that the commands he brought, I had diſpatched before; for knowing it to be of ſuch neceſſary dependence on my other inſtructions, I took the boldneſs to do it without a commiſſion, for which I humbly beſeech your majeſty's forgiveneſs* The king ſeeing him of ſuch uncommon abilities, not only pardoned him, but beſtowed the deanry of

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Lincoln upon him, and ſoon after made him his Almoner.

King William was known and acknowledged by his enemies to be a prince of real courage; but there is no inſtance in hiſtory that points it ſo plain as an incident that happened to him after the battle of the Boyn, where, though he had eſcaped the danger of a cannon ball which grazed his ſhoulder, and of a muſket ball that ſtruck the heel of his boot as he ſat on horſeback, yet when the enemy was put to the rout, he was in far greater jeopardy from one of his own men, who miſtaking him for an adverſary came up to him with his poſtol cocked, and preſented it to his breaſt to ſhoot him; but the king, with all the indifference in the world, gently put by his piſtol, and only ſaid, *What! don't you know your friends?*

Some years ago a fiſherman between Lambeth and Vaux-hall was drawing a net pretty cloſe to the channel, when he found a great weight intangled in it, which with difficulty he and his companion drew to ſhore. Upon examining what it ſhould be, they were utterly at a loſs. But having ſhewn it about, ſome wiſer heads than their own diſcovered it to be the Great Seal of England. This was a thing that occaſioned much ſpeculation. But at laſt it appeared, that king James, the night before he went away, had called for it from the lord Jefferies, who was then chancellor, under pretence of making a ſecret uſe of it for pardons or grants; but when he determined to fly, he thought either that the bulk or weight of it made it inconvenient to carry, or that it was hereafter to be of no farther uſe to him; and therefore, that it might a little diſconcert his enemies, he had thrown it into the Thames. The fiſhermen, overjoy'd at their good fortune, carried it to court, and received a handſome reward, though no uſe was ever made of it afterwards.

Thomas,

Thomas, archbiſhop of York, who lived in the reign of Henry I. and who was a prelate of much courage, having at an aſſembly held at Weſtminſter conteſted precedency with the archbp. of Canterbury in ſo unfriendly a manner, as by violence to force himſelf into his antagoniſt's lap when he was ſeated in the chair, by which indiſcretion he procured himſelf a good beating, though in the end, he carried his point; for pope Alexander, to whom the matter was referred, declared, that neither metropolitan ſhould claim precedence of the other but according to the ſeniority of their ordination. This ſtout prelate, however, falling ill of a diſtemper, and adviſing with his phyſicians upon it, was told, that he could recover his health by no other means than the company of a woman. To which he anſwered, *that the remedy was worſe than the diſeaſe*; and ſo ſuffered himſelf to languiſh till he died.

Soon after the concluſion of the French war in the Q's. time, a young, pert officer, who had been but lately liſted in the ſervice, came to the Ordinary at the Black-Horſe Inn in Holborn, where major Johnſon, a brave, rough, old Scotch officer, and one that feared the Lord, uſually dined. The young gentleman, while at dinner, was venting ſome new-fangled notions, and ſpeaking, in the gaiety of his humour, againſt the diſpenſations of Providence. The major, at firſt, only deſired him to ſpeak more reſpectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more ſerious manner. *Young man*, ſaid he, *do not abuſe your Benefactor, whilſt you are eating his bread. Conſider whoſe air you breathe, whoſe preſence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very ſpeech which you make uſe of to his diſhonour.* The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jeſt, aſked him, *if he was going to preach?* but at the ſame time deſired him to take care what he ſaid, when he ſpoke to a man of honour. *A man of honour!* ſays the major; *thou art an infidel and*

and a blaſphemer, and I ſhall uſe thee as ſuch.——— In ſhort, the quarrel ran ſo high, that the young officer challenged the major. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow adviſed his antagoniſt to conſider the place into which one paſs might plunge him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of ſcurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear, *Sirrah*, ſaid he, *if a thunderbolt does not ſtrike thee dead before I come at thee, I ſhall not fail to chaſtiſe thee for thy profaneneſs to thy Maker, and thy ſaucineſs to his ſervant.* Upon this he drew his ſword, and cried out with a loud voice, *The ſword of the Lord, and of Gideon!* which ſo terrify'd his antagoniſt, that he was immediately diſarmed and thrown upon his knees. In this poſture, he begged his life; but the major refuſed to grant it, before he had aſked pardon in a ſhort extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the ſpot, and which his proſelyte repeated to him in the preſence of the whole ordinary that were then gathered about them in the garden, to their no ſmall diverſion.

The emperor Leopold, who was a weak prince, and without courage, upon the approach of the Turks to attack his capital, quitted Vienna, with precipitation, and retired to Lentz; and when he was informed that the enemy had actually inveſted Vienna, he fled ſtill farther off, as far as Paſſau, leaving the duke of Lorrain at the head of a little army, which had been already defeated by the Turks, to take what care he could of the fortunes of the empire. Every body believed the grand viſir, Cara Muſtapha, who commanded the Ottoman troops, would have ſoon reduced the place; but his preſumption and brutal contempt of the chriſtians proved his ruin. His delays gave time for the arrival of John Sobieſki, K. of Poland, who being joined by the duke of Lorrain, fell furiouſly upon the Ottoman multitude, and forced them to abandon the ſiege. The emperor returned to his capital, under the ſhame of having quitted it, and made his entrance at the time when

when his deliverer was coming out of the church, where they had been ſinging Te Deum, and where the preacher for his text, had taken theſe words, *There was a man ſent from God, whoſe name was* John.

When Lewis XIV. wts arrived at the meridian of his glory, the republic of Genoa happened to diſoblige him. The cauſe of offence was this: The Genoeſe had ſold bombs and gunpowder to the Algerines, with whom the Grand Monarque was at war; and were building four gallies for the ſervice of Spain. The king by his envoy commanded them not to launch thoſe gallies, and threatened them with a ſevere chaſtiſement in caſe of diſobedience. But the Genoeſe, incenſed at this attack upon their liberties, ſet him at defiance. The conſequence was, that fourteen large ſhips, twenty gallies, and ten bomb veſſels, with ſeveral frigates, immediately ſet ſail from Toulon, and arrived before Genoa in a few days, where ten bomb-veſſels threw 14,000 bombs into the city, and reduced to a heap of ruins part of thoſe marble edifices which have gained Genoa the ſurname of Proud. The Genoeſe, to ſave themſelves from deſtruction, thought fit to ſubmit. The king inſiſted that the doge and four of the principal ſenators ſhould come and implore his clemency, in his palace at Verſailles; and to prevent the Genoeſe from eluding this ſatisfaction, or depriving him of any part of his glory, he declared, that the doge, who ſhould be ſent to beg his pardon, ſhould be continued in his dignity, notwithſtanding that particular law of Genoa, by which the doges are deprived of their dignity, whenever they abſent themſelves a moment from the city. All this was comply'd with; Imperialo Leſcaro the then doge, was ſent into France, and made the required ſubmiſſion; which was no ſooner perform'd, than his majeſty ordered his miniſter to treat him with all imaginable ſtate. The doge was a man of great wit; and when the marquis of Seignelai aſked him, what he thought moſt extraordinary at Ver-

Verſailles; his anſwer was, *What appears moſt extraordinary to me, my lord, is to ſee myſelf here.*

After the French had ſuffered a continued ſeries of misfortunes by the loſs of the battle of Oudenarde, the taking of Liſle, Ghent and Bruges, a general murmur ran through the officers of the French forces, as well as the common men. Thoſe of the duke de Vendome's diviſion imputed their misfortunes to the duke of Burgundy's council; who, on their ſide, charged all upon the duke de Vendome. One of the duke of Burgundy's courtiers, in particular, ſaid to Vendome with a heavy brow, *See, Sir, the conſequence of your never going to maſs; to this we muſt aſcribe all our misfortunes.*——*Do you think, then,* reply'd the duke contemptuouſly, *that Marlborough goes to maſs oftener than I?*

When queen Elizabeth firſt propoſed to the famous civilian Dr Dale, his being employed by her in Flanders, ſhe, among other encouragements, told him, that he ſhould have twenty ſhillings a day for his expences: *Then, madam,* ſaid he, *I will ſpend nineteen ſhillings a day.* What will you do with the odd ſhilling, the queen reply'd? *I will reſerve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick;* meaning his wife and children. This induced the queen to enlarge his allowance. During the doctor's ſtay in Flanders, he once ſent in a packet to the ſecretaries of ſtate, two letters, one to the queen and the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the queen was ſuperſcribed, *To his dear wife;* and that for his wife, *To her moſt excellent majeſty;* ſo that the queen having opened his letter, found it beginning with *ſweet-heart*, and afterwards with *my dear*, and *dear love*, with ſuch like expreſſions, acquainting her with the ſtate of his body, and that he began to want money. You may eaſily gueſs what motions of mirth this miſtake raiſed; but the doctor by his overſight got a ſupply of money.——When upon the overtures for a treaty, the other ambaſſadors came to propoſe in what

language

language they ſhould treat, the Spaniſh ambaſſador ſaid, that the French was the moſt proper, becauſe, ſaid he to Dr Dale, your miſtreſs intitles herſelf Queen of France. Nay, then, ſaid the doctor, let us treat in Hebrew, for your maſter calls himſelf king of Jeruſalem.

When Dr Shippen was principal of Brazen Noſe College in Oxford, he had the modeſty to put up for the profeſſorſhip of muſic in Greſham College; and though an entire ſtranger to that ſcience, yet he carried his election againſt a gentleman who very much excelled in it; ſuch is the regard paid to merit, and to the true intention of the donor upon ſuch occaſions. However, in a ſhort time afterwards the profeſſorſhip of aſtronomy became vacant, and the worthy electors, conſcious to themſelves of the injuſtice they had done the candidate whom they had ſo lately rejected, went in a body and made him a voluntary offer of this other profeſſorſhip, which was equal if not better in point of profit. But the gentleman, with a greatneſs of mind highly to be applauded, thanked them for the favour they intended him, though he could by no means accept it; *for* ſaid he. *I know no more of Aſtronomy, than Dr Shippen does of Muſic.*

The great Stillingfleet (of whom ſome mention has already been made) about the latter end of king Charles IId's reign, obſerving that high church principles were becoming every day more and more faſhionable at court, had his reaſons for preaching up heartily the religious obligation he pretended all good chriſtians were under to abſtain from *Fleſh*, and confine themſelves to the *eating* of *Fiſh* on the days appointed by the kalendar for faſts. On the Friday following, colonel Churchill, not without deſign, took occaſion to pay the biſhop a viſit about dinner-time, and found him with a capon and a fine diſh of partridges before him. The colonel appeared aſtoniſh'd! and the biſhop demanding the reaſon of his ſurpriſe; he replied, *my amazement is, to*

ſee

ſee Fleſh at your lordſhip's table on a Friday, after ſo excellent a diſcourſe as was laſt Sunday preach'd before the king againſt it. The biſhop, after a little recollection, returned, *Let not this ſurpriſe you, Colonel, for faſting and abſtinence are only ſelf denials, you know; and therefore, as there is nothing in reality I love like Fiſh, to check the luſt of my appetite I ordered theſe few birds.*

Ven, one of the Regicides, whilſt he was governor of Windſor, had ſeized upon the eſtate of a Cavalier not far from his gariſon, and had very modeſtly put himſelf into poſſeſſion of it. And this did him great ſervice; for while the treaty of Uxbridge was depending, a great number of his friends, under different pretences, came daily to conſult him, and were all received and entertained at his ſeat there, with the greateſt privacy. In the mean time, ſeveral of his wife's relations came likewiſe to ſpend a part of the ſummer with her, and made this, by their own choice, the place of their reſidence, which gave a colour to the governor's frequent viſits, and rendered the correſpondence he maintained there quite unſuſpected. However, notwithſtanding all his artifices, and the artifices of thoſe of his party to the contrary, a report was ſpread that the king and the parliament were like to agree; and when this news was brought to Ven's, his lady and her company were then in the garden gathering of fruit. Every one was differently affected according to their particular views; but my good lady, after ſome pauſe, turning up her eyes with a devout reſignation, ſaid, *Verily, for my part, I could be content with peace too, ſo every one were ſuffered to ſit quietly under the ſhadow of his own vine, and enjoy the good things the Lord has put into our hands.*

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-buildings, for public orations, he happened at that time to be pretty much behind hand in his payments to his workmen; and coming one day among them to

ſee how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the Roſtrum, and make a ſpeech, that he might obſerve how it could be heard. The fellow mounting and ſcratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to ſay, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! ſaid the knight, no matter for that, ſpeak any thing that comes uppermoſt. *Why here, Sir Richard,* ſays the fellow, *we have been working for you theſe ſix months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, Sir, when do you deſign to pay us?——Very well, very well,* ſaid Sir Richard; *pray come down; I have heard enough; I cannot but own you ſpeak very diſtinctly, though I don't much admire your ſubject.*

When the earl of Stair was laſt ambaſſador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments to which the foreign ambaſſadors were conſtantly invited, not excepting the ambaſſador of France, with whoſe nation we were then upon the point of breaking. In return, the abbe de Ville, the French reſident, as conſtantly invited the Engliſh and Auſtrian ambaſſadors upon the like occaſions. The abbe was a man of vivacity, and withal was remarkable for a certain quaintneſs, in which he ſeemed to take great pride. Agreeable to this humour, he one day propoſed a health in theſe terms: *The Riſing Sun,* my maſter; alluding to a motto of Lewis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company. It then came to the baron de Reiſbach's turn to give a health; and he. to countenance the abbe and to pleaſe him, propoſed, *The Moon and fixed Stars,* in compliment to his miſtreſs the Empreſs Queen, which was greatly applauded: and when it came to the earl's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him; but as that nobleman, whoſe preſence of mind was never wanting upon ordinary as well as great occaſions, drank his Maſter by the name of *Joſhua the ſon of Nun, who made the Sun and the Moon to ſtand ſtill.*

Sir Cl——dy M—cd—l, a Scots baronet, and member of parliament for one of the royal boroughs of that kingdom, came one morning, according to cuſtom, to Sir Robert's levee, and without the leaſt ceremony laid hold of his ribband. Sir Robert could not readily diſengage himſelf, and the baronet lugged him to the window, in which, ſouſing himſelf down, he happened to have an eſcape, which carried with it ſo loud a report that it threw the whole company into laughter. *Very well, Sir C——dy*, ſaid the miniſter, *pray what have you farther to ſay? ——Why, this it is, Sir Robert; I owe fifteen hundred pund, and by G-d if you don't give it me, I'll e'en go to-morrow to the Hooſe and vote according to my conſcience.* 'Tis to be preſumed the demand was comply'd with in private, though laughed at in public, as this gentleman voted with Sir Robert to the laſt.

The late unfortunate lord Kilmarnock, when young, was looked upon as one of the handſomeſt men of the kingdom, and on his firſt appearance at St James's, attracted the eyes of the whole court. He had not been long in England, however, before he apply'd himſelf to Sir Robert Walpole, told him his quality, and withal made a tender of his ſervices to him, magnifying his own intereſt in the Highlands, and boaſting of how much conſequence he could be in keeping the clans quiet in caſe of any attempts to ſpirit them up to a rebellion. Sir Robert received him with great marks of favour and diſtinction, and was really much taken with the fine appearance and polite addreſs of the young nobleman; and after an hour or two's converſation, he began to entertain a high opinion of his capacity, and to have ſome thoughts of employing him; and accordingly, when he roſe to take his leave, the miniſter aſſured him of his readineſs to ſerve him. *Nay, but Sir Robert*, quoth he, *I caum na here for compliments; I want ſome ſiller; I have ne'er a pund in my pouch, and have a preſent need of twa hundred, and canna gang till ye gi'em me.*

Sir Robert was aſtoniſhed to ſee a nobleman of his fine figure, ſo young, ſo gay, ſo well dreſſed, and yet ſo beggarly.—— He gave him the money; diſmiſſed him ——but took ſuch a diſguſt at the meanneſs of his ſpirit, that from that time forward he reſolved never to truſt him, nor ever did.

Sir Richard Onſlow, and Sir Anthony Aſhley Cooper (afterwards created earl of Shaftſbury) were one day invited by Sir John Danvers to dine with him at Chelſea, and deſired to come early, becauſe Sir John had an affair of moment to communicate to them. They went, as deſired; and being ſeated Sir John told them he had made choice of them both for their known abilities and particular friendſhip to him, in order to adviſe with them in a matter of the greateſt conſequence relating to himſelf. He had, he ſaid, been a widower many years, and began to want ſomebody that might eaſe him of the trouble of houſekeeping, and take ſome care of him under the growing infirmities of old age; and to that purpoſe had pitched upon a woman very well known to him by the experience of many years; in ſhort, added he, *'tis my houſekeeper*. The gentlemen, who were well acquainted with the circumſtances of the family, and knew the woman very well, and were beſides, friends to Sir John's ſon and daughter, both grown up and fit for marriage, to whom they thought this match muſt be very mortifying; were for theſe reaſons in their hearts very much againſt it; and accordingly, Sir Richard Onſlow began frankly to ſet the impropriety of marrying at his years before him, particularly to ſuch a woman; and ſo was going to enter upon a deſcription of her, and to ſet her out in her proper colours, which were ſuch as could not have pleaſed any man in a wife; when Sir Anthony interrupting him, ſaid, *Give me leave, Sir Richard, to aſk our friend one queſtion before you proceed*; ſo addreſſing himſelf to Sir John, *Tell me truly, Sir John*, ſaid he, *are you not already married?* Sir John, after a ſhort pauſe, anſwered with a ſmile,

Yes

Yes, truly he was, the day before.——*Well then*, replied Sir Anthony, *there is no more need of our advice; pray, let us have the honour to see my lady, and wish her joy, and so to dinner*——As they were returning to London in their coach, 'I am obliged to you, *said Sir* 'Richard, for preventing me running into a deſcription 'which I am ſure could never have been forgiven me. 'But how could it enter into your head to aſk a man 'who had ſolemnly invited us on purpoſe to have our 'advice about a marriage he intended, had gravely pro-'poſed the woman to us, and ſuffered us ſeriouſly to 'enter into the debate, I ſay, Sir Anthony, how could 'you aſk him, after all this, whether he were already 'married, or not?' The man, and the manner, replied Sir Anthony, gave me a ſuſpicion, that having done a fooliſh thing, he wanted to cover himſelf with the authority of our advice.

Sir John Mead, the anceſtor of the preſent Doctor Mead, was bred to the law in Ireland, and was deſervedly diſtinguiſh'd as one of the fineſt orators that ever that nation produced. It happened that Sir Edward Seymour had an eſtate of 5000l. a year fall to him in Ireland; but this was a fortune too conſiderable to hope to get poſſeſſion of without difficulty, as there were other claimants under the ſame title, and therefore he found his perſonal appearance in that kingdom abſolutely neceſſary. It is to be obſerved that Sir Edward Seymour was accounted the proudeſt man in England; and Sir John Mead was no leſs remarkable for that ſame fault. Sir Edward landed at Dublin, filled with that ſovereign contempt which Engliſhmen generally have for the whole country; and meeting with ſome of his old friends who held the principal poſts of honour there; he enquired, *whether there were any ſuch creatures as Lawyers to be met with in that damn'd place?* They anſwered, *Yes, and thoſe very good ones*; but if he had any cauſe of importance to try, he muſt apply himſelf to Sir John Mead, if he hoped to carry it. *Well*,

ſaid he, *let one of my fellows go and fetch him.* Your fellows! Sir Edward, ſaid one of the gentlemen; why, 'tis odds if you can get acceſs to him yourſelf. *What the devil!* return'd he, *do Iriſh lawyers take ſuch ſtate upon them?* You are to conſider, Sir Edward, ſaid the other, he is a gentleman of family, has a noble fortune, and is ſo eminent in his profeſſion, that ſhould he be employed againſt you, you may bid farewel to your cauſe. This laſt argument had ſuch force with it, that Sir Edward condeſcended to wait on Mead the next morning; who being apprized of what the other had ſaid, reſolved to be as ſtately as himſelf, and accordingly ſent him down word, *that he was then very buſy, but if he would pleaſe to ſtay till he was at leiſure, he would ſee him;* ſo, Sir Edward was ſhewn into a parlour, where he remained for an hour to mortify, before he could obtain audience. When Mead thought he had humbled him enough, he then ſent to let him know, that he ſhould be glad to ſee him; and received him with a politeneſs natural to him; but when Sir Edward went to open his caſe, he told him, *he muſt leave his brief, for he could not ſpare time to hear him.* Sir Edward laid down his brief with a purſe of gold upon it; and then taking his leave, departed full of indignation that he had now met an Iriſhman prouder than himſelf. When the day appointed for trial came, there were ſeveral eminent counſel engaged on the oppoſite ſide; and Sir John, reſolving to try the patience of his client to the utmoſt, permitted every one of them to ſpeak before him, without interruption, and ſat drawing of birds with a pencil, while Sir Edward could hardly diſſemble his reſentment, thinking himſelf betrayed, and judging by the pleadings that the cauſe muſt inevitably be determined againſt him. At length, however, Sir John ſtood up, and deſired to be heard; and having made himſelf maſter of the ſubject he was to ſpeak upon, he ſo fully refuted all Sir Edward's antagoniſts, and made his title to the eſtate ſo evident, and with ſuch maſterly eloquence, that he obtained a decree to be put in immediate poſſeſſion. On the

the breaking up of the court, Sir Edward preſſed Sir John to give him his company that evening; but he excuſed himſelf, telling his client he was that night engaged to a club. Well then, ſaid Sir Edward, let me accompany you, if you think it will not be diſagreeable to your friends. Sir John made anſwer, they would all, he was ſure, think he did them honour. So accordingly, Sir Edward met them. Some of his friends finding him in bed at twelve o'clock on the enſuing day, he told them he had been up all night. With whom, Sir Edward? *Why*, returned he, *with Homer, Plato, Socrates, Cicero, and all the ancient Greek and Latin poets, philoſophers, and orators.*

Every one has heard of the great Mr Lock, whoſe integrity of heart was equal to his fine underſtanding; accompliſhments that rarely accompany each other in ſo ſuperlative a degree. King William had ſo high an opinion of his talents, that he preſſed him to go as ambaſſador for him to one of the moſt conſiderable courts of Europe, which he declined becauſe of his bad ſtate of health. He then made him one of the lords-commiſſioners of trade and plantations, an eſtabliſhment at that time in its infancy. This poſt he enjoyed many years, and was conſidered, in a manner, as the ſoul of that illuſtrious body; but at length, when he could no longer paſs the ſummer in London without endangering his life, he went and reſigned his commiſſion to the king, diſdaining to hold an employment of that importance without doing the duties of it. His majeſty intreated him to continue in it, telling him, that tho' he could ſtay at London but a few weeks, his ſervices in that office would yet be very neceſſary to him; but he perſiſted in his reſolution. He formed and executed this deſign without mentioning a word of it to any body whatſoever; thus avoiding with a generoſity rarely to be found, what others would have earneſtly ſought after; for by making it known that he was about to quit that employment which brought him in a thouſand pounds a year, he might eaſily have entered

tered into a compoſition with any new candidate who being befriended with Mr Lock's intereſt, might have carried the poſt from any other perſon. This he was afterwards reproached with for not doing, by one of his relations, to whom he made this reply; *I know what you tell me very well, but that was the very reaſon why I communicated my deſign to no body. I received my commiſſion generouſly from the king himſelf, and to him I reſolved to reſtore it, that HE might have the pleaſure of beſtowing it upon ſome worthy man.*

The late Mr Pope, whoſe character as a poet is generally known, was of a temper extremely unhappy to himſelf, and offenſive to others, of which his Dunciad will remain a laſting monument. All who had offended him, and many who had not; ſome with whom he had been familiar, and others whom he never ſaw, are there treated with an equal degree of infamy and contempt; but none more remarkably ſo than his old friend Mr Cibber; the occaſion of which aroſe from a very ſingular incident. The play of the Rehearſal had long lain neglected, when his preſent majeſty, then prince of Wales, commanded it to be revived, and in caſting the play (as the phraſe is) the part of Bays fell to Colley. To this character there had always been allowed ſuch ludicrous liberties of obſervation upon any thing new, or remarkable, in the ſtate of the ſtage, as Mr Bays might think proper to take. It happened, that much about this time, the play called, *The three hours after marriage*, ſuppoſed to be written by Mr Pope, and corrected by Dr Arbuthnot and Mr Gay, had been acted without ſucceſs; this, as the cuſtom was, lay naturally enough in Mr Bays's way for him to have a fling at it, and he foreſaw no great harm in embracing the opportunity. Accordingly in Pope's play, two coxcombs being in love with a learned Virtuoſo's wife, to get unſuſpected acceſs to her, they ingeniouſly ſend themſelves, as two preſented rarities, to the huſband; the one curiouſly ſwath'd up like an Egyptian mummy, and the o-

thers

ther slyly-covered in the pasteboard skin of a crocodile; upon which poetical expedient, Mr Bays, when the two kings of Brentford came from the clouds into the throne again, instead of what his part directed him to say, made use of these words; 'Now, Sir, this revolution I had 'some thoughts of introducing by a quite different con-'trivance; but my design taking air, some of your sharp 'wits, I found, had made use of it before me; otherwise 'I intended to have *stolen one of them in in the shape 'of a mummy, and t'other in that of a crocodile.*' This jest, though flat enough in itself, was sharpened by a general roar of applause that succeeded it; and Mr Pope took it so hainously, that in the swelling of his heart, after the play was over, he went behind the scenes with his lips pale and voice trembling, to call Mr Cibber to account for the insult; and accordingly fell upon him with all the foul language that a wit out of his senses could be capable of---Cibber only made him this reply; 'Mr Pope—you are so *particular a man* that I must be 'ashamed to return your language as I ought to do; 'but since you have attackt me in so gross a manner, 'this you may depend upon, that as long as the play 'continues to be acted, I will never fail to repeat the 'same words over and over again.' As Cibber was as good as his word, it should seem that Mr Pope afterwards thought his pen a sharper weapon than his tongue to trust his revenge with, and accordingly took an opportunity to give him the severest correction he could in the Dunciad, but never ventured to attack him again in the play-house. In this manner things stood for twenty years; when Cibber's friends began to rally him for his want of spirit to face Mr Pope in print, which had the desired effect. Cibber, by way of letter, turned the public laugh upon him to such a degree, that a ridiculous Print of him was hawked about the streets to the unspeakable mortification of the tender-minded bard, who has very well described his own temper in one of his imitations of Horace:

But touch me, and no minister so sore.

But what gave riſe to the Print was this; Pope in one of his ſatires, puts this peremptory queſtion,

And has not Colley *too, his* lord *and* whore?

which Cibber very humourouſly returned upon him thus:

And has not Sawney *too* his lord *and* whore?

And to put it out of his power to deny that he had the latter, he tells the following ſtory, which we chuſe to ſet down in Cibber's own words: 'He may remember, 'ſays Colley, (or if he won't, I will) when Button's 'coffee-houſe was in vogue, and ſo long ago, as when 'he had not tranſlated above two or three books of Ho-'mer; there was a late young nobleman (as much his 'lord as mine) who had a good deal of wicked humour, 'and who though he was fond of having wits in his 'company, was not ſo reſtrained by his conſcience, but 'that he loved to laugh at any merry miſchief he could 'do them: this noble wag, I ſay in his uſual *gayeté de 'cœur*, with another gentleman ſtill in being, one even-'ing ſlyly ſeduced the celebrated Mr Pope, as a wit, and 'myſelf as a laugher, to a certain houſe of carnal re-'creation near the Hay-market, where his lordſhip's 'frolic propoſed, was to ſlip his little *Homer*, as he 'called him, at a girl of the game, that he might ſee 'what ſort of a figure a man of his ſize, ſobriety, and 'vigour (in verſe) would make, when the frail fit of 'love had got into him; in which he ſo far ſucceeded, 'that the ſmirking damſel who ſerved us with tea, hap-'pened to have charms ſufficient to tempt the little tiny 'manhood of Mr Pope into the next room with her; 'at which you may imagine his lordſhip was in as much 'joy at what might happen within, as our ſmall friend 'could probably be in the poſſeſſion of it. But I (for-'give me all ye mortify'd mortals whom his fell ſatire 'has ſince fallen upon) obſerving he had ſtaid as long 'as without hazard of his health he might, I (*pricks 'to it by fooliſh honeſty and love*, as Shakeſpear ſays) 'without ceremony, threw open the door upon him, 'where I found this little haſty hero, like a terrible

tom-

'*tom-tit* pertly perching upon the mount of love. But 'such was my ſurpriſe, that I fairly laid hold of his heels, 'and actually drew him down ſafe and ſound from his 'danger. My lord, who ſtaid tittering without, in 'hopes the ſweet miſchief he came for would have been 'compleated, upon my giving an account of the action 'within, began to curſe and call me a hundred ſilly 'puppies, for my impertinently ſpoiling ſport; to which 'with great gravity I replied, *Pray, my lord conſider, 'what I have done was in regard to the honour of the 'nation; for would you have had ſo glorious a work as 'that of making* Homer *ſpeak elegant* Engliſh, *cut ſhort 'by laying up our little gentleman of a malady, which 'his thin body might never have been cured of? No, my 'lord* Homer *would have been too ſerious a ſacrifice to 'our evening merriment.*'——The reader, who has never ſeen the print, may figure to himſelf the idea of it by calling to his mind the three principal characters, the girl, the poet, and the player, in their reſpective attitudes, and it will require no ſort of heightening to provoke a ſmile. Pope never forgave this, but was unable to reſent it by any other means than making Colley the Hero of the ſecond edition of his Dunciad, inſtead of Tibbald, which ſhewed rather ill nature than wit.

The marriage of Mr——— with Tereſa Conſtantia Philips, is well known; and the means he made uſe of to obtain a ſentence of nullity of that marriage is likewiſe no ſecret. At firſt he attempted by brutal uſage to force her to conſent to a legal ſeparation; accordingly, he came to her one night, and after giving her all the abuſive language in his power, ſhe was provoked beyond all poſſibility of bearing it, and made him ſuch tart anſwers, that he roſe from his chair, and flying to the window where his ſword lay, *You bitch*, ſaid he, *if I am to be ruined you ſhall never live to ſee it.* Her ſiſter who was then in the room, ſcreamed out *murder*, and the footman running in, ——had but juſt time to make one paſs at her, before the ſervant with a chair knocked

knocked the ſword out of his terrible hand, and ſheltered her for that time from his intrepid wrath. He went immediately out of the houſe, ſwearing moſt gallantly, *ſhe ſhould not however long eſcape him.* That evening Dr Paul and ſome other friends came to her houſe, and upon her telling them the uſage, they all agreed he muſt be a coward; and that if ſhe would pull up a ſpirit and frighten him a little, it would ſoon make him ſick of treating her in ſuch a ſcandalous manner. Neceſſity ſoon obliged her to follow their advice; for, the ſame night, or more properly ſpeaking at two o'clock the next morning, he came to the door, knocking as if he would beat it down. She had ordered her ſervants not to open it on any account, and riſing from her bed, ſhe went herſelf to the window of the dining-room, and perceived with him five or ſix of his ruffian counſellors and aſſiſtants at the door; but pretending not to know him, ſhe aſk'd, *Who is there? Who is there!* reply'd he; *you damn'd impudent bitch, you don't know me to be ſure! but order the order to be opened, or, by G—d, I will inſtantly break it open, and every bone in your ſkin alſo.*——I will give you leave, thought ſhe to herſelf, when you gain admittance: but ſhe reply'd, 'I don't know you 'indeed! you are robbers or ruffians that have beſet 'my houſe on ſome villainous intent, and if you don't 'inſtantly retire, I will give you from the window a 'brace of balls that I hope will have the good luck to 'bring down ſome of you.' This ſpeech ſet his companions into a loud laughter, and not being in the leaſt diſmay'd at her threats, they began to bang againſt the door with the clubs they had in their hands, and to fling up dirt at the windows; upon which, ſhe once more opened the ſaſh, and ſaid to them, 'Well; I find you 'will not be eaſy, and go about your buſineſs!——No, 'you bitch, ſaid he, not till we have done yours.—— 'Why then, have at you,' ſaid ſhe; and having a ſmall piſtol tinder box in her hand that uſed to ſtand by her bed-ſide, ſhe took from her ſervant a little powder with which he was making ſquibs, (the day following being the

fifth of November), and filling the cavity where the tinder is put, with the powder, ſhe fired it among them. The want of a paſſage made the exploſion full as loud as that of a piſtol, and the force of the powder cauſed it to fly out of her hand; but they, verily believing ſhe had put her menace in execution, heroically betook themſelves to their heels, and ſcoured off frightened out of their ſenſes. When they recovered from their fright, and, like Harlequin, had examined themſelves, to ſee if they were really dead or alive, the next thing to be done was to lay their heads together, to try what uſe they could make of this adventure; and accordingly ——— went the next morning, by the advice of his counſellors, to lord-chief-juſtice Pratt's chambers, where he ſwore the peace againſt her, and that he went every moment in danger of his life, for that ſhe had fired a piſtol at him with a deſign to murder him, *and he ſo narrowly eſcaped, that he felt the bullet upon his head.*

Lewis XIV. has been repreſented by all the hiſtorians that ever wrote of him, except Voltaire, as the haughtieſt monarch that ever lived, till the dread of the duke of Marlborough and his victories ſunk his pride. And there is an anecdote or two related even by that writer himſelf, that confirms this character of him more than a volume of panegyrics. The duke d'Antin, ſays Voltaire, diſtinguiſhed himſelf to his ſovereign by a very ſingular art, which conſiſted in not ſaying *agreeable* things, but in doing them. The king went to lie at Petitbourg, and found fault with a large wall of trees, which concealed the river from his view; the duke cauſed them all to be cut down in the night and carried off. His majeſty, when he awaked in the morning, was ſurpriſed to find the proſpect he had wiſhed for, and the trees which he had diſliked vaniſhed, and aſked the duke if his caſtle were inchanted? No, replied the miniſter; *'tis becauſe your majeſty curſed the trees that they ſo ſuddenly periſhed.*——The duke, finding this kind of adulation acceptable to the king, carried it to a

ſtill higher degree of vanity; for Lewis having found fault with a large wood at the end of the canal at Fontainbleau, he in the minute when his majeſty went out to take a walk, having had every thing in readineſs, ordered the wood to be thrown down, and inſtantly all the trees fell, as by a magic power. The courtier ſaying at the time, *Thus, Sire, do your enemies adore your greatneſs, by falling down before it.*

In 1722, Sir Richard Steele, who had formerly repreſented the towns of Borroughbridge in Yorkſhire, and Stockbridge in the county of Hants, was at a loſs where to make his election in parliament, as his finances were at that time a little diſordered; however, he was at laſt adviſed by his friend Hampden, to try Wendover in Bucks; which he did, and in order to ſave expences, he thought of a ſtratagem that had the deſired effect. Inſtead of the uſual method of treating at every public houſe in town, he cauſed a handſome entertainment to be provided at the principal inn, and invited every marry'd elector with his wife, to be preſent at it. All who know the character of Sir Richard, are ſenſible how capable he was to make ſuch a company immoderately merry, and to keep them ſo for more than an evening or two if it had ſuited his purpoſe. Accordingly, he ſoon brought them to a pitch, and in the height of their jollity, he took occaſion to addreſs himſelf to the ladies, telling them, that if what he was going to offer was agreeable to them, he hoped for their intereſt with their huſbands to chuſe him as their repreſentative in parliament for that borough. The women were all impatient to hear what he had to ſay; and at laſt, ſaid Sir Richard, *Ladies, I hope there is none here but wiſhes herſelf the mother of man-child, and as an encouragement to uſe your beſt endeavonrs, I promiſe each of you twenty guineas for every male you ſhall bring into the world within theſe ten months, and forty provided you bring twins.* The time when this was ſaid, and his manner of ſaying it, produced what he had imagined it would, a good deal of love and a

good

good deal of laughing; it gained upon the affections of the wives, and the wives got the voices of their huſbands; ſo that Sir Richard carried his election againſt a powerful oppoſition by a great majority.

In Dorſetſhire there is a monthly meeting of almoſt all the clergy in that county, who keep up by that means the greateſt harmony among one another that can be. At theſe meetings, the reverend Mr Pit is a conſtant member. Mr Pit is an excellent ſcholar, a ſound divine, a good companion, and a friendly neighbour; but his talent of preaching is eclipſed by a bad voice. His coachman, who was a ſimple, honeſt fellow, among other diſcourſe with the brethren of the cloth, that like him attended their maſters on thoſe occaſions, was wondering one day what ſo many parſons met ſo frequently together for? *Why, to zwap zermons, to be zure*, ſaid a ready witted fellow who happened to be of the company. *Then*, ſaid Mr Pit's coachman very inoffenſively, *Ize zure they cheat my maſter, for he never gets a good one; and if that be the caze, if he would be rul'd by a fool he ſhould never zwap another with them.*

Upon the acceſſion of his late majeſty to the throne, the parliament being diſſolved, and a new one called, (April 13, 1715) a committee of ſecrecy was choſen, to enquire into the conduct of the queen's late miniſtry, of which committee Mr Walpole (who as has been ſaid was ſo violently perſecuted by that miniſtry before) was now choſen chairman; and he was not wanting in his turn, to proſecute his enemies with the ſame degree of violence that he had formerly been proſecuted by them. Accordingly, before he read the report of the committee, he moved the Houſe, *That ſome ſuſpicious perſons might be committed, who ſhould be named to the Speaker, leſt they ſhould have notice from what ſhould be read in the report againſt them, to make their eſcape.* The proper reſolutions for that purpoſe being taken, Mr Speaker

iſſued out his warrants to the ſerjeant at arms to take into cuſtody the ſeveral perſons named by Mr Walpole, particularly Mr Matthew Prior, and Mr Thomas Harley; the firſt of whom was immediately apprehended, and the other ſome hours after. Walpole then read the report and gave it in at the table; but Mr Prior, who was ſo nearly concerned in the contents of it, drew up a moſt maſterly anſwer to it, wherein he criticiſes the language and ſtyle, and endeavours to falſify moſt of the facts. *The firſt thing they expreſs*, ſays Prior, *is, the ſurprize they are in to* find *ſeveral books and papers* wanting. *To* find *them* wanting *is extreme good Engliſh; but the ſenſe this phraſe muſt bear, is, that they* ſought *for what they could not* find. Mr Walpole after this moved, that the perſons taken into cuſtody might be examined in the moſt ſolemn manner; which being granted, he informed the Houſe two days after, that Matthew Prior, Eſq; had been examined the day before, when there appeared ſuch matters of importance, that the committee deſired he might be taken into cloſe cuſtody, as he was accordingly. Mr Prior afterwards drew up an account of this matter himſelf, wherein he humourouſly takes off the characters and behaviour of ſeveral of the committee men, particularly ſecretary Stanhope, Mr Lechmere, lord Coningſby, Mr Boſcawen, and Mr Walpole, whom he puts in a ſullen humour; and ſpeaking of Boſcawen, he ſays, 'I cannot here omit a ridiculous inſtance of my Middleſex juſtice's ſkill in the law: he was juſt going to ſet his name on the left hand of the paper, where I was to have ſet mine; and if he had not been timely cautioned by the chairman, it would have been the depoſition of *Hugh Boſcawen ſworn before me Matthew Prior*.

When Charles XII. king of Sweden was in exile at Bender, after the unfortunate battle of Pultowa, his dominions were haraſs'd continually, and ſome of them divided among his enemies. The K. of Denmark got the dutchies of Bremen and Verden, lying between the Elbe and

and the Weſer, and between the dominions of the houſe of Brunſwic-Lunenburg and the German ocean. This made made them a commodious purchaſe for the king of Great Britain, elector of Hanover, as they would open him a communication between his electorate and his kingdoms. The king of Denmark eaſily parted with the precarious tenure, which a little ſucceſs on the ſide of Charles would have enabled him to recover, and for the loan of 60,000 l. George I. got them ſequeſtered into hands. The Swediſh hero, enraged to ſee his dominions thus publickly put to ſale, conceived a reſentment againſt the purchaſer, who at that time reigned in the hearts of but half his ſubjects. An unſucceſsful rebellion had indeed ſomewhat reduced the oppoſite party, but had not altered their ſentiments; and they waited but for proper aſſiſtance to make another puſh in behalf of him whom they deemed their rightful ſovereign. If they had looked thro' all Europe, ſcarce ſuch another leader as the king of Sweden could have been found for their purpoſe. He was returned to his ſhattered dominions, breathing vengeance againſt all his oppreſſors. Gortz, his miniſter, entered into a correſpondence with cardinal Alberoni, who in a ſhort time had greatly reſtored the affairs of Spain, and they between them formed the plain of an invaſion in Scotland, where the heads of the party were let into the deſign, and expected the execution with impatience. To manage things the better, Gortz went ambaſſador to Holland, and Gyllenburg, one of his creatures and an able man, was ſent into England. Even the czar Peter, was upon the point of coming into this ſcheme, which was to terminate the war between him and Sweden; but this conſpiracy, as has been already obſerved, was diſcovered by the particular addreſs of the earl of Stair, then ambaſſador at the court of France, who ſent advice of it by an expreſs to London. Immediately Gyllenburg was ſeized in that capital, as was Gortz ſoon after at the Hague. Their papers were publiſhed by the Britiſh miniſtry, and the whole deſign by being expoſed was defeated.

Sir Richard Steele having one day invited to his houſe a great number of perſons of the firſt quality, they were ſurpriſed at the number of liveries which ſurrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had ſet them free from the obſervation of rigid ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir Richard how ſuch an expenſive train of domeſtics could be conſiſtent with his fortune. Sir Richard very frankly confeſſed that they were fellows, of whom he would very willingly be rid; and being then aſked why he did not diſcharge them, declared 'that they were bailiffs, who 'had introduced themſelves with an execution; and 'and whom, ſince he could not ſend them away, he 'had thought it convenient to embelliſh with liveries, 'that they might do him credit while they ſtaid.' His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt diſcharged their attendance; having obliged Sir Richard to promiſe that they ſhould never again find him graced with a retinue of the ſame kind.

Mr Savage, of whoſe character we ſhall ſpeak hereafter, was once deſired by Sir Richard Steele, with an air of the utmoſt importance, to come very early to his houſe in the morning; Mr Savage came as he had promiſed, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting ready to go into it. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire, but immediately ſeated himſelf with Sir Richard; the coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurry'd with the utmoſt expedition to Hyde-Park-Corner, where they ſtopt at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he intended to publiſh a pamphlet, and that he had deſired him to come thither that he might write for him. They ſoon ſat down to the work; Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was ſurprized at the meanneſs of the entertainment; and after ſome heſitation ventured to aſk for wine, which

Sir

Sir Richard not without reluctance ordered to be brought. They then finiſhed their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Mr Savage then imagined his taſk over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home: but his expectations deceived him; for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet muſt be ſold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production to ſale for two guineas, which with ſome difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and compoſed the pamphlet only to diſcharge his reckoning.

Having mentioned Mr Savage, his ſtory cannot fail to excite attention. In the year 1697, Anne counteſs of Macclesfield, having lived for ſome time upon very uneaſy terms with her huſband, thought a public confeſſion of adultery the moſt obvious and expeditious method of obtaining a divorce, and therefore declared, that the child with which ſhe was big was begotten by the earl Rivers. This, it may be imagined, made her huſband no leſs deſirous of a ſeparation than herſelf, and he proſecuted his deſign in parliament with ſuch effect, that he ſoon procured an act for diſſolving the marriage, annulling the nuptial contract, and illegitimating their children; in conſequence whereof, on the 3d of March, he was ſeparated from his wife, whoſe fortune, which was large, was repaid her, and who on the 10th of January had been delivered of a ſon. This ſon, earl Rivers very frankly acknowledged, by ſtanding godfather, giving him his own name, and recommending the care of his education to his mother, of whoſe tenderneſs of her own offspring he could not harbour the leaſt ſuſpicion. No ſooner, however, were all theſe ceremonies over, and recollection began to operate upon her mind, than lady Macclesfield began to conſider this innocent infant as the cauſe of that infamy which her own in-

incontinence and the violence of her averſion to her lord had brought upon herſelf, and to diſcover a reſolution of diſowning him: accordingly, in a very ſhort time, ſhe cauſed him to be removed from her ſight, and committed to the care of a poor woman, with whom ſhe made an agreement to educate him as her own, enjoining her at the ſame time never to inform him of his true parents. However, as it was impoſſible to avoid the enquiries which the curioſity of her relations made after the child, ſhe was obliged to give ſome account of the meaſures ſhe had taken to her mother, the lady Maſon, who, in conjunction with Mrs Loyd his godmother, paid that regard to his infant weakneſs which the barbarity of his mother made particularly neceſſary, till death put a period to the tenderneſs of the latter, and perhaps his own ingratitude to that of the former. When Mrs Loyd died, he was then about ten years of age, and lady Maſon placed him at a ſmall Grammar-ſchool near St Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurſe, without the leaſt intimation that he had a claim to any other, and where his progreſs in learning muſt have been very rapid, as the improvements he made were more than proportioned to the time that was allotted him; for in a few years the cruelty of his mother prompted her to form a project of diſcarding him for ever, by ſecretly ſending him to the American Plantations. Failing however in this, ſhe cauſed his reputed mother to place him with a ſhoemaker in Holborn, where it is probable he was employed at the awl much longer than he himſelf was willing to confeſs. It muſt be remembered, that while our youth was at ſchool, his father the earl Rivers was ſeized with a diſtemper, which in a ſhort time put an end to his life. He had frequently enquired after this ſon of his, and had always been amuſed with fallacious and evaſive anſwers; but being now in his own opinion on his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children, and therefore demanded a poſitive account of him, with an importunity not

to

to be diverted or denied. His mother declared that he was dead. The earl did not imagine there could exiſt in woman's form a mother that would ruin her ſon without enriching herſelf, and therefore beſtowed upon ſome other perſon 6000l. which he had in his will bequeathed to Savage. All this while the youth remained in a literal ſenſe a *ſtranger to himſelf;* but his nurſe dying, who had always treated him as her ſon, in rummaging her effects which he now looked upon as his own, he found ſeveral letters written to her by lady Maſon, which informed him of his birth, and the reaſons for which it was concealed. On this diſcovery, the vileneſs of his occupation appeared deteſtable to him; he thought he had a right to ſhare the affluence of his mother, and therefore applied to her as her ſon, uſing every art to awaken her tenderneſs and attract her regard; but without effect. She ſtill reſolved to neglect, though ſhe could no longer diſown him; and ordered him to be excluded from her houſe by whomſoever he might be introduced, and what reaſon ſoever he might give for entering it. The poor youth was at the ſame time ſo touched, or perhaps ſo elated with the diſcovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for ſeveral hours before her door, in hopes of ſeeing her as ſhe might come by accident to the window, or croſs the apartment with a candle in her hand. But all his aſſiduity and tenderneſs were to no purpoſe; he could neither ſoften her heart, nor open her hand; and was reduced to the utmoſt miſeries of want, while he was endeavouring to awaken the affection of a mother. He was therefore obliged to ſeek ſome other means of ſupport, and having no profeſſion, became by neceſſity an Author. With the few inſtructions he had received, and his own obſervation, he finiſhed a comedy called *Woman's a Riddle*, and in his eighteenth year offered it to the ſtage; but not being accepted, two years afterwards he wrote *Love in a Veil*, another comedy, which was received and acted; but being late in the year, he reaped no other advantage from its ſucceſs than the acquaintance

tance of Sir Richard Steele and Mr Wilks, by whom he was pitied, careſſed, and relieved. Sir Richard having declared in his favour with all the ardour of benevolence which conſtituted his character, promoted his intereſt with the utmoſt zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all opportunities of recommending him, and aſſerted, *that the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father.* By Mr Wilks' interpoſition he once received from his mother, the ſum of 50l. with a promiſe of 150l. more, which ſhe never paid him. But Mrs Oldfield was ſo much pleaſed with his converſation and touched with his misfortunes that ſhe allowed him a ſettled penſion of 50l. a year, which during her life was regularly paid; and this, added to the profits of his writings, and the liberal contributions of his friends, and the favour of the players, by whoſe intereſt he ſometimes procured a benefit, might have ſupported him even to prodigality, had his expences been regulated with œconomy; but the abuſe of riches was among the foibles of this unhappy man's life, the moſt diſtreſsful incident, of which, juſt as he was advancing in reputation, I ſhall beg leave to relate, as it is properly the Anecdote to which what has hitherto been ſaid, is only by way of introduction. On the 20th of Nov. 1727, Mr Richard Savage came from Richmond, where he then lodged, that he might purſue his ſtudies with leſs interruption, with an intent to diſcharge another lodging which he had in Weſtminſter; and accidently meeting two gentlemen of his acquaintance, whoſe names were *Merchant* and *Gregory*, he went with them to a neighbouring coffee-houſe, and ſat drinking till it was late, it being in no time of his life any part of his character to be the firſt of his company that deſired to ſeparate. He would willingly have gone to bed in the ſame houſe, but there was not room for all three, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the ſtreets, and divert themſelves with ſuch amuſements as occurred till morning. In their walk they happened unluckily to diſcover light in Robinſon's coffee-

houſe

houſe near Charing-Croſs, and therefore went in. Merchant with ſome rudeneſs demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not ſatisfied with this anſwer, ruſhed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himſelf between the company and the fire, and ſoon after kicked down the table. This produced a quarrel, ſwords were drawn on both ſides, and one Mr James Sinclair was killed; Savage having likewiſe wounded a maid that held him, forced his way with Merchant out of the houſe; but being intimidated and confuſed without reſolution either to fly or ſtay, they were taken in a back court by one of the company and ſome ſoldiers whom he had called to his aſſiſtance. Being ſecured and guarded that night, they were in the morning carried before three juſtices, who committed them to the Gate-houſe, from whence upon the death of Mr Sinclair, which happened the ſame day, they were removed in the night to Newgate where however they were treated with ſome diſtinction, exempted from the ignominy of chains, and confined not among the common criminals, but in the Preſs yard. When the day of trial came, the court was crowded in a very unuſual manner, and the public appeared to intereſt itſelf as in a cauſe of general concern. The witneſſes againſt Mr Savage and his friends were, the woman who kept the houſe and her maid, the men who were in the room with Mr Sinclair, and a woman of the town who had been drinking with them. They ſwore in general that Merchant gave the provocation, which Savage and Gregory drew their ſwords to juſtify; that Savage drew firſt, and that he ſtabbed Sinclair when he was not in a poſture of defence, or which was worſe, while Gregory commanded his ſword; that after he had given the thruſt he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke by cutting the maid on the head, but was afterwards taken in a court.

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Add to this, that Sinclair had declared ſeveral times before his death, that he received his wound from Savage; nor did Savage on his trial deny the fact, but endeavoured partly to extenuate it by urging the ſuddenneſs of the whole action, and the impoſſibility of any ill deſign or premeditated malice, and partly to juſtify it by the neceſſity of ſelf-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had loſt that opportunity of giving the thruſt: with regard to the violence with which he endeavoured his eſcape, he declared, that it was not his deſign to fly from juſtice, or decline a trial, but to avoid the expences and ſeverities of a priſon, and that he intended to have appeared at the bar without compulſion.——— ———This defence which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court with the moſt attentive and reſpectful ſilence. Thoſe who thought he ought not to be acquitted owned that applauſe could not be refuſed him; and thoſe who before pitied his misfortunes, now reverenced his abilities. Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted: but Mr Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with his uſual inſolence and ſeverity, and when he had ſummed up the evidence, endeavoured to exaſperate the jury, as Mr Savage uſed to relate it, with this eloquent harangue; *Gentlemen of the jury, you are to conſider, that Mr Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine cloaths, much finer cloaths than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard caſe, gentlemen of jury, that Mr Savage ſhould therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury.* In conſequence of this ſpeech, and the evidence of the witneſſes, Mr Savage was found guilty, and had now no hopes of life but from the mercy of the crown, which was very earneſtly ſollicited by his friends, and which, with whatever difficulty the ſtory may obtain belief, was obſtructed

only

only by his mother. The countess of Hertford, however, so successfully interceded for him that he was soon admitted to bail, and on the 9th of March, 1728, pleaded the king's pardon.

Mr Wilks, who, with Colley Cibber and Mr Dogget, was one of the managers of the Old House under Sir Richard Steele, was a gentleman of great humanity, and remarkably kind to his countrymen, where he observed the least desert; one instance does great honour to his memory, which was this: Mr Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered by an impediment in his pronunciation from engaging in orders, for which his friends designed him, left his own country, and came to London in quest of employment, but found his solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day more pressing. In this distress he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he had no other prospect than that of the most deplorable poverty. But Mr Wilks thought his performance, though not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with so much diligence, that the House afforded him a considerable sum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himself to the study of physic, and prosecuted his design with so much diligence and success, that when Dr Boerhaave was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper persons to introduce into Russia the practice and study of physic, Dr Smith was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable pension settled on him at his arrival, and is now, or was lately, one of the chief physicians at the Russian court.

When Mr Pultney, now earl of Bath, quarrelled with Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford, and threw up his employments at court in consequence of that quarrel, a paper war ensued, which was carried on with great acrimony on both sides, and in the course

of the diſpute ſome ſecrets were diſcovered, which moſt people thought ought not to have been revealed. One of the moſt curious anecdotes then made public, concerned the reconciliation between his preſent majeſty, then prince of Wales, and the late king. Mr P—y aſſures us, upon his honour, that Mr W—le told him of that reconciliation, and that a bargain was made for thoſe whigs who had reſigned their employments, to be reſtored by degrees. To this Mr P——y replied, *Who, pray, is it that has had authority to make this bargain?* The anſwer was, *I have done it with the miniſtry; and it was inſiſted on that lord Townſhend ſhould know of the tranſaction. Neither lord Cowper, the Speaker, nor any other elſe knew it, and therefore we hope you will not take it amiſs that it was kept a ſecret from you.* *Not I*, ſaid Mr P——; *but I think it very odd, that any one ſhould preſume to take a plenary authority upon himſelf, to deal for ſuch numbers as were concerned in an affair of this conſequence.* 'Twas replied, *We have not had our own intereſts alone in view; we have bargained for all our friends. I am to be at the head of the treaſury; lord Sunderland will be the diſpoſer of the ſecret ſervice money; but I would not conſent, knowing that the chief power of a miniſter depends on the diſpoſition of it. We know that you value nothing of this kind. and ſo have have obtained a peerage for you.* —-—— *Since you acquaint me*, ſays Mr P——y, *with what terms you have made for me, what are thoſe you have made for the prince?* To this Mr W——le anſwered with a ſneer, *Why he is to go to court again, and will have his drums, and his guards, and ſuch fine things.* Being aſked whether the prince was to be left regent again, when the king went out of England, he anſwered, *No, why ſhould he? He does not deſerve it. We have done too much for him; and if it were to be done again, we would not do ſo much.*

There is a very remarkable paſſage in the life of Sir Thomas More, who was lord chancellor of England in the

the reign of Henry VIII. and beheaded by that tyrant for refuſing to acknowledge his ſupremacy over the church. One of the articles charged againſt him was this, that upon his examination in the Tower, it being demanded, if he approved the Act of Supremacy; his anſwer was, *That the queſtion was like a two edged ſword; if he anſwered one way it would deſtroy his body; and if the other way his ſoul;* But what particularly deſerves to be remembered of him is, that while he executed the high office already mentioned, his expedition in determining cauſes was ſuch, that one day when he called for the next cauſe, it was anſwered, *There are no more to be heard;* all ſuits in that court depending and ready for hearing, being finally determined; on which occaſion ſome perſons of that time made theſe verſes:

When More *ſome years had chancellor been*
No more *ſuits did remain,*
The ſame ſhall never more *be ſeen*
Till More *be there again.*

In the laſt year of queen Anne's reign, when lord Bolingbroke and ſome others of the miniſtry had appointed Mr Barber, (afterwards alderman Barber) to print a pamphlet, which was entitled, *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, in anſwer to Sir Richard Steele's CRISIS; and, at that time, was calculated to ſerve ſome other important purpoſes; there happened to be one paſſage in it highly injurious to the Scots, and ſeverely reflecting on their whole nation. This exceptionable part was ſoon faſtened upon by the nobility of that kingdom, and reſented as ſoon as it appeared in public. The Scots Peers took notice of it in the houſe of lords, with the ſtrongeſt marks of indignation; they complained of the inſult, and inſiſted on having the author and printer puniſhed with the greateſt ſeverity. This was an unexpected alarm to the miniſtry, who were under an abſolute neceſſity of diſowning publickly, what they privately had committed to the preſs. In this dilemma Barber was

ſent for with all imaginable haſte, in order to conſult what method or expedient could be hit upon to extricate them all out of their preſent difficulty. The miniſtry not willing to appear in the affair, rather promoted the proſecution of the printer, than in any degree ſeemed to diſcourage it; and therefore it was agreed to by the lords, that the printer ſhould be brought before them the day following. This Barber knew, and with great ſagacity took back all the unſold copies from the publiſhers before the ſtate-meſſengers had made any ſearch for them, and in an exceeding ſhort ſpace of time ſent them an equal number of pamphlets which to all appearance were the very ſame; but lord Bolingbroke had drawn up for Barber another paragraph which was inſerted, inſtead of the obnoxious one. This alteration was executed ſo ſpeedily, and the faulty ſheet cancelled through the whole impreſſion with ſo great care and expedition, that when the books were ſeized in his cuſtody, and he brought to anſwer before the lords, the whole was ſettled and adjuſted to the ſafety as well as the ſatisfaction of the author. According to order Barber appeared before the Houſe the next day; and being interrogated as to his printing and publiſhing ſuch a pamphlet, he poſitively deny'd, that in the edition he had printed there was any ſuch paragraph as they ordered to be read publickly to him. To convict him effectually they called for one of thoſe very books which were taken in his poſſeſſion, and referred to the particular page. But, to their amazement, as well as great diſappointment, no traces of ſuch reflections were to be found, the ſuſpected page being filled rather with compliment than invective; on which he was honourably diſcharged.

It is recorded of Julius Cæſar, that long before the conſpiracy againſt him of which Caſſius and Brutus were the ringleaders, he had warning given him of his death by many evident preſages, but particularly by a certain aſtrologer, who by the planetary configurations had foreſeen ſome imminent danger to threaten him on the day of the

the Ides of March, meaning the fifteenth of that month. Cæſar was himſelf an aſtronomer, as appears by his correcting the kalendar, which till his time was very erroneous; but he ſeems to have entertained the utmoſt contempt of the art of divination; for on that day, Cæſar meeting the aſtrologer as he was going to the ſenate-houſe, merrily rallied him on his ides of March. *They are come, 'tis true*, ſaid the venerable old father, *but they are not yet paſt.*——In a few hours after, he was ſtabbed with twenty three wounds, and giving only one groan, expired.

There is a parallel ſtory to this told in Father Daniel's Hiſtory of France. Henry IV. ſays that hiſtorian, was diſſuaded from going abroad the day on which the villain Ravilliac accompliſhed his treaſon. The reaſon was, the wiſe men who had been employ'd to calculate his nativity had foretold, that his life would be in very great danger on that day; but his majeſty deſpiſing thoſe preſages, like a king and a chriſtian reply'd, *that it was an offence to God to diſtruſt his providence, and that having God to his guard, he feared no man.*

We have already related an anecdote of Mr * * * *, while he yet acknowledged himſelf huſband to the celebrated Conſtantia Philips; but having obtained a ſentence of nullity of their marriage (*partly* by conſent) he afterwards married ſerjeant * * * *'s daughter, and in a few days after their marriage, (it being the king's birth day) they made their firſt appearance at court. Mrs Conſtantia Philips, being appriſed of what would happen, went likewiſe to court dreſſed in the gayeſt manner; and happening to be in the drawing-room, before the new bride, bridegroom, and the reſt of the family came in, it afforded great entertainment to thoſe who knew them all, to obſerve the embarraſſment of their different countenances. Mr M * * * * diſcovered great confuſion at the ſight of his former wife; and was ſo little able to bear the ſhock, that he retired from the rooms

with the utmoſt precipitation. The father and mother of the new bride, perceiving their ſon-in-law ſo much diſconcerted, caught the contagion; and every face but that of the young lady, who was alone unconſcious of guilt, betray'd a perplexity, which gave no very advantageous idea of their innocence. Conſtantia, when all this happened, was ſitting in a window with the late duke of Argyle; and giving the hint to his Grace, whoſe excellent wit and turn of humour is ſo well known, it may be imagined he would hardly loſe ſuch an opportunity of laughing with, or more properly at the ſerjeant, who was well acquainted with the whole connexion between Conſtantia and his new ſon-in-law, and that it was in her power to renew her claim of marriage whenever ſhe thought proper. Accordingly his Grace going up to the ſerjeant with a countenance full of gravity, wiſhed him joy; and chatting about indifferent matters, inſenſibly drew him to that part of the room in which Conſtantia was; then pointing towards her, ſaid, *pray D**, did you ever ſee ſo beautiful a creature! ſuch a ſhape! ſuch a ſkin! ſuch eyes! for God's ſake do you know her? I am quite in love with her, and ſhall go diſtracted till I can learn who ſhe is! Egad,* continued the duke, *if I were not married, that ſhould be the lady.* Never was man ſo tortured as the poor ſerjeant, who did not think fit to confeſs he knew her; but gravely anſwered, *he admitted ſhe was a moſt charming creature;* and at the ſame time freed himſelf from the duke's raillery, under preſence of going to make his bow in the circle; and I believe, rejoiced in his eſcape: for he was too well acquainted with his Grace's talent not to underſtand the ridicule intended; and which no doubt, put the good old ſerjeant in the condition of the Frogs in the fable—*What was mirth to the duke, was death to D****.*

In the firſt Dutch war that happened in king Charles IId's reign, prince Rupert and the duke of Albemarle jointly commanded the fleet on the coaſt of Suſſex; but it was in general obſerved that the duke left all things

to

to the conduct and ſkill of the prince, declaring modeſtly upon all occaſions, that he was himſelf no ſeaman. One time, however, a hot diſpute aroſe between them, which will ſerve to illuſtrate ſome part of the duke's character. When prince Rupert firſt ſpied the Dutch fleet making towards him, the whole blue ſquadron was ſo far a-ſtern, that the prince thought it abſolutely neceſſary to ſlacken ſail, that they might have time to join. But the duke of Albemarle oppoſed this eagerly, undertaking that the ſhip in which they were, with about twenty more, would prove ſufficient to beat all the enemy's fleet; at leaſt to keep them in play till the reſt ſhould come up. The prince aſtoniſhed at ſuch unaccountable intrepidity, made the officers on board ſmile to ſee him take on himſelf the timorous, cautious, and prudent part, which did not uſe to be his cuſtom: he declared he would never conſent to ſuch a raſhneſs as might very probably occaſion the loſs of the admiral's ſhip, and perhaps the ruin of the whole fleet in conſequence of that loſs; which obliged the good old man to yield at laſt, though with great reluctance. As ſoon however as the bloody flag was ſet up, before the ſtorm aroſe that parted the fleets at this time, Mr Savill and another gentleman-volunteer, being on the quarter-deck, obſerved him charging a very little piſtol, and putting it in his pocket, which was ſo odd a ſort of weapon on ſuch an occaſion, that they could imagine no other reaſon for it, except his having taken a reſolution of going into the powder-room to blow up the ſhip, in caſe at any time ſhe ſhould be in danger of being taken, for his grace had often been heard to ſay, that he would anſwer for nothing but that they ſhould never be carried into Holland; and therefore Savill and his companion, in a laughing way, moſt mutinouſly reſolved to throw him over-board, in caſe they ſhould ever catch him going down to the powder-room.

Not long after this, our fleet happening to go near the ſhore to take in freſh water, prince Rupert dined with a gentleman who lived in the neighbourhood where they

they were, and returning on board in a little boat, accompanied only by the duke of Buckingham (then a youth and volunteer) and lord Blany, ſuddenly there aroſe a violent ſtorm which neither of them ſeemed to reliſh. The prince in particular began to talk of prince Maurice's being caſt away by a like accident; upon which the duke of Buckingham, who was but a ſort of freſh water ſailor at that time, began to reflect upon the fate of his family alſo, calling to mind that his grandfather and three of his brothers had been drowned. The lord Blany hearing all this made them both ſmile in the very height of their danger, by ſwearing, *that though he liked their company very well on ſhore, he wiſhed himſelf out of it now, if it were but in an Indian canoe, ſince he feared the damn'd fortune of their two families would ſink him.*

Having mentioned this duke of Buckingham, whoſe works in proſe and verſe have made his name famous, we ſhall juſt produce one paſſage from his life that has ſomething in it worth relating, as it not only ſhews the high notions of honour which that nobleman had entertained in his youth, but is likewiſe characteriſtic of another celebrated wit of that time, whoſe ſentiments of honour were not of the ſame caſt with his grace's: for the reader's entertainment I ſhall give the ſtory in the duke's own words, 'I was informed, ſays he, that the earl of 'Rocheſter had ſaid ſomething of me, which, according 'to his cuſtom, was very malicious; I therefore ſent 'Colonel Aſton, a very mettled friend of mine to call 'him to account for it. He denied the words, and in'deed I was ſoon convinced he had never ſaid them; 'but the mere report, though I found it to be falſe, o'bliged me (as I then fooliſhly thought) to go on with 'the quarrel; and the next day was appointed for us 'to fight on horſeback, a way in England a little unu'ſual; but it was his part to chuſe. Accordingly, I 'and my ſecond lay the night before at Knightſbridge 'privately, to avoid being ſecured at London upon any 'ſuſpicion;

'ſuſpicion; which yet we found ourſelves more in dan-
'of there, becauſe we had all the appearance of high-
'waymen that had a mind to be ſkulking in an odd inn
'for one night: But this, I ſuppoſe, the people of that
'inn were uſed to, and ſo took no notice of us, but liked
'us the better, as we ſpent our money freely. In the
'morning we met the lord Rocheſter at the place ap-
'pointed, who inſtead of James Porter, whom he aſſur-
'ed Aſton he would make his ſecond, brought an er-
'rant life-guard-man, whom nobody knew. To this
'Mr Aſton took exception, as being no ſuitable adver-
'ſary; eſpecially conſidering how extremely well he
'was mounted, whereas as we had only a couple of
'pads; upon which, we all agreed to fight on foot.
'But as my lord Rocheſter and I (continues his grace)
'were riding into the next field in order to it, his lord-
'ſhip told me, that he had at firſt choſen to fight on
'horſeback, becauſe he was ſo weak with a certain di-
'ſtemper, that he found himſelf unfit any way, much
'leſs on foot. I was extremely ſurpriſed, becauſe at
'that time no man had a better reputation for courage,
'and my anger againſt him being quite over, (becauſe
'I was ſatisfied he never ſpoke the words I reſented) I
'took the liberty of repreſenting what a ridiculous ſtory
'it would make, if we returned without fighting, and
'therefore adviſed him for both our ſakes, eſpecially for
'his own, to conſider better of it, ſince I muſt be obliged
'in my own defence to lay the fault on him by telling
'the truth of the matter. His anſwer was, that he ſub-
'mitted to it, and hoped that I would not deſire the
'advantage of having to do with any man in ſo weak a
'condition. I replied, that by ſuch an argument he
'had ſufficiently tied my hands, upon condition I might
'call our ſeconds to be witneſs of the whole buſineſs;
'which he conſented to, and ſo we parted.——When
'we returned to London, we found it full of this quar-
'rel, upon our being abſent ſo long; and therefore Mr
'Aſton thought himſelf obliged to write down every
'word and circumſtance of this whole matter, in order

'to

'to ſpread every where the true reaſon of our returning 'without having fought; which being never in the 'leaſt either contradicted or reſented by the lord Ro- 'cheſter, entirely ruined his reputation as to courage, '(of which I was really ſorry to be the occaſion) tho' 'no body had ſtill a greater as to wit; which ſupported 'him pretty well in the world, notwithſtanding ſome 'more accidents of the ſame kind, that never fail to 'ſucceed one another when once people know a man's 'weakneſs.'

In the year 1672, monſieur de Schomberg was invited into England, to command the new-rais'd army incamped on Blackheath, which was under the then D. of Buckingham, George Villiers, and under him only, who had a commiſſion of lieutenant-general. But he being no great ſoldier, and on ill terms with the duke of York; who influenced all military affairs at that time, it was thought convenient to join with him a perſon of ſuch reputation as Schomberg, and he was choſen the rather becauſe his advancement in France was owing chiefly to the duke of York, when in that ſervice.——As ſoon as he arrived, partly encouraged to it by his friends, or rather the then D. of Buckingham's enemies, he refuſed to ſerve equally with him, and ſo obtained a commiſſion to be general; upon which (as was expected) the other quitted the ſervice immediately.——Juſt at this time the duke of Monmouth was ſetting up in France to be a ſoldier; and being ſo favoured at Maeſtricht by the French king, as to have a ſure and eaſy attack kept back on purpoſe till his day of commanding, the credit of that action here ſufficed to give him a reputation ever after.—Our fleet was now ready to make ſail; it is thought there never was before ſeen ſo great a fleet.—The reaſon why the duke of York did not ſhine as before, was his refuſing the teſt paſſed in parliament the winter before, on purpoſe to exclude him; ſo that as ſoon as ever his enemies had ſet the ſnare, he fell into it.———The Greyhound being the beſt of thoſe veſſels which

which accompanied the fleet, was choſed by monſieur de Schomberg for himſelf and the before mentioned duke, (for he ſerved in that expedition under him) with whom he had the good fortune to live in great familiarity and friendſh p. —— There being often occaſion for their ſpeaking with other officers, who in hazy weather eſpecially, were at a loſs ſometimes to find the Greyhound, in the midſt of ſuch a multitude of other ſhips, monſieur de Schomberg enquired one day of the duke of Buckingham, if it might not be proper to hang up ſomething for a ſignal, by which all the land-officers might know whither to repair, either to give account of their condition, or to receive his orders? He preſently anſwered, that though he had the command of a great ſhip the laſt ſummer, yet he was but a young ſeaman; and therefore only adviſed him to conſult with Clement, the captain of the Greyhound, who by right alſo was to be principally regarded in his own ſhip. Captain Clement was ſent for, and preſently conſented to a thing which he thought not only reaſonable but neceſſary, to prevent delays or miſtakes, which made the General, according to his accuſtomed civility, aſk the duke his conſent to hang up in the ſhrouds one of the colours of his own regiment that happened to lie then on the deck, ſaying, that he choſe ſuch a ſort of ſignal, as more proper for him to make uſe of, than any of thoſe which belonged to the ſea; but it had not been up half an hour, when both of them ſitting together on the quarter-deck, heard a bullet whizzing over their heads, and another in the ſame manner preſently after; at which they began to think cannon-bullets that came ſo near a little worth the minding, but were extremely ſurpriſed to perceive they came from the admiral. ——By this time captain Clement was alarmed alſo, and he confirming the general's apprehenſion of Pr. Rupert's diſliking his ſignal, was ſent immediately to explain the occaſion of its being ſet up, and to receive the prince's orders, either in that, or any thing elſe.—But the prince in the mean time, had ſent lieutenant Whitby with his poſitive or-

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ders to pull down the flag, who arriving on board the Greyhound juſt after captain Clement had been ſent away, it was thought ſo impoſſible for the prince to remain unſatisfied, after he ſhould hear Clement about it, that Whitby was deſired to return with this reſpectful anſwer, That if his Highneſs continued in the ſame mind, after hearing the occaſion from captain Clement, the flag ſhould be taken down immediately. But the prince ſeeing Whitby's boat come from the Greyhound, without the flag's being taken down, and captain Clement juſt arrived on board him, in great anger orders him to be clapped into the bilboes, without ſo much as hearing either him or his meſſage, and commanded his gunner to ſink the Greyhound immediately if the flag was not taken down.—In ſuch a caſe of extremity, the volunteers on board the prince, took the liberty of interpoſing a little, and conjured him to have only the patience of letting ſome of them go preſently to the Greyhound, in order to prevent any miſunderſtanding; conſidering that ſome allowance might be made for a miſtake in a land officer and a ſtranger. It was not hard for perſons of that rank (among whom was the earl of Carliſle, a privy-counſellor, and what was more a great friend of the prince) to be conniv'd at in going immediately on board the Greyhound, and it was eaſy for them all immediately to pull down the flag rather than be ſunk; but neither they nor the duke of Buckingham, who was a little concerned with him in the ill uſage, were able to pacify the general, who interpreted all this harſh way of proceeding, as coming from an old pique in prince Rupert.—The court was inclined before not to be over partial to prince Rupert, who ſeemed as jealous as any body of its growing arbitrary, by any great ſucceſs over Holland, though himſelf was generaliſſimo againſt it.——Now the duke of Buckingham wrote an account of this buſineſs to the king, ſo plainly and impartially, that all the prince's complaints, on his ſide, were inſignificant; which added to his jealouſy of the court, incited him to command away all the land-forces to Yarmouth,

mouth, where they lay incamped all ſummer by the ſea-ſide, without being ever re imbarked, or able to do the leaſt ſervice. Monſieur de Schomberg obeyed, but took no leave of the prince, and engaged the duke of Buckingham to carry him a challenge after the expedition was was over, which the king prevented, though not out of kindneſs to either of them; for as he was unſatisfied with the prince's conduct, ſo monſieur de Schomberg's popularity among the diſaffected gentry in the country, was unjuſtly repreſented to his prejudice, and his affable kind of behaviour, (which he thought neceſſary in a ſtranger intending to ſettle here), taken for a factious deſign of complying with the country party.—This was the cauſe of the duke of Monmouth's advancement, for the duke of York eſteeming his forwardneſs and inclination to the war, thought him the fitteſt perſon to be ſet up againſt Schomberg, from whom he was now perfectly alienated, and ſo made his court to the king at the ſame time by recommending his beloved ſon to be at the head of the military affairs, which himſelf hoped ſtill to influence by that means; yet Schomberg's ſtaying here had been an invincible obſtacle to their deſigns, if the diſguſt he took at being refuſed the garter, had not ſoon contributed to his leaving the nation; which favour it ſeems he long deſired, though ſo privately, that the duke of Buckingham received the promiſe of that honour in the camp at Yarmouth, without having the leaſt imagination that his general had been his rival, who reſented it a little more, becauſe it was beſtowed on the duke who was but a colonel under him.——Thus all things concurred with the duke of Monmouth's ambition, as ſoon as prince Rupert was out of favour, and the duke of York out of capacity, by reaſon of the late teſt for papiſts.——The firſt ſtep of the duke of Monmouth's riſing to authority in the army, was his being entruſted with the care, though not the command of it, which the lord Arlington conſented to, both in friendſhip to him, and for his own eaſe, but orders paſſed through the duke's hands.——The ſecond advance he made

was the king's ſending his commands to every colonel that they ſhould obey all directions that came from the duke of Monmouth. This wanted but the formality of a commiſſion to make him an abſolute general.——But now an accident fell out, for notwithſtanding the very great intimacy between the duke of York and his nephew, ſuch a firm one, that even a direct contrary intereſt was unable to weaken; yet a little inconſtancy in one of their miſtreſſes, though in favour of a third perſon, was the accidental cauſe of ſuch a diviſion between them as never ceaſed till it coſt one of them the hazard of his crown, and the other his life on a ſcaffold.——At the return of the army from Yarmouth, the Holland regiment was given to the duke of Buckingham, and was joined to another he had raiſed, by which he remained in command after the peace, when all the new colonels were diſbanded. This made thoſe two dukes think of him ſoon after for commanding the firſt regiment of foot-guards, and deſigned the king ſhould buy colonel Ruſſel out of it for that purpoſe, having before prevailed with the lord Craven to let him come over his head, who commanded the ſecond regiment, but juſt while this was ſettling, the duke of Monmouth, who was ever engaged in ſome amour, fell into great anger with the duke of Buckingham, for an unlucky diſcovery that made a great noiſe in the court at that time.——He had always great temper, and therefore offered no affront on the ſpot, but wanted not the cunning to revenge himſelf a better way, by privately obtaining a promiſe of the king to let him have that command which was deſigned for the duke of Buckingham, and foreſeeing that then his own would become void, and perhaps be given to the duke, he propoſed the earl of Oſſory for that, againſt whom there could be no objection: ſo ſtopping up his way in both places.—The duke of York, having openly made them friends, ſuſpected no ſuch artifice, as he found him but too capable of afterwards in a much greater matter; Accordingly, he thought it time to move the king about that alteration in the guards,

not

not in the leaſt apprehending a repulſe, (for the king, though of more wit than thoſe that influenced him, had that foible of his family, to be eaſily impoſed on), but the king aſſured his brother, that never dreaming of this his propoſal he was engaged already; that it was to another of his very great friends; and then naming him, wondered at his being no ſooner acquainted with it.——The duke of York, with great reſentment, preſently told this to the duke of Buckingham, wondering that an alteration ſhould be reſolved on in two of the beſt commands in the army, without his being firſt acquainted with it. It was natural for a man who had loſt his pretenſions, not to leſſen his concern in the duke of York; and therefore Buckingham, who during the duke of Monmouth's quarrel to him had often try'd in vain to ſhake his intereſt with the prince, was reſolved not to loſe ſo fair an opportunity to part them for ever. —He therefore told him of how little importance his own ſhare in that buſineſs was, and that he found himſelf amply recompenced by his being ſo much concerned about it; but he expreſſed himſelf extremely troubled at another part of this affair, which he ſaid gave him a ſtrange ſort of ſuſpicion. The duke could not fail to inquire what it was, and with a ſeeming reluctance the D. of Buckingham explained it.--That the D. of Monmouth's own command of the horſe life-guard, was better than colonel Ruſſel's regiment of foot, both for honour and profit; and therefore he would hardly change it thus without ſome ill deſign, to which twenty four companies of foot might be more of uſe than a ſingle troop of horſe. ——That the diſappointing him could not be his only aim, ſince he might have had that ſatisfaction, as well by getting the earl of Offory into that regiment, without taking it himſelf, by leaving a better poſt for it.—— As the duke of York grew warm at this, he engaged him more, by freely quitting his own pretenſions, if his highneſs could find a truſty man for it, whom the duke of Monmouth could have no pretence to oppoſe, as he did him on account of their quarrel; repreſenting

it to be a poſt of ſuch conſequence, that one day, perhaps, no leſs a thing than the crown of England might depend on it.----The duke of York accepted kindly the laying down his pretenſions, and propoſed ſome others for that command, but to no purpoſe, for the king reproached him with oppoſing a thing ſettled between himſelf and his ſon; upon which thoroughly chaffed, he tried a little with the lord Arlington, the duke of Monmouth's great adviſer, and gave him to underſtand, that if the duke of Monmouth would not deſiſt from preſſing it any farther, he muſt loſe his friendſhip, which had been ſo uſeful to him, and conſequently pay too dear a price for what was a trifle in compariſon with it: To which that dextrous miniſter replied ſomething haughtily, *That the duke of Monmouth could not need the favour of his highneſs, more than his highneſs needed the king's, which he might hazard to leſſen by thus croſſing his inclination for ſo beloved a ſon.*---- With this ſurpriſing anſwer from a ſecretary of ſtate, the duke grew more concerned than ever, and at laſt was driven on the only expedient now left, to ſecure that employment in ſafe hands, which ſerved in the next place to ſatisfy the revenge of the duke of Buckingham in keeping the duke of Monmouth out of it, to that end the duke of Buckingham adviſed him to ſend immediately for colonel Ruſſel who was very covetous, and by any means whatſoever, that is, any money, to charm him out of his reſolution to ſell his command, which the king was ſo far from impoſing on any ancient officer of ſuch merit and quality, that he kindly aſſured him that no ſuch change had ever been thought of, if Mr Ruſſel himſelf had not aſked the favour of ſelling his command for the good of his heir. What paſſed between the duke of York and col. Ruſſel is not hard to gueſs, for the latter kept his command, by pretending to the king that when it came to the point, he could not find in his heart to quit the ſervice, and deſired to die in it. But upon all this matter followed ſuch animoſity between thoſe two princes the dukes of York and Monmouth, as will ſerve

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to fill our annals with the fatal effects of it, while this firſt occaſion of their breach is not ſo much as mentioned.—The turns at court are ſuch, that, after all this buſtle and competition between them about this regiment of guards, a third perſon not then thought of for ſuch a command, nor ſo much as in the army, luckily got it from them both, by the duke of York's being abſent in Scotland, and Ruſſel's quitting his intereſt on account of the popiſh plot, and ſo renewing his deſire to ſell.—— The D. of Monmouth was at that time in ſuch diſfavour, as to have his government of Hull and lord lieutenancy of Yorkſhire given to the duke of Buckingham, which with the old regiment he had before, was already more than, being ſo young, he could reaſonably pretend to. The king therefore, at laſt, bought that command of colonel Ruſſel, for his other ſon the duke of Grafton.

Moliere, the great Comic-poet of France, was eſteem'd an excellent actor. He died in performing the part of the *Hypochondriac* in a comedy of his own writing called, *Le Malade Imaginaire* (which is a part of a comedy in England called the *Mother-in-law*), on the 17th of Feb. 1679, in his grand Climacteric. The archbiſhop of Paris would not allow his body to be inhum'd in conſecrated ground, which the king being informed of, ſent for the archbiſhop, and expoſtulated with him; but he was an obſtinate churchman, and would not willingly condeſcend to his majeſty's perſuaſions. The king finding him unwilling to comply, deſired to know how many feet deep the Holy Ground reached? The biſhop reply'd, *About eight.* *Well*, replied the king. *I find there is no getting the better of your ſcruples; therefore let his grave be dug twelve feet, that's four below your conſecrated ground, and let them bury him there.* The archbiſhop was obliged to comply; for Lewis the XIVth would be obeyed.

Mr Figg, the prize-fighter, uſed to ſay, he had not bought a ſhirt for more than twenty years, but had ſold ſome dozens. It was his method, when he fought in

his amphitheatre (his ſtage bearing that ſuperb title); to ſend round to a ſelect number of his ſcholars to borrow a ſhirt for the enſuing combat, and ſeldom failed of half a dozen of ſuperfine Holland from his prime pupils, (moſt of the young nobility and gentry making it part of their education to march under his warlike banner). This champion was generally conqueror, though his ſhirt ſeldom failed of gaining a cut from his enemy, and ſometimes his fleſh, though I think he never received any dangerous wound. Moſt of his ſcholars were at every battle, and were ſure to exult at their great maſter's victories, every perſon ſuppoſing he ſaw the wounds his ſhirt received. Mr Figg took his opportunity to inform his lenders of linen, of the chaſms their ſhirts received, with a promiſe to ſend them home. *But*, ſaid the ingenious, courageous Figg, *I ſeldom received any other anſwer, than, Damn you, keep it.*

Mr Joſeph Trefuſis, who was the original *Trapland* in Love for Love, and a well-eſteemed low comedian (a theatrical term to diſtinguiſh that branch from the genteel); was famous alſo for dancing an aukward country clown. He was an experienced angler: and as he was fiſhing by the Liffy ſide, ſome friends of his were going in a boat in order to embark for England. Joe ſeeing them, called to them to take him in, that he might ſee them ſafe on board. He gave his fiſhing rod to a friend on ſhore, to take care of it till his return; but Joe, it ſeems, was prevailed on by his companions to make the journey to London with them, with his fiſhing cloaths upon his back, not a ſecond ſhirt, and but ſeven ſhillings in his pocket. His companions left him at London, and Mr Wilks found him gazing at the dial in the ſquare of Covent-Garden. He hardly knew him at firſt (as Mr Wilks ſaid) but by his particular gait, which was beyond imitation. When he aſked how he came there, and in that pickle; *Hum! ha! why faith, Bobby*, replied Joe, *I only came from Dublin to ſee what it was o'clock at Covent-Garden.*

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Having mentioned Joe Trefuſis, we ſhall add a few particulars concerning that merry player, collected chiefly from his acquaintance. Joe was reputed the natural ſon of Oliver Cromwell; but did not ſeem to have any reſemblance of features with his father, if we may judge by the pictures and gravings of the protector: Joe had a long chin, and naturally a moſt conſummate fooliſh face, by nature formed for ſuitable characters; yet a perſon of infinite humour, and ſhrewd conceits; with a particular tone of voice and manner, that gave a double ſatisfaction to what he ſaid. Adhering ſtrictly to honeſty, without guile or falſhood; which, we ſuppoſe, he inherited from his mother, he acquired the appellative, from all that knew him, of *Honeſt Joe!* a character he bore with juſtice. Joe, by the following account of himſelf, muſt have been very young on the ſtage. He entered a volunteer on board the ſhip where the D. of York commanded in the channel, in that memorable ſea-engagement with the Dutch fleet, commanded (he uſed to ſay) by Van Tromp, in the year 1673. When the preparations were making for the battle, Joe, tho' a volunteer, confeſſed, fear began to invade him; but, when the man at the topmaſt-head cry'd, a ſail! then, two ſail! and after, *Zounds, a whole wood!* Joe's terrors augmented: but his fears came to the full height, when a ſailor aſked him, *If he had not performed on the ſtage?* Joe reply'd in the affirmative. *Why then*, reply'd the blunt tar, *to-morrow, if you are not killed the firſt broadſide, by G—d you will ſee the deepeſt and bloodieſt tragedy you ever ſaw in your life.*—— Joe was ſo inimitable in dancing the clown, that general Ingoldsby on ſeeing him perform one evening ſent him five guineas from the box where he ſat. Joe dreſſed himſelf next day, and went to the caſtle to return thanks. The general was hard to be perſuaded it was the ſame perſon; but Joe ſoon convinced him, by ſaying, *Iſe the very mon, an't pleaſe your Ex-cell-en-cy;* and, at the ſame time, twirling his hat, as he did in the dance, with his conſummate fooliſh face and ſcrape. *Now, now I*

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am convinc'd, replied the general laughing, *and thou ſhalt not ſhow ſuch a face for nothing here*——So gave Joe five guineas more; which ſo well pleaſed him, that he paid his compliments in his aukward, clowniſh manner, and, as Shakeſpear ſays, *ſet the table on a roar.*

Charles Hulet the Player, about the year 1710, was put prentice to a bookſeller. By reading of plays in his maſter's ſhop, he uſed to repeat ſpeeches in the kitchen, in the evening, to the deſtruction of many a chair, which he ſubſtituted in the room of real perſons in the drama. One night as he was repeating the part of Alexander, with his wooden repreſentative of Clytus, (an elbow chair) and coming to the ſpeech where the old general is to be killed, this young mock Alexander ſnatched a poker inſtead of a javelin, and threw it with ſuch ſtrength againſt poor Clytus that the chair was killed upon the ſpot, and lay mangled on the floor. The death of Clytus made a monſtrous noiſe, which diſturbed the maſter in the parlour, who called out to know the reaſon; and was anſwered by the cook below, *Nothing, Sir, but that Alexander has killed Clytus.*

Mr Curll was a perſon of extraordinary talents, very pleaſing in converſation, and could extract gold from dirt. He had the art of forming a title to a book beyond the reſt of the craft, or even the authors themſelves. We have forgot how he came to ſtumble over Mr Pope; for Mr Curll was a little purblind, and loſt his ſight ſome years before his death. But Mr Pope, in revenge, invited him to a tavern, under the colour of friendſhip: Sack being a favourite liquor with Mr Curll, this great poet had a draught prepared in an antimonial cup, which the unſuſpecting bookſeller chearfully drank off to the health of his good friend Mr Pope. But the operation began to work before he could reach his own houſe, with ſuch violent motions, that the intended Farce was near ending in the Tragedy of Mr Edmund Curll's death. The next day, to complete his revenge,

Mr

Mr Pope publiſhed a humourous account of the murder of Mr Curll by poiſon. But this poet and bookſeller, to their deaths, declared fell war againſt each other; and though the latter might be put to his ſhifts ſometimes, yet he often found means to *gall his kibe*. Pope, in his Dunciad, has made Curll a demi-hero, and has filthily bedaubed with him honours.

In the laſt year of the reign of queen Anne, the company of players at Dublin went down in the ſummer ſeaſon to play at Corke. One evening Mr Evans, the maſter, was invited by ſome officers of a regiment then on duty in that city, to a tavern; many healths were propoſed, and went round without reluctance; when it came to Mr Evans' turn, he propoſed the health of her majeſty queen Anne, which ſo much diſguſted one of the company (though cloathed in the livery of his royal miſtreſs), that he ran down ſtairs, and ſent up a drawer to whiſper Mr Evans; who immediately put on his ſword, and went after him, without taking the leaſt notice to the company. He found his antagoniſt in a room in the paſſage of the tavern, with the door half open, who courageouſly made a thruſt at Mr Evans, which he put by with his left hand; at this Mr Evans drew, thruſt the door wide open, entered, and ſoon drove his oppoſer out to the paſſage, where he diſarmed the doughty hero, before the company above ſtairs knew any thing of the matter. The reſt of the military gentlemen expreſſed an abhorrence of the treatment Mr Evans received, and, ſeemingly reconciled them on the ſpot; but, notwithſtanding, when the company returned to Dublin, the perſon who ſent the challenge up ſtairs at Corke, being then returned alſo, told his own ſtory in ſuch a manner, that ſeveral warm gentlemen of the army were made to believe, that Maſter Evans had affronted the whole military body; and when the poor ſuppoſed culprit came to his buſineſs of the theatre, their clamour in the audience, was ſo great, that the houſe was diſmiſſed, and no play to be acted till Mr Evans had

had aſked public pardon upon the ſtage. His high ſpirit was with great difficulty, brought to ſubmit; but at laſt he conſented. The play was, *The Rival Queens, or, the death of Alexander the Great*; the part of Alexander to be acted by the Delinquent. He came to aſk pardon before the curtain; when he addreſſed the audience, one Smart, from the pit, cried out, *Kneel, you raſcal!* Evans, then collected in himſelf, replied, in the ſame tone of voice. *No, you raſcal, I'll kneel to none but God and my Queen!* A dangerous paryoxiſm, at ſuch a criſis. However, as there were many worthy gentlemen of the army who knew the whole affair, the new raiſed clamour ceaſed, and the Play went through without any moleſtation.

Mr Betterton, the Tragedian, almoſt every body has heard of; but there is one circumſtance of his life, and that a very material one, which is but little known. This gentleman's character in private life was extremely fair, and his company very agreeable; he had abundance of friends at all ends of the town, but more eſpecially in the city. Amongſt theſe there was one ——, a merchant of great reputation, and of conſiderable fortune, who not only honoured him with his favour and protection, but entered with him alſo into the ſtricteſt intimacy and friendſhip. This gentleman, in the year 1692, was concerned in an adventure to the Eaſt-Indies, upon the footing then allowed by the company's charter. The veſſels ſo employed were ſtiled Interlopers. The proſpect of ſucceſs was great, the gain unuſually high; and this induced Mr Betterton, to whom his friend offered any ſhare in this buſineſs that he pleaſed, to think of ſo large a ſum as 8000 l. but it was not for himſelf, for he had no ſuch ſum in his power; and whoever conſiders the ſituation of the ſtage at that time, will need no other argument to convince him of it; yet he had another friend whom he was willing to oblige; which was the famous Dr Radcliffe; ſo, Mr Betterton advanced ſomewhat more than 2000l: which was his All,

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and the Doctor made it up 8000 l. The veſſel ſailed to the Eaſt-Indies, and made as proſperous a voyage as thoſe who were concerned in her could wiſh; and the war with France being then very warm, the captain very prudently came home north about, and arrived ſafely in Ireland; but whether obliged by the orders of his owners, or elated by his ſucceſs hitherto; ſo it was, that in his paſſage from Ireland he was taken by the French. His cargo was worth upwards of 120,000l. which ruined Mr Betterton, and broke the fortune and heart of his friend in the city. As for Dr Radcliffe, he expreſſed a great concern for Mr Betterton, and none at all for himſelf. *It is*, ſaid the Doctor wittily, *only trotting up ſome hundred pair of ſtairs more, and things will be with me as they were.* The gentleman in the city left behind him an only daughter, whom Mr Betterton took home, educated with all the care, and treated with all the tenderneſs of a parent, till ſhe thought fit to marry herſelf to Mr Bowman the Player, who is but lately dead. Mr Betterton never wholly recovered this ſtroke of ill-fortune, though in his decline of life he was enabled to retire from the ſtage, by the annual bounty of the town, who in gratitude for fifty years ſervice for their entertainment made him up a good 500 l. a year at his benefit. He reſided chiefly at Reading in his latter years, where he was honoured and reſpected like the prince he had ſo often and ſo juſtly perſonated.

Mr Wycherly, the celebrated comic Poet, had many extravagant humours, as well as many extraordinary flights of wit and fancy; among the former was his reſolution never to marry till his life was deſpaired of, which he uſed to tell in the gaiety of converſation to all his acquaintance. Accordingly, a few days before his death he underwent the ceremony, and joined together thoſe two ſacraments, as Pope expreſſes it, which wiſe men ſay ſhould be the laſt we receive. The old man then lay down ſatisfied in his conſcience of having, by this one act, paid his juſt debts, obliged a woman who (he

(he was told) had merit, and ſhewn an heroic reſentment of the ill uſage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with this lady diſcharged thoſe debts, a jointure of 400 l. a year made her a recompence; and the nephew that had uſed him ſo ill he left to comfort himſelf, as well as he could, with the miſerable remains of a mortgaged eſtate. The evening before he died, he called his young wife to the bed-ſide, and earneſtly intreated her not to deny him one requeſt, the laſt he ſhould make. Upon her aſſurances of conſenting to it, he told her, *My dear, it it only this; that you will never marry an old man again.*—— Such a ſtroke as this from a dying man, verifies the juſtice of Mr Pope's obſervation, that ſickneſs, which often deſtroys both wit and wiſdom, yet ſeldom has the power to remove that talent which the world calls Humour.

Mr Pope, when moſt of his intimate friends were abſent from Town, took that opportunity to ſpend a few weeks at Oxford, where meeting with Dr Clark, there grew immediately between them a deſire of each others company. Dr Clark was a great ſcholar, a man of great penetration, much ſpeculation, a philoſopher, and a lover of free debate and enquiry, having a propenſity to argument, and never declining, in an amicable, cool manner, to enter into controverſy; he therefore propoſed to himſelf vaſt pleaſure in diſcourſing with Mr Pope concerning the proofs of his religion, and why he aſſented to the unreaſonable injunctions and traditions of the Romiſh church, in oppoſition to the ſcriptures, to his own intereſt, and the more valuable deciſion of reaſon; but in this Dr Clark was altogether miſtaken, for once when he hinted, though but at a diſtance, his having ſuch a deſire, Mr Pope underſtood it and ſaid, *my reverend friend, Dr Clark, it is but a little while I can enjoy your improving company here in Oxford, which we will not ſo miſpend, as it would be doing, ſhould we let it paſs in talking of divinity, neither would there be*

time.

time for either of us half to explain ourſelves, and at laſt you would be Proteſtant Clark, and I Papiſt Pope.

Every body is deſirous of knowing the little private circumſtances that commonly give a beginning to great and public works; this obſervation I am perſuaded, will hold good in the literary world, as well as in the political; and therefore the motives that produced the *war of the Dunces*, as it was at firſt called, cannot fail of giving pleaſure in the recital. When Dr Swift and Mr Pope thought proper, for reaſons ſpecified in the preface to their miſcellanies, to publiſh ſuch little pieces of theirs as had caſually got abroad, there was added to them the treatiſe of the *Bathos, or the art of ſinking in poetry*. It happened that in one chapter of this piece, the ſeveral ſpecies of bad poets were ranged into claſſes, to which were prefixed almoſt all the letters of the alphabet (the greateſt part of them at random) but ſuch was the number of poets eminent in that art, that ſome one or other took every letter to himſelf: all fell into ſo violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common news papers (in moſt of which they had ſome property, as being hired writers) were filled with the moſt abuſive falſhoods and ſcurrilities they could poſſibly deviſe. A liberty no way to be wondered at in thoſe people, and in thoſe papers, that, for many years during the uncontroulable liberty of the preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own perſons and names being utterly ſecret and obſcure. This gave Mr Pope the thought, that he had now an opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light theſe common enemies of mankind; ſince to invalidate this univerſal ſlander, it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifeſting the dulneſs of thoſe who had only malice to recommend them, either the bookſellers would not find their account in employing them, or tho men themſelves when diſcovered, want courage to proceed in ſo unlaw-

ſul an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad, and he thought it an happineſs, that by the late flood of ſlander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a peculiar right over their names as was neceſſary to this deſign. On the 12th of March 1729, at St James's, that poem was preſented to the king and queen (who had before been pleaſed to read it) by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole: and ſome days after the whole impreſſion was taken and diſperſed by ſeveral noblemen and perſons of the firſt diſtinction. It is certainly a true obſervation, that no people are ſo impatient of cenſure as thoſe who are the greateſt ſlanderers; which was wonderfully exemplified on this occaſion. On the day the book was firſt vended, a crowd of authors beſieged the ſhop; intreaties, advices, threats of law, and battery, nay cries of treaſon were all employed to hinder the coming out of the Dunciad: on the other ſide, the bookſellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do againſt ſo great a majority as the public? there was no ſtopping a torrent with a finger, ſo out it came. Many ludicrous circumſtances attended it; the Dunces (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs to conſult of hoſtilities againſt the author; one wrote in a letter to a great miniſter, that Mr Pope was the greateſt enemy the government had; and another brought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which ſad ſort of ſatisfactions the gentlemen were a little comforted. Some falſe editions of the book having an owl in their frontice-piece; the true one, to diſtinguiſh it, fixed in its ſtead an aſs laden with authors. Then another ſurreptitious one being printed with the ſame aſs, the new edition in octavo returned for diſtinction to the owl again. Hence aroſe a great conteſt of bookſellers againſt bookſellers, and advertiſements againſt advertiſements; for ſome recommending the edition of the Owl, and others the edition of the Aſs; by which names they came to be diſtinguiſhed, to the great honour alſo of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

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Mr Jervas was a famous painter, and known to Sir Godfrey Kneller, though not much applauded by him, as it is the common failing of mankind, not willingly to allow much of that excellence to another, which we could wish the world to believe was wholly centered in ourſelves. Whoever obſerves, however, any of the portraits painted by Mr Jervas, will ſee a certain expreſſion, with a livelineſs in the caſt of the face or countenance, that convinces in a manner, without ſeeing the originals, that they are reſemblances of real life; not the mere picture of the painter's hand, but of the idea the object fixed upon his mind. He once drew the picture of a lady of quality, who returned it upon his hands, as not thinking it ſo handſome as ſhe herſelf was; and he painted another portrait of her, with which ſhe was exceedingly pleaſed, for it was indeed very beautiful; Mr Jervas confeſſed, that except the colour of the hair, and a few touches to reflect ſome reſemblance, he had taken it from one of his own pictures of the dutcheſs of Bridgewater, one of the duke of Marlborough's daughters, and eſteemed at that time a finiſhed beauty. A little while after, the firſt mentioned lady dying, her huſband being deſirous of having a true likeneſs of her, purchaſed that firſt painted by Mr Jervas, and gave him ten guineas more than the counteſs was to have given for it in her life-time.

When the *Eſſay on Man* was firſt publiſhed, it came out in parts, and without a name. A little after the appearance of the firſt, Mr Morris, who has attempted ſome things in the poetical way, particularly a piece for muſic, which was performed in private before ſome of the royal family, accidentally paid a viſit to Mr Pope, who after the firſt civilities were over, enquired of him, what news there was in the learned world; and what new pieces were brought to light? Morris replied, that there was little or nothing; or at leaſt little or nothing worth notice: that there was indeed a *thing* come out called, *an Eſſay on Man*, the firſt Epiſtle, threatening

more, for he had read it, and it was a moſt abominable piece of ſtuff, ſhocking poetry, unſufferable philoſophy, no coherence, no connection at all. *If I had thought*, continued he, *that you had not ſeen it, I would have brought it with me.* Upon this, Mr Pope very frankly told him, that *he had ſeen it before it went to preſs, for it was his own writing, a work of years, and the poetry ſuch as he thought proper for the expreſſion of the ſubject; on which ſide, he did not imagine it would ever have been attacked, eſpecially by any pretending to knowledge in the harmony of numbers.* This was like a clap of thunder to the miſtaken bard: he reached his hat, and with a bluſh and a bow, took his leave of Mr Pope, and never more ventured to ſhew his unlucky face there again.

Dr White Kennet, afterwards bp. of Peterborough, whoſe character is well known, had one indignity ſhewn him that could ſcarce be born by any man, without ſome kind of emotion and concern, namely, the *Altar-piece* at *White-chapel*, contrived by Dr Welton (afterwards a profeſs'd non-juror, if not ſomething worſe) to expoſe the then dean of Peterborough. In this altar-piece, or painting, which was intended for a repreſentation of Chriſt and his twelve apoſtles, eating the Paſſover and the laſt ſupper, Judas, the traitor, was drawn ſitting in an elbow-chair, dreſſed in a black garment, between a gown and a cloak, with a black ſcarf and a white band, and a ſhort wig, and a mark in his forehead between a lock and a patch, and with ſo much of the countenance of Dr Kennet, that under it, in effect, was written, *The Dean the Traitor.* It was generally ſaid, that the original ſketch was for a biſhop under Welton's diſpleaſure; which occaſioned the elbow-chair. But the fears of a *ſcandalum magnatum* riſing before the painter's eyes, leave was given to drop the biſhop, and make the dean; which he did as well as he could. Multitudes of people came daily to the church, to admire the meaning of the ſight. And, under our unhap-

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py diviſions, it might have been expected, that one ſide, at leaſt, would have been pleaſed with the wittineſs of this fancy. But it was generally abhorred and deteſted by every body; as being not only rude and indecent, but conſidering the place and perſons, even as atheiſtical and diabolical. And indeed what could be more ſhocking and ſurpriſing, than to ſee a fooliſh, and really a blaſphemous picture ſet up in the preſence of God, and in the face of the congregation, to repreſent a neighbour, a brother, a fellow-preſbyter of the church of England, as a traitor to their common Saviour? What monſtrous impiety for one clergyman to libel another juſt over the altar, or table of the Lord, whereon that very man was to conſecrate a bleſſing, and to adminiſter the communion of it, in peace and charity? In that, it was eſteemed ſo inſolent a contempt of all that was ſacred, ſuch an abomination to every one of conſcience or common ſenſe, that upon the complaint of others (for the dean himſelf never ſaw it, or ſeemed to regard it) the biſhop of London obliged thoſe that ſet it up, to take it down, and remove ſo great a ſcandal from the church of God.

Dr Adamſon, afterwards archbiſhop of St Andrews in Scotland, was one of thoſe clergymen, who when unprovided for, are continually railing againſt church-dignities, pluralities, and ſo forth: he is ſaid to have been a baker's ſon at Perth, and to have aſſiſted at the firſt general aſſembly of the kirk of Scotland, in 1560. After this, having deſerted his miniſtry, he went over to France to ſtudy the laws; but upon his return, he betook himſelf again to his firſt profeſſion, and being baulked of the archbiſhopric of St Andrews, in the month of February, 1572, he preached at the old cathedral there, and in his ſermon told the people that there were *three ſorts of Biſhops; my Lord Biſhop; my Lord's Biſhop*; and *the Lord's Biſhop*. *My Lord Biſhop*, was in the time of popery. *My Lord's Biſhop*, is now, when my lord getteth the Fat of the benefice, and the biſhop ſueth for a portion out of the benefice to

make my lord's right ſure: and, the *Lord's Biſhop*, is the true miniſter of the goſpel, of whom ye aw ken there's ſcarce ane to be found throughout the whole laund.

Mr Addiſon is ſo conſiderable a name in the learned world, that every thing relating to his riſe in the ſtate, where he likewiſe made a very important figure, muſt give pleaſure to the reader. Before the year 1704, his merit had no opportunity of being particularly diſtinguiſhed; but in that year, the lord-treaſurer Godolphin happened to complain to the lord Halifax, that the duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim had not been celebrated in verſe in the manner it deſerved: intimating, that he would take it kindly, if his lordſhip who was the known patron of the poets, would name a gentleman capable of writing upon ſo elevated a ſubject. Lord Halifax replied with ſome quickneſs, that he was well acquainted with ſuch a perſon, but that he would not name him; adding, *that he had long ſeen with indignation, men of no merit maintained in pomp and luxury, at the expence of the public, while perſons of modeſty, with great abilities, languiſhed in obſcurity.* The treaſurer ſaid very coolly, that he was ſorry his lordſhip had occaſion to make ſuch an obſervation, and that for the future he would take care to render it leſs juſt than it might be at preſent; but that, in the mean time, he would pawn his honour, whoever his lordſhip ſhould name, might venture upon this Theme without danger of loſing his time. Lord Halifax thereupon named Mr Addiſon, but inſiſted that the treaſurer himſelf ſhould ſend to him, which he promiſed. Accordingly, he prevailed upon Mr Boyle, (afterwards lord Carlton) then chancellor of the exchequer, to go in his name to Mr Addiſon, and communicate to him the buſineſs, which he did in ſo obliging a manner, that he readily entered upon the taſk. The lord treaſurer Godolphin ſaw the poem before it was finiſhed, when the author had written no farther than the famous ſimile of the Angel, and was ſo well pleaſed with it, that he immediately made him

him a commiſſioner of appeals, and ever after continued his friend. This poem, entitled the *Campaign*, was afterwards publiſhed, and received with loud and general applauſe, and was indeed ſo excellent, that it muſt continue to be admired as long as the victory is remembered.

Mr Denzil Hollis, (afterwards lord Hollis) had been one of the commiſſioners employed by the parliament in the treaty at Uxbridge; where he had carried on a private correſpondence with the king; this could not be kept ſo ſecret, but that it got vent, and ſome of the parliament had notice of it. Mr Hollis being afterwards attacked in parliament by a contrary party, there wanted nothing perfectly to ruin him, but a witneſs to give credit to ſuch an accuſation againſt him. Sir Anthony Aſhley Cooper they thought fit for their purpoſe; they doubted not but he knew enough of it, and they made ſure that he would not fail to embrace ſuch a fair and unſought-for opportunity of ruining Mr Hollis, who had been long his enemy upon a family quarrel, which he had carried ſo far, as, by his power in the Houſe, to hinder him from ſitting in the parliament tho' entitled to it by a fair election. Upon this preſumption he was ſummoned to the Houſe, and being called in, was there aſked, whether when he was at Oxford, he knew not, or had not heard ſomething concerning Mr Hollis's ſecret tranſaction with the king at the treaty of Uxbridge. To this queſtion he told them he could anſwer nothing at all; for though poſſibly what he had to ſay would be to the clearing of Mr Hollis, yet he could not allow himſelf to ſay any thing in the caſe, ſince whatever anſwer he made, it would be a confeſſion that if he had known any thing to the diſadvantage of Mr Hollis, he would have taken that diſhonourable way of doing him a prejudice, and wreak his revenge on a man that was his enemy. Thoſe who had brought him there preſſed him mightily to declare, but in vain, though threats were added of ſending him to the Tower. He per-

perſiſting obſtinately ſilent, was bid to withdraw, and thoſe who had depended upon his diſcovery being diſappointed, and conſequently very much diſpleaſed, moved warmly for his commitment; of which he, waiting in the lobby, having notice, unmoved expected his doom, though ſeveral of his friends coming out were earneſt with him to ſatisfy the Houſe, but he kept firm to his reſolution, and found friends enough among the great men of the party that oppoſed Mr Hollis to bring him off; who very much applauded the generoſity of his carriage, and ſhewed that action ſo much to deſerve the commendation, rather than the cenſure of that aſſembly, that the angry men were aſhamed to inſiſt farther on it, and ſo dropt the debate.—Some days after, Mr Hollis came to his lodging, and having in terms of great acknowledgment and eſteem expreſſed his thanks for his late behaviour in the Houſe with reſpect to him; he replied, *that he pretended not thereby to merit any thing of him, or to lay an obligation on him; that what he had done was not out of any conſideration of him, but what was due to himſelf, and what he ſhould equally have done, had any other man been concerned in it, and therefore he was perfectly as much at liberty as before to live with him as he pleaſed.* But with all this, he was not ſo ignorant of Mr Hollis's worth, nor knew ſo little how to put a juſt value on his friendſhip, as not to receive it as a very great and ſenſible favour, if he thought him a perſon worthy on whom to beſtow it. Mr Hollis not leſs taken with his diſcourſe than what had occaſioned it, gave him freſh and repeated aſſurances of his ſincere and hearty friendſhip, which were received with ſuitable expreſſions. And thus an old quarrel between two men of high ſpirits and great eſtates, neighbours in the ſame county, ended in a ſound and firm friendſhip, which laſted as long as they lived.

Thomas lord Cromwell was the ſon of a blackſmith at Putney, and was a ſoldier under the duke of Bour-

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bon at the ſacking of Rome in the year 1527. While he was abroad in a military character, in a very low ſtation, he fell ſick, and was unable to follow the army; he was obſerved one day by an Italian merchant to walk very penſive, and had all the appearance of penury and wretchedneſs. The merchant enquired of him the place of his birth, ard fortune, and upon converſing with Cromwell, was ſo well pleaſed with the account he gave of himſelf, that he ſupplied him with money and credit to carry him to England. Cromwell afterwards made the moſt rapid progreſs in ſtate-preferments ever known. Honours were multiplied thick upon him, and he came to have the diſpenſing of his ſovereign's bounty. It happened, that this Italian merchant's circumſtances decayed, and he came to England to ſollicit the payment of ſome debts due to him by his correſpondents; who finding him neceſſitous, were diſpoſed to put him off, and to take the advantage of his want, to avoid payment. This not a little embarraſſed the foreigner, who was now in a ſituation forlorn enough. As providence would have it, lord Cromwell, then earl of Eſſex, riding to court, ſaw this merchant walking with a dejected countenance, which put him in mind of his former ſituation. He immediately ordered one of his attendants to deſire the merchant to come to his houſe. His lordſhip aſked the merchant whether he knew him? He anſwered, No. Cromwell then related the circumſtance of the merchant's relieving a certain Engliſhman; and aſked if he remembred it? The merchant anſwered, that he had always made it his buſineſs to do good, but did not remember that circumſtance.——His lordſhip then enquired the reaſon of his coming to England; and upon the merchant's telling him his ſtory, he ſo intereſted himſelf, as ſoon to procure the payment of all his debts.—— Cromwell then informed the merchant, that he was himſelf the perſon he had thus relieved; and for every ducat which the merchant had given him, he returned to the value of a hundred, telling him, that this was the payment of his debt. He then made him

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a munificent preſent, and aſked him whether he choſe to ſettle in England, or return to his own country? The foreigner choſe the latter, and returned to ſpend the remainder of his days in competence and quiet, after having experienced in lord Eſſex as high an inſtance of generoſity and gratitude as perhaps ever was known.

Sir Thomas Overbury, whoſe tragical death is remembred, but whoſe ſtory may be partly forgotten, had contracted an intimacy, which afterwards grew into friendſhip with Sir Robert Carre, a Scotch gentleman, a favourite with king James, and afterwards earl of Somerſet. Such was the warmth of friendſhip in which theſe two gentlemen lived, that they were inſeparable. Carre could enter into no ſcheme, nor purſue any meaſures, without the advice and concurrence of Overbury, nor could Overbury enjoy any felicity but in the company of him he loved; their friendſhip was the ſubject of court converſation, and their genius ſeemed ſo much alike, that it was reaſonable to ſuppoſe no breach could ever be produced between them; but ſuch it ſeems is the power of woman, ſuch the influence of beauty, that even the ſacred ties of friendſhip are broke aſunder by the magic energy of thoſe ſuperior charms. Carre fell in love with lady Frances Howard, daughter to the earl of Suffolk, and lately divorced from the earl of Eſſex. He communicated his paſſion to his friend, who was too penetrating not to know that no man could live with much comfort, with a woman of the counteſs's ſtamp, of whoſe morals he had a bad opinion; he inſinuated to Carre ſome ſuſpicions, and thoſe well founded, againſt her honour; he diſſuaded him with all the warmth of the ſincereſt friendſhip, to deſiſt from a match that would involve him in miſery, and not to ſuffer his paſſion for her beauty to have ſo much ſway over him, as to make him ſacrifice his peace to its indulgence. Carre, who was deſperately in love, forgetting the ties of honour, as well as friendſhip, communicated to the lady what

what Overbury had ſaid of her, and they who have read the heart of woman, will be at no loſs to conceive what reception ſhe gave that unwelcome report. She knew, that Carre was immoderately attached to Overbury, that he was directed by his counſel in all things, and devoted to his intereſt,

Earth has no curſe like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman ſcorn'd.

This was literally verify'd in the caſe of the counteſs; ſhe let looſe all the rage of which ſhe was capable againſt him, and as ſhe panted for the conſummation of the match between Carre and her, ſhe ſo influenced the viſcount that he began to conceive a hatred likewiſe to Overbury; and while he was thus ſubdued by the charms of a wicked woman, he ſeemed to change his nature, and from the gentle, eaſy, acceſſible, good-natured man, he formerly appeared, he degenerated into the ſullen, vindictive, and implacable. One thing with reſpect to the counteſs ought not to be omitted. She was wife of the famous earl of Eſſex, who afterwards headed the army of the parliament againſt the king, and to whom the imputation of impotence was laid. The counteſs in order to procure a divorce from her huſband, gave it out that though ſhe had been for ſome time in a married ſtate, ſhe was yet a virgin, and which it ſeems ſat very uneaſy upon her. To prove this, a jury of matrons were to examine her and give their opinion, whether ſhe was, or was not a virgin: this ſcrutiny the counteſs did not care to undergo, and therefore intreated the favour that ſhe might enter maſked to ſave her bluſhes; this was granted her, and ſhe took care to have a young lady provided, of much the ſame ſize and exterior appearance, who perſonated her, and the jury aſſerted her to be an unviolated virgin. This precaution in the counteſs, no doubt, diminiſhes her character, and is a circumſtance not favourable to her honour; for if her huſband had been really impotent as ſhe pretended, ſhe needed not have been afraid of the ſearch; and it proves

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that ſhe either injured her huſband, by falſely aſperſing him, or that ſhe had violated her honour with other men. But which ever of theſe cauſes prevailed, had the counteſs been wiſe enough, ſhe had no occaſion to fear the conſequences of a ſcrutiny; for if I am rightly informed, a jury of old women can no more judge accurately whether a woman has yielded her virginity, than they can by examining a dead body, know of what diſtemper the deceaſed died; but be that as it may, the whole affair is unfavourable to her modeſty; it ſhews her a woman of irregular paſſions, which poor Sir Thomas Overbury dearly experienced; for even after the counteſs was happy in the embraces of Somerſet, ſhe could not forbear the perſecution of Overbury; ſhe procured that Sir Thomas ſhould be nominated by the king to go ambaſſador to Ruſſia, a deſtination ſhe knew would diſpleaſe him, it being then no better than a kind of honourable grave; ſhe likewiſe excited earl Somerſet to ſeem again his friend, and to adviſe him ſtrongly to refuſe the embaſſy, and at the ſame time inſinuate, that if he ſhould, it would only be lying a few weeks in the Tower, which to a man well provided in all the neceſſaries, as well as comforts of life, had no great terror in it. This expedient Sir Thomas embraced, and abſolutely refuſed to go abroad; upon which, on the twenty firſt of April, 1613. he was ſent priſoner to the Tower, and put under the care of Sir Gervais Yelvis, then lord-lieutenant. The counteſs being ſo far ſucceſsful, began now to conceive great hopes of compleating her ſcheme of aſſaſſination, and drew over the earl of Somerſet her huſband, to her party, and he who a few years before, had obtained the honour of knighthood for Overbury, was now ſo enraged againſt him, that he coincided in taking meaſures to murder his friend. Sir Gervais Yelvis, who obtained the lieutenancy by Somerſet's intereſt, was a creature devoted to his pleaſure. He was a needy man, totally deſtitute of any principles of honour, and was eaſily prevailed upon to forward a ſcheme for deſtroying poor Overbury by poiſon.

ſon. Accordingly they conſulted with one Mrs Turner, (the firſt inventor, ſays Winſtanley of that horrid garb of yellow ruffs and cuffs, and in which garb ſhe was afterwards hanged) who having acquaintance with one James Franklin, a man who it ſeems was admirably fitted to be a cut-throat, agreed with him to provide that which would not kill preſently, but cauſe one to languiſh away by degrees. The lieutenant being engaged in the conſpiracy, admits one Weſton, Mrs Turner's man, who under pretence of waiting on Sir Thomas, was to do the horrid deed. The plot being thus formed, and ſucceſs promiſing ſo fair, Franklin buys various poiſons, white arſenick, mercury-ſublimate, cantharides, red mercury, with three or four other deadly ingredients, which he delivered to Weſton, with inſtructions how to uſe them; who put them into his broth and meat, increaſing and diminiſhing their ſtrength according as he ſaw him affected; beſides theſe, the counteſs ſent him by way of preſent, poiſoned tarts and jellies; but Overbury being of a ſtrong conſtitution, held long out againſt their influence; his body broke out in blotches and blains, which occaſioned the report induſtriouſly propagated by Somerſet, of his having died of the French diſeaſe. At laſt they procured his death by the application of a poiſoned clyſter, by which he next day in painful agonies expired. Thus (ſays Winſtanley) *by the malice of a woman that worthy knight was murthered, who yet ſtill lives in that witty poem of his, entitled,* A wife, *as is well expreſſed by the verſes under his picture.*

A man's beſt fortune or his worſt's a wife,
Yet I, that knew no marriage, peace nor ſtriſe,
Live by a good one, by a bad one loſt my life.

At the repreſentation of the *Scornful Lady*, ſome years ago, for the benefit of Mrs Oldfield, many perſons of diſtinction were behind the ſcenes. Among others, Beau Fielding came, and being always mighty ambitious of ſhewing his fine air and ſhape, as himſelf uſed vainly to talk, he very cloſely preſſed forward up-

on ſome gentlemen, but in particular, upon Mr Fulwood, a barriſter of Gray's-Inn, and an acquaintance of Mrs Oldfield's. Mr Fulwood being a gentleman of quick reſentment, told Fielding he uſed him rudely, upon which he laid his hand upon his ſword, but Mr Fulwood inſtantly drew and gave Fielding a wound of twelve inches deep in the belly. This putting the audience in the greateſt conſternation, Mr Fulwood was with much intreaty perſuaded to leave the place. At length, out of reſpect to Mrs Oldfield, he did ſo, and went to the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where the ſame evening the *Libertine* was acted. Mr Fulwood went into the pit, and in a very few minutes caſt his eyes on one captain Cuſac, to whom he had an old grudge, and there demanded ſatisfaction. Captain Cuſac, without the leaſt heſitation obeyed the challenge. They went into the fields, and in leſs than half an hour, word was brought to Fielding, that Mr Fulwood was killed on the ſpot.

Mrs Verbruggen, the famous actreſs who preceded Mrs Oldfield, was daughter to Mr Percival, and firſt married to Mr Mountfort, who was killed by lord Mohun. One remarkable particular in this lady's ſtory, deſerves to be taken notice of. Her father, old Percival, had the misfortune to be drawn into the aſſaſſination-plot againſt king William, and received ſentence of death on the very ſame night that the news of her huſband's murder was communicated to her. Under this moſt unparallel'd affliction ſhe was introduced to queen Mary, who being, as ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, ſtruck to the heart upon receiving Mrs Mountfort's petition, immediately granted all that was in her power, a remiſſion of her father's execution, and afterwards was graciouſly pleaſed to procure a mitigation of his ſentence, which was changed to that of baniſhment. But Mr Percival being weakened by his long impriſonment, fell ill upon the road and died at Portſmouth.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous duke of Orleans, who was regent of France during the minority of

of the preſent king, that when a gentleman was hired to murder him, and he by his ſpies procured intelligence of it, inſtead of endeavouring to defeat the deſign, he gave orders that the man ſhould be admitted to him. Accordingly he was ſuffered to paſs into the duke's bedchamber one morning early on pretence of buſineſs from the queen. As ſoon as the duke caſt his eyes on him, he ſpake thus; *I know thy buſineſs, friend; thou art ſent to take away my life. What hurt have I done thee? It is now in my power, with a word, to have thee cut in pieces before my face. But I pardon thee; go thy way and ſee my face no more.* The gentleman ſtung with his own guilt, and aſtoniſhed at the excellent nature of this prince, fell on his knees, confeſſed his deſign, and who employed him; but fearing to tarry in France, he immediately departed the kingdom, and entered himſelf into the ſervice of the Spaniſh king.

Mr Addiſon in one of his papers, has expreſſed his approbation of a medal which was ſtruck by queen Elizabeth, a little after the defeat of the invincible Armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the king of Spain and others, who were the enemies of that great princeſs, to derogate from her glory, aſcribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of ſtorms and tempeſts, than to the bravery of the Engliſh. Queen Elizabeth, inſtead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herſelf upon ſuch a ſignal favour of providence, and accordingly on the reverſe of the medal above mentioned, has repreſented a fleet beaten by a tempeſt, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inſcription, *afflavit Deus & diſſipantur. He blew with his wind, and they were ſcattered.*

Dr Barrow, the learned divine and mathematician, in king Charles IId's time, was no leſs remarkable for his natural courage and humanity, than for the other extraordinary faculties of his mind, all which were ſuperior to

moſt men. An inſtance of his bravery he gave when upon his travels; for in his paſſage from Leghorn to Conſtantinople, the ſhip he ſailed in being attacked by an Algerine pirate, during the fight he ſo animated the ſailors, both by his words and example, that by the ſtout defence they made, the pirate was beaten off. Being aſked afterwards, why he did not go down into the hold and leave the defence of the ſhip to whom it belonged; he reply'd, *that he was ready at all times to die for the preſervation of his liberty, and nothing to him appeared terrible but the falling into the hands of infidels.* But a bolder and more extraordinary inſtance of true, deliberate and manly courage in Dr Barrow is the following: He was at a gentleman's houſe in the country, if I miſtake not, in Cambridgeſhire, where the neceſſary-houſe was at the end of the garden, and conſequently at a great diſtance from the room where he lodged; as he was going to it very early, even before day, for he was ſparing of ſleep, and a very early riſer, a fierce maſtiff who uſed to be chained up all day, and let looſe at night for the ſecurity of the houſe, perceiving a ſtrange perſon in the garden at that unſeaſonable time, ſet upon him with great fury. The doctor catched him by the throat, threw him, and lay upon him; and whilſt he kept him down, conſidered what he ſhould do in that exigence; once he had a mind to kill him, but he quite altered this reſolution, judging it would be an unjuſt action, for the dog did his duty, and he himſelf was in fault for rambling out of his lodgings before it was light. At length he called out ſo loud that he was heard by ſome of the houſe, who came preſently out, and freed both the dog and the doctor from the imminent danger they were both in.

When Mr Witherilt belonged to Drury Lane playhouſe, he uſed in the ſummer-ſeaſon to go into the country with his family to play at ſeveral towns in Lincolnſhire, the county where he was born. Being at Grantham, his ſon was taken ill, and when he was ſummoned

moned to attend his buſineſs in town he ſent a letter excuſing himſelf to Mr Wilks for a few days, *becauſe his ſon was at the point of death.* What follows is remarkable: The very night this letter was wrote, the ſon, in all appearance, expired, was ſtript and waſhed, the bed taken away, and he laid out upon a mat, with a baſon of ſalt placed on his ſtomach according to the cuſtom of the country where he died; the inconſolable parents, (for his mother was alſo of the company) removed to another lodging, the coffin was ſent into the deceaſed's chamber, and the windows were all ſet open. About ten at night a perſon was ſent with a light to watch the corpſe. When ſhe opened the door, the firſt object ſhe beheld was poor Bob (as he was generally called by his intimates) ſitting up with his teeth chattering in his head, as well they might with cold. The woman in her fright, drop'd the candle, and ſcreamed out *the devil!* The noiſe alarmed another woman below, who ran up ſtairs to ſee what was the matter. In the mean time, Bob, with much ado, had made a ſhift to get from the bed; and taking up the candle, which lay upon the floor unextinguiſh'd, was creeping to the door to call for aſſiſtance, as naked as from the womb of his mother; which the women perceiving, with joint ſcreams repeated, *a ghoſt, a ghoſt! the devil, the devil!* The maſter of the houſe hearing this uproar, ran himſelf to know the reaſon; where poor Bob, the ſuppoſed devil, and he, ſoon came to a right underſtanding. He was put into a warm bed, to the unſpeakable joy of his deſponding parents, and in ten days after was in London, telling the ſtory of his own death.

The minuteſt particulars relating to perſons that have made any figure in life are amuſing, and it muſt be confeſſed that many of the ſtories here inſerted can hardly admit of any other excuſe. Mrs Oldfield was one of thoſe extraordinary perſonages that ſtart up in a century for the world to gaze upon; and it was owing to Mr Farquhar that ſhe became the object of the public admira-

tion. He accidentally at a tavern kept by a near relation of hers, heard a perſon reading a comedy in a room behind the bar, with ſuch a juſt vivacity and humour of the characters, as gave him infinite ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction. His curioſity was too prevalent to preſerve the height of good manners; therefore he made a pretence to go into the room, where he was ſtruck dumb, for ſome time, with her figure and blooming beauty; but was more aſtoniſhed at her diſcourſe and ſprightly wit. Mr Farquhar preſſed her to purſue her amuſement, but was obliged to depart without that ſatisfaction. Mr Wilks was at that time in Ireland, and therefore he took ſome pains to acquaint Sir John Vanburgh, who had a ſhare in the patent, with the jewel he had thus found out by accident. It was ſometime before ſhe would be prevailed upon, tho' ſhe afterwards uſed merrily to confeſs, *ſhe longed to be at it, and only wanted a little decent intreaty.* Sir Roger Moſtyngs, who was colonel of the fourth troop of life guards, was paſſionately in love with this amiable perſon when ſhe firſt appeared on the ſtage, and notwithſtanding her indifference and even bad uſage of him, could never get the better of his paſſion. Voltaire tells it as a fact, that he was at ſupper with that gentleman, when his diſgrace and baniſhment was notify'd to him in the year fifteen, at which time he was deprived of his commiſſion, forbid the court, and commanded to retire to his eſtate, on ſuſpicion of favouring the intereſt of the pretender. Sir Roger received his diſmiſſion with all the indifference in the world; but his concern for his miſtreſs, whom he was forced to abandon, inſtantly recoiled upon him, and his grief and love made him ſhed tears. His order bore, that he ſhould depart to his eſtate the next day; and therefore, as the laſt remedy for his love, he propoſed inſtant marriage to Mrs Oldfield, which produced no other effect than a mortifying refuſal.

In a tranſition from the celebrated Mrs Oldfield, the greateſt player that ever was of her ſex, to the inimita-

ble

ble Milton, the greateſt poet, ſomething more important might be expected; but what follows is only the ſtory of a quarrel between him and his wife, and of the manner of their reconcilement. His firſt lady was daughter to Richard Powel, Eſq; of Foreſt-hill in Oxfordſhire, and juſtice of peace for that county, who was as noted for his attachment to the royal houſe of Stuart, as Milton was to the government of the Protector; they had not lived long together before a difference aroſe, which ended in a ſeparation; the lady returned to her father's, and Milton prepared, upon her refuſal to come back to live with him, to marry another wife; and in order to pave the way, publiſhed the doctrine and diſcipline of Divorces. The perſon whom Milton then had in his eye, was generally thought to be one of Dr Davy's daughters, a very handſome and witty lady, but averſe, as it is ſaid, to this match; however the intelligence of ſuch a motion cauſed juſtice Powel's family to take the alarm, and to ſet all engines at work to reſtore the married woman to the ſtation in which they a little before had placed her. At laſt this device was pitched upon. There dwelt in the lane of St Martin le Grand, which was hard by Milton's houſe, a relation of his, one Blackborough whom it was known he often viſited, and upon this occaſion the viſits were more narrowly obſerved; and poſſibly there might be a combination between both parties, the friends on both ſides conſenting in the ſame action, though in different behalfs. One time above the reſt, making his uſual viſits, his wife was ready in another room; on a ſudden he was ſurpriſed to ſee one, whom he thought never to have ſeen more, making ſubmiſſion, and begging pardon on her knees before him. He might probably at firſt make ſome ſhew of averſion and rejection; but partly his own generous nature, more inclinable to reconciliation than to perſeverance in anger and revenge, and partly the ſtrong interceſſion of friends on both ſides, ſoon brought him to an act of oblivion and firm league of peace for the future; and it was at length concluded, that ſhe ſhould remain in a friend's houſe,

till

till he was ſettled in his new houſe in Barbican, and all things prepared for her reception. The firſt fruits of her return to her huſband was a brave girl born within a year after, and who as ſhe grew up was of infinite advantage to her father, in reading to him when he was blind, and in writing what he dictated. Many are inclined to think, that the above mentioned interview left ſuch impreſſions on Milton's imagination as contributed not a little to the painting of that pathetic ſcene in Paradiſe Loſt, in which Eve addreſſes herſelf to Adam for pardon and peace.

He added not, and from her turn'd——But, Eve,
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them, beſought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forſake me not thus, Adam! witneſs heav'n
What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees:—bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel, in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength, and ſtay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me,——where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, (ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be peace! both joining,
(As join'd in injuries) one enmity
Againſt a foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,
That cruel ſerpent!—On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred, for this miſery befallen;
On me, already loſt! Me, than thy ſelf
More miſerable! Both have ſinn'd! but, thou
Againſt God only; I, againſt God, and thee:
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune heav'n; that all
The ſentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
On me; ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe;
Me! me! only juſt object of his ire!

She

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight
Immoveable, 'till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd, and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiseration: soon his heart relented
Tow'rds her, his life so late, and sole delight
Now at his feet submissive in distress!
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking
His counsel, (whom she had displeas'd) his aid!
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost.

Mr John Ward, fellow of the Royal Society, and Professor of Rhetoric of Gresham-College, being informed about the year 1725, that one of the daughters of the great Milton was then alive in Spittle-Fields, and in strait circumstances, had a great desire to see her, and received that satisfaction at the house of one of his own relations, a little before her death. He asked her many questions concerning her father no doubt; to all which she gave very full and pertinent answers; she informed him, that she and her sisters used to read to their father in eight languages, which by practice they were capable of doing with great readiness and accuracy, though they understood no language but English, for their father used often to say in their hearing, *One tongue was enough for a woman.* None of them were ever sent to school, but all taught at home by a mistress kept for that purpose. Isaiah, Homer, and Ovid's Metamorphoses were books which they were often called to read to their father; and at Mr Ward's desire she repeated a great number of verses from the beginning of both these poets with great readiness. He knew who she was at first sight by the similitude of her countenance with her father's picture. And upon telling her so, she informed Mr Ward, that Mr Addison said the same thing on her going to wait on him; for he, upon hearing she was living, sent for her, and desired, if she had any papers of her father's, that she would bring them with her as an evidence of her being Milton's daughter; but immediately on her being introduced to him, he said *Madam, you need no other*

voucher,

voucher, your face is a ſufficient teſtimonial whoſe daughter you are; and then made her a handſome preſent of a purſe of guineas, with a promiſe of procuring for her an annual penſion for life; but he dying ſoon after, ſhe loſt the benefit of his generous inclination. Mr Ward ſays, ſhe appeared to be a woman of good ſenſe, and genteel behaviour, had been married to a weaver, one Mr Clarke, of Spittle-Fields, and ſeemed to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune with decency and prudence. Her late majeſty happening to hear of her likewiſe, ſent her fifty guineas, and ſhe received ſeveral other handſome preſents from noblemen and gentlemen a little before her death.

It is remarkable, likewiſe, that Milton's third and laſt wife, who died very old, between thirty and forty years ago at Nantwich in Cheſhire, gave much the ſame account of his daughters reading to him; and added, that her huſband uſed to compoſe his poetry chiefly in the winter, and on his waking in a morning would make her write down ſometimes twenty or thirty verſes. Being aſked whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, ſhe underſtood it as an imputation upon him for ſtealing from thoſe authors, and anſwered with eagerneſs, that he ſtole from nobody but the muſe that inſpired him; and being aſked by a lady preſent, who the muſe was; ſhe anſwered, it was God's grace and holy Spirit that viſited him nightly. She was likewiſe aſked, whom he approved moſt of our Engliſh poets? and anſwered, Spenſer, Shakeſpear, and Cowley; and being aſked, What he thought of Dryden? She ſaid, Dryden himſelf often came to viſit her huſband: but he thought him no poet, only a rhymiſt. Mr Philips and Mr Richardſon, who both knew Milton perſonally, took notice that he uſed to dictate his verſes as he lay a-bed in a morning; and Philips in particular, confirms that fact remembered by his wife, that his vein never flowed happily, though he courted his fancy ever ſo much, but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal.—As Milton's

name

name is frequently brought up in company, theſe little circumſtances will ſometimes ſerve to fill up converſation.

Though we have already related ſeveral particulars of the life of lord Broghill, there is one not mentioned that is too curious to be omitted. There had been a rumour ſpread, whether true or falſe, that the royal party had concerted a ſcheme for a general maſſacre of the republicans in London, in the ſame manner as had been practiſed a few years before on the proteſtants by the papiſts in Ireland; the bare report of ſuch a horrid deſign had inſpired another almoſt as bad into the minds of the republicans; this was, the bringing in a bill into parliament for decimating the royal party which being the blackeſt meaſure that Cromwell ever entered into, was very vigorouſly oppoſed by his lordſhip in parliament, and was perhaps the greateſt and nobleſt action of his whole life. He made a long and elaborate ſpeech, in which he ſhewed the injuſtice, cruelty, and folly of that truly barbarous and Nero-like propoſition. Finding, however, that he was likely to loſe the queſtion upon the diviſion, which probably would have ended in loſing his life, he had the boldneſs to ſay, that *he did not think ſo many Engliſhmen could countenance ſuch unprecedented cruelty*; and inſtantly roſe up to depart; upon which ſo great a number followed him, that the Speaker, without telling, declared from the chair, *the* No's *have it*; and the Bill was accordingly thrown out. Upon this, he went immediately up to Cromwell, and ſaid, *I have done you this day the greateſt ſervice I ever did in my whole life.* How? returned the Protector. *By hindering your government from becoming odious, which already begins to be diſliked: for if this bill had paſſed, three kingdoms would have riſen up againſt you, and they were your enemies and not your friends who brought it in.* This Cromwell, upon reflection, ſo firm-

ly

ly believed, that he never forgave or truſted any of them afterwards.

The famous polemical writer, Thomas Hobbs, whoſe Leviathan made ſo great a noiſe all over Europe, was employ'd in France to teach the then prince of Wales, afterwards king Charles II. mathematics, but upon the publication of his Leviathan, he was diſcharged from that honour as a man of unworthy principles. His great learning however, raiſed up a patron and protector in the perſon of the earl of Devonſhire, at whoſe houſe at Chatſworth, he lived till he was very old. He was indulged in every thing he thought fit to do; and his profeſſed rule was, to dedicate the morning to his health, and the afternoon to his ſtudies; and therefore at his firſt riſing he walked out, and climbed any hill within his reach; or, if the weather was not dry, he fatigued himſelf within doors by ſome exerciſe or other till he was in a ſweat, recommending that practice upon his opinion, that an old man had more moiſture than heat, and therefore by ſuch motion heat was to be acquired, and moiſture expelled. After this he took a breakfaſt, and and then went round the lodgings to wait upon the earl, the counteſs, and the children, and any conſiderable ſtrangers, paying ſome ſhort addreſſes to them all. He kept theſe rounds till about twelve o'clock, when he had a little dinner provided for him which he eat always by himſelf without ceremony. Soon after dinner he returned into his ſtudy, and had a candle, with ten or twelve papers of tobacco laid by him; then ſhutting the door he fell a ſmoaking, and thinking, and writing for ſeveral hours. He was a man of no ſteady principles, and laid it down as a maxim, *to ſuffer for no cauſe whatſoever*; he uſed likewiſe to ſay, *It was lawful to make uſe of evil inſtruments to do ourſelves good*; and to illuſtrate his opinion by an example, *If I were caſt*, ſaid he, *into a deep pit, and the devil ſhould put down his cloven foot, I ſhould certainly lay hold of it to accompliſh my deliverance.*

The

The celebrated Waller, author of a book of poems, was a member of the famous poetical club, to which Falkland, Wenman, Chillingworth, Godolphin, and other illuſtrious names of the laſt age belonged. One evening, when this club were met, a great noiſe was heard in the ſtreet, which not a little alarmed them, and upon enquiring the cauſe, they were told, that a ſon of Ben Johnſon's was arreſted. This club was too generous to ſuffer a child of one, who was the genuine ſon of Apollo, to be carried to a goal, perhaps for a triſle; they ſent for him, but in the place of Ben Johnſon's ſon, Mr George Morley, afterwards biſhop of Wincheſter, was brought before them. Mr Waller took a liking to the young gentleman at firſt ſight, paid the debt for him, which amounted to a hundred pounds, and took him down to Beckonsfield with him, where his deſcendants have a fine ſeat to this day. Here he continued for eight or ten years, and Waller uſed to ſay, that by lending a hundred pounds, he had paved the way for himſelf to borrow from his friend what was of infinitely more value, namely, a taſte of the ancient poets, and what he had retained of their manner.

There is a ſtory told of this gentleman that does honour to his ſincerity. King James II. having ordered Mr Waller to attend him one afternoon; when he came, the king carried him into his cloſet, and there aſked him, how he liked ſuch a picture? *Sir*, ſays Mr Waller, *my eyes are dim, and I know not whoſe it is.* The king anſwered, *It is the princeſs of Orange. I think*, ſays Waller, *ſhe is like the greateſt woman in the world. Whom do you call ſo?* ſaid the king. *Queen Elizabeth*, replied the other. *I wonder, Mr Waller*, ſaid the king, *that you ſhould think ſo;* and added, *ſhe owed her greatneſs to her council, which was indeed a wiſe one. And, Sir*, ſaid Mr Waller, *did you ever know a fool chuſe a wiſe one?*

The duke of Buckingham, of whoſe quarrel with lord Rocheſter we have already ſpoken, was not always up-

on ſuch bad terms with that nobleman, as will appear by the following adventure; for being in diſgrace at court, and under no particular attachment in town, he and lord Rocheſter took it into their heads to take a ramble into the country in ſearch of freſh amours: among many other frolics there happened to be one that afforded them high diverſion. An inn on the Newmarket road being to be let, they diſguiſed themſelves in proper habits for the perſons they were to aſſume, and jointly took this inn, in which each in his turn officiated as maſter; but they ſoon made this ſubſervient to purpoſes of another nature———Having carefully obſerved the pretty girls in the country with whom they were moſt captivated, (they conſidered not whether maids, wives, or widows) and to gain opportunities of ſeducing them, they invited the neighbours, who had either wives or daughters, to frequent feaſts, where the men were plied hard with good liquor, and the women ſufficiently warmed to make but as little reſiſtance as would be agreeable to their inclinations, dealing out their poiſon to both ſexes, inſpiring the men with wine and other ſtrong liquors, and the women with love: thus they were able to deflower many a virgin, and alienate the affections of many a wife; and it is difficult to ſay, whether it is poſſible for two men to live to a worſe purpoſe. ——It is natural to imagine that this kind of life could not be of long duration. Feaſts ſo frequently given, and that without any thing to pay, muſt give a ſtrong ſuſpicion that the inn-keepers muſt ſoon break, or that they were of ſuch fortune and circumſtances, as did not well ſuit the poſt they were in.——This their lordſhips were ſenſible of, but not much concerned about it, ſince they were ſeldom found long to continue in the ſame ſort of adventures, variety being the life of their enjoyments. It was beſides, near the time of his majeſty's going to Newmarket, when they deſigned that the diſcovery of their real plots ſhould clear them of the imputation of being concerned in any more pernicious to the government. Theſe two conjunctures meeting, they thought them-

themſelves obliged to diſpatch two important adventures, which they had not yet been able to compaſs.—There was an old covetous miſer in the neighbourhood, who notwithſtanding his age, was in poſſeſſion of a very agreeable young wife. Her huſband watched her with the ſame aſſiduity he did his money, and never truſted her out of his ſight, but under the protection of an old maiden ſiſter, who never had herſelf experienced the joys of love, and bore no great benevolence to thoſe who were young and handſome. Our noble inn-keepers had no manner of doubt of his accepting a treat, as many had done, for he loved good living with all his heart, when it coſt him nothing; and except upon theſe occaſions he was the moſt temperate and abſtemious man alive; but then they could never prevail with him to bring his wife, notwithſtanding they urged the preſence of ſo many good wives in the neighbourhood to keep her company. All their ſtudy then was how to deceive the old ſiſter at home, who was ſet as a guardian over that fruit which the miſer could neither eat himſelf, nor ſuffer any other to taſte; but ſuch a difficulty as this was ſoon to be overcome by ſuch inventors. It was therefore agreed that lord Rocheſter ſhould be dreſſed in woman's cloaths, and while the huſband was feaſting with my lord duke, he ſhould make trial of his ſkill with the old woman at home. He had learned that ſhe had no averſion to the bottle when ſhe could come ſecretly and conveniently at it. Equipped like a country laſs, and furniſhed with a bottle of ſpirituous liquors, he marched to the old miſer's houſe. It was with difficulty he found means to ſpeak with the old woman, but at laſt obtained the favour; where perfect in all the cant of thoſe people, he began to tell the occaſion of his coming in hopes ſhe would invite him to come in, but all in vain; he was admitted no farther than the porch, with the door ajar: at laſt, my lord finding no other way, fell upon this expedient. He pretended to be taken ſuddenly ill, and tumbled down upon the threſhold. This noiſe brings the young wife to them, who with

much trouble perſuades her keeper to help her into the houſe, in regard to the decorum of her ſex, and the unhappy condition ſhe was in. The door had not been long ſhut, till our impoſtor by degrees recovers, and being ſet on a chair, cants a very religious thankſgiving to the good old gentlewoman for her kindneſs, and obſerved how deplorable it was to be ſubject to ſuch fits, which often took her in the ſtreet, and expoſed her to many accidents, but every now and then took a ſip of the bottle, and recommended it to the old benefactreſs, who was ſure to drink a hearty dram. His lordſhip had another bottle in his pocket qualified with a little opium, which would ſooner accompliſh his deſire, by giving the woman a ſomniferous doſe, and drinking this with greedineſs, ſhe ſoon fell faſt aſleep. His lordſhip having ſo far ſucceeded, and being fired with the preſence of the young wife, for whom he had formed this odd ſcheme, his deſires became impetuous, which produced a change of colour, and made the artleſs creature imagine the fit was returning. My lord then aſked, if ſhe would be ſo charitable as to let him lie down on the bed; the good-natured young woman ſhewed him the way, and being laid down, and ſtaying by him at his requeſt, he put her in mind of her condition, aſking about her huſband, whom the young woman painted in his true colours, as a furly, jealous, old tyrant. The rural innocent imagining ſhe had only a woman with her, was leſs reſerved in her behaviour and expreſſions on that account, and his lordſhip ſoon found that a tale of love would not be unpleaſing to her. Being now no longer able to curb his appetite, which was wound up beyond the power of reſtraint, he declared his ſex to her, and without much ſtruggling enjoyed her. —— He now became as happy as indulgence could make him; and when the firſt tranſports were over, he contrived the eſcape of this young adultereſs from the priſon of her keeper. She hearkened to his propoſals with pleaſure, and before the old gentlewoman was awake, ſhe robbed her huſband of an hundred and fifty pieces, and marched off

with

with lord Rocheſter to the inn, about midnight. They were to paſs over three or four fields before they could reach it, and in going over the laſt, they very nearly eſcaped falling into the enemy's hands; but the voice of the huſband diſcovering who he was, our adventurers ſtruck down the field out of the path, and for the greater ſecurity lay down in the graſs. The place, the occaſion, and the perſon that was ſo near, put his lordſhip in mind of renewing his pleaſure almoſt in ſight of the cuckold. The fair was no longer coy, and eaſily yielded to his deſires. He in ſhort, carried the girl home, and then proſtituted her to the duke's pleaſure, after he had been cloyed himſelf. The old man going home, and finding his ſiſter aſleep, his wife fled, and his money gone, was thrown into a ſtate of madneſs, and ſoon hanged himſelf. The news was ſoon ſpread about the neighbourhood, and reached the inn, where both lovers, now as weary of their purchaſe as deſirous of it before, adviſed her to go to London, with which ſhe complied, and in all probability followed there the trade of proſtitution for a ſubſiſtence.

Killigrew was a man of very great humour, and frequently diverted king Charles II. by his lively ſpirit of mirth and drollery. He was frequently at court, and had often acceſs to king Charles when admiſſion was denied to the firſt peers in the realm. Amongſt many other merry ſtories, the following is related of Killigrew. Charles II. who hated buſineſs as much as he loved pleaſure, would often diſappoint the council by withdrawing his royal preſence when they were met, by which their buſineſs was neceſſarily delay'd, and many of the council much offended by the diſreſpect thrown on them. It happened one day while the council were met, and had ſat ſome time in expectation of his majeſty, that the duke of Lauderdale, who was a furious ungovernable man, quitted the room in a paſſion, and accidentally met with Killigrew, to whom he expreſſed himſelf irreverently of the king. Killigrew bid his grace be

calm, *for he would lay a wager of a hundred pounds that he would make his majeſty come to council in leſs than half an hour.* Lauderdale being a little heated, and under the influence of ſurpriſe, took him at his word;——Killigrew went to the king, and without ceremony told him what had happened, and added, *I know your majeſty hates Lauderdale, though the neceſſity of your affairs obliges you to behave civilly to him; now if you would get rid of a man you hate, come to the council; for Lauderdale is a man ſo boundleſly avaritious, that rather than pay the hundred pounds loſt in this wager, he will hang himſelf, and never plague you more.* The king was pleaſed with the archneſs of this obſervation, and anſwered, *then Killigrew, I'll poſitively go;* which he did.

Mrs Behn, the celebrated Engliſh wit, was in ſuch eſteem with king Charles II. that he thought her a proper perſon to be entruſted with the management of ſome important affairs during the Dutch war, in order to which ſhe pitched upon Antwerp as the place of her reſidence. As an ambaſſador, by her political intrigues ſhe diſcovered the deſign formed by the Dutch, of ſailing up the river Thames, and burning the Engliſh ſhips in their harbours, which ſhe communicated to the court of England. This ſhe effected by the intervention of a Dutchman. As an ambaſſador or negociator of her ſex could not take the uſual means of intelligence of mixing with the multitude, and buſtling in the cabals of ſtatesmen, ſhe fell upon another way, perhaps more efficacious, of working by her eyes. One Vander Albert had been in love with her before her marriage with Mr Behn, and no ſooner heard of her arrival at Antwerp, than he paid her a viſit; and after a repetition of his former vows, and ardent profeſſions for her ſervice, preſſed her to receive from him ſome undeniable proofs of the vehemence and ſincerity of his paſſion, for which he would aſk no reward, till he had by long and faithful ſervices convinced her that he deſerved it. This propoſal was

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ſo ſuitable to her preſent aim in the ſervice of her country, that ſhe accepted it, and employed Albert in ſuch a manner, as made her very ſerviceable to the king. The latter end of the year 1666, he ſent her word by a ſpecial meſſenger, that he would be with her at a day appointed, at which time, he revealed to her, that Cornelius de Wit, who, with the reſt of that family, had an implacable hatred to the Engliſh nation and the houſe of Orange, had, with de Ruyter, propoſed to the States the expedition above mentioned. This propoſal, concurring with the advice which the Dutch ſpies in England had given them, of the total neglect of all naval preparations, was well received, and was reſolved to be put in execution, as a thing neither dangerous nor difficult. Albert having communicated a ſecret of this importance, and with ſuch marks of truth, that ſhe had no room to doubt of it, as ſoon as the interview was at an end, ſhe diſpatched an account of what ſhe had diſcovered, to England. But her intelligence, tho' well grounded, as appeared by the event, being ſlighted, ſhe laid aſide all other thoughts of ſtate affairs, and amuſed herſelf during her ſtay at Antwerp with the gallantries in that city.

We have already mentioned the death of Mr Mountford, but the manner in which it was accompliſhed remains to be told. Lord Mohun, it is well known, was a man of looſe morals, a rancorous ſpirit, and, in ſhort, reflected no honour on his titles. He had contracted an intimacy with one captain Hill, a man of ſcandalous morals and deſpicable life, and was ſo fond of this fellow, whom it ſeems, nature had wonderfully formed to be a cut-throat, that he entered into his ſchemes, and became a party in promoting his moſt criminal pleaſures. This murderer had long entertained a paſſion for Mrs Bracegirdle, ſo well known as an excellent actreſs; his paſſion was rejected with diſdain. Hill, who could not bear the contempt ſhewn him by Mrs Bracegirdle, conceived that her averſion muſt proceed from having previouſly

viouſly engaged her heart to ſome more favoured lover; and though Mr Mountford was a married man, he became jealous of him, probably, from no other reaſon, than the reſpect with which he obſerved Mr Mountford treated her, and their frequently playing together in the ſame ſcene. Confirmed in this ſuſpicion, he reſolved to be revenged on Mountford, and as he could not poſſeſs Mrs Bracegirdle by gentle means, he determined to have recourſe to violence, and hired ſome ruffians to aſſiſt him in carrying her off. His chief accomplice in this ſcheme was lord Mohun, to whom he communicated his intention, and who concurred with him in it. They appointed an evening for that purpoſe, hired a number of ſoldiers and a coach, and went to the playhouſe in order to find Mrs Bracegirdle, but ſhe having no part in the play of that night, did not come to the houſe. They then got intelligence that ſhe was gone with her mother to ſup at one Mrs Page's in Drury-Lane; thither they went, and fixed their poſt, in expectation of Mrs Bracegirdle's coming out, when they intended to have executed their ſcheme againſt her. She at laſt came out, accompanied with her mother and Mr Page: the two adventurers made a ſign to their hired bravo's, who laid their hands on Mrs Bracegirdle; but her mother, who threw her arms round her waiſt, preventing them from thruſting her immediately into the coach, and Mr Page gaining time to call aſſiſtance, their attempt was fruſtrated, and Mrs Bracegirdle, her mother, and Mr Page, were ſafely conveyed to her own houſe in Howard-Street in the Strand. Lord Mohun and Hill, enraged at this diſappointment, reſolved, ſince they were unſucceſsful in one part of their deſign, they would yet attempt another; and that night vowed revenge againſt Mr Mountford. They went to the ſtreet where Mountford lived, and there lay in wait for him. Old Mrs Bracegirdle and another gentlewoman who had heard them vow revenge againſt Mr Mountford, ſent to his houſe, to deſire his wife to let him know his danger, and to warn him not to come home that night, but unluckily

luckily no meſſenger Mrs Mountford ſent was able to find him: captain Hill and lord Mohun paraded in the ſtreets with their ſwords drawn; and when the watch made enquiry into the cauſe of this, lord Mohun anſwered, that he was a peer of the realm, and dared them to touch him at their peril; the night-officers being intimidated at this threat, left them unmoleſted, and went their rounds. Towards midnight Mr Mountford going home to his own houſe was ſaluted in a very friendly manner by lord Mohun; and as his lordſhip ſeemed to carry no marks of reſentment in his behaviour, he uſed the freedom to aſk him, how he came there at that time of night? To which his lordſhip replied, by aſking if he had not heard the affair of the woman? Mountford aſked, what woman? to which he anſwered, Mrs Bracegirdle: I hope, my lord, ſays he, you do not encourage Mr Hill in his attempt upon Mrs Bracegirdle, which, however is no concern of mine. When he uttered theſe words, Hill behind his back, gave him ſome deſperate blows on his head, and before Mr Mountford had time to draw, and ſtand on his defence, he baſely run him through the body, and made his eſcape; the alarm of murder being given, the conſtable ſeized lord Mohun, who upon hearing that Hill had eſcaped, expreſſed great ſatisfaction, and ſaid he did not care if he were hanged for him. When the evidences were examined at Hick's Hall, one Mr Bencroft, who attended Mr Mountford, ſwore that he declared to him as a dying man, that while he was talking to lord Mohun, Hill ſtruck him with his left hand, and with his right hand run him through the body, before he had time to draw his ſword. Thus fell the unfortunate Mountford by the hand of an aſſaſſin, without having given him any provocation, ſave that which his own jealouſy raiſed, and which could not reaſonably be imputed to Mountford as a crime. Lord Mohun was tried, and acquitted by his peers; as it did not appear that he immediately aſſiſted Hill in perpetrating the murder, or that they had concerted it before; for though they were heard to vow

revenge

revenge againſt Mountford, the word murder was never mentioned. It ſeems abundantly clear, that lord Mohun, however, if not active, was yet acceſſary to the murder; and had his crime been high treaſon, half the evidence which appeared againſt him, might have been ſufficient to coſt him his head. This nobleman himſelf was killed at laſt in a duel with the duke of Hamilton.

Dryden, with all his underſtanding, was fond of judicial aſtrology, and uſed to calculate the nativity of his children. When his lady was in labour with his ſon Charles, he being told it was decent to withdraw, laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies then preſent, in a moſt ſolemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute the child was born, which ſhe did, and acquainted him with it. About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr Dryden took occaſion to tell her that he had been calculating the child's nativity, and obſerved, with grief, that he was born in an evil hour, for Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun, were all under the earth, and the lord of his aſcendant afflicted with a hateful ſquare of Mars and Saturn. If he lives to arrive at his eighth year, ſays he, *he will go near to die a violent death on his very birth-day, but if he ſhould eſcape, as I ſee but ſmall hopes, he will in the twenty third year be under the very ſame evil direction, and if he ſhould eſcape that alſo, the thirty third or thirty fourth year is, I fear*——here he was interrupted by the immoderate grief of his lady, who could no longer hear calamity propheſied to befal her ſon. The time at laſt came, and Auguſt was the inauſpicious month in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The court being in progreſs, and Mr Dryden at leiſure, he was invited to the country-ſeat of the earl of Berkſhire, his brother in-law, to keep the long vacation with him at Charlton in Wilts; his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to paſs the remainder of the ſummer. When they came to divide the children, lady Elizabeth, would have him take John, and ſuffer her to take

take Charles; but Mr Dryden was too abſolute, and they parted in anger; he took Charles with him, and ſhe was obliged to be content with John. When the fatal day came, the anxiety of the lady's ſpirits occaſioned ſuch an effervescence of blood, as threw her into ſo violent a fever, that her life was deſpaired of, till a letter came from Mr Dryden, reproving her for her womaniſh credulity, and aſſuring her that her child was well, which recovered her ſpirits, and in ſix weeks after ſhe received an eclairciſſement of the whole affair. Mr Dryden, either thro' fear of being reckoned ſuperſtitious, or thinking it a ſcience beneath his ſtudy, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in aſtrology; therefore could not excuſe his abſence, on his ſon's anniverſary, from a general hunting match lord Berkſhire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited. When he went out, he took care to ſet the boy a double exerciſe in the Latin tongue, which he taught his children himſelf, with a ſtrict charge not to ſtir out of the room till his return; well knowing the taſk he had ſet him would take up longer time. Charles was performing his duty, in obedience to his father, but as ill fate would have it, the ſtag made towards the houſe; and the noiſe alarming the ſervants, they haſted out to ſee the ſport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to ſee it alſo, when juſt as they came to the gate, the ſtag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold puſh and leaped over the court wall, which was very low, and very old; and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and after ſix weeks languiſhing in a dangerous way he recovered; ſo far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled: in the twenty-third year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower belonging to the Vatican at Rome, occaſioned by a ſwimming in his head with which he was ſeized, the heat of the day being exceſſive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a languiſhing ſickly

ſtate.

ſtate. In the thirty third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windſor. He had with another gentleman ſwam twice over the Thames; but returning a third time, it was ſuppoſed he was taken with the cramp, becauſe he called out for help, though too late. Thus the father's calculation proved but too prophetical.

Sir Charles Sedley, Charles lord Buckhurſt, and Sir Thomas Ogle, were conveened at a public houſe in Bow-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, and being inflamed with ſtrong liquors, they went up to the balcony belonging to that houſe, and there ſhewed very indecent poſtures, and gave great offence to the paſſengers in the ſtreet by very unmannerly diſcharges upon them; which done, Sedley ſtripped himſelf naked, and preached to the people in a groſs and ſcandalous manner; whereupon a riot being raiſed, the mob became very clamorous, and would have forced the door next to the ſtreet; but being oppoſed, the preacher and his company were driven off the balcony, and the windows of a room into which they retired were broken by the mob. The frolic being ſoon ſpread abroad, and as perſons of faſhion were concerned in it, it was ſo much the more aggravated. The company were ſummoned to appear before a court of juſtice in Weſtminſter-hall, where being indicted for a riot before Sir Robert Hyde, lord chief juſtice of the common-pleas, they were all fined, and Sir Charles being ſentenced to pay 500l. he uſed ſome very impertinent expreſſions to the judge; who thereupon aſked him, *if he had ever read a book called the Compleat Gentleman?* To which Sir Charles made anſwer, *that he had read more books than his lordſhip.*

One day Mr Wycherly riding in his chariot through St James's Park, he was met by the dutcheſs of Cleveland, whoſe chariot joſtled with his, upon which ſhe looked out, and ſpoke very audibly, *You, Wycherly, you are a ſon of a whore,* and then burſt into a fit of laughter.

Wycherly

Wycherly at firſt was very much ſurpriſed at this; but he ſoon recovered himſelf enough to recollect, that it was ſpoke in alluſion to the latter end of a ſong in his Love in a Wood;

When parents are ſlaves,
Their brats cannot be any other;
Great wits, and great braves,
Have always a punk for their mother.

During his ſurpriſe, the chariots drove different ways, and were ſoon at a conſiderable diſtance from each other but upon recollection, he ordered his coachman to drive back and overtake the lady. As ſoon as he got over againſt her, he ſaid to her, *Madam, you was pleaſed to beſtow a title upon me, which generally belongs to the fortunate. Will your ladyſhip be at the play to-night? Well*, ſhe replied, *what if I ſhould be there? Why then*, anſwered he, *I will be there to wait on your ladyſhip, though I diſappoint a fine woman, who has made me an aſſignation. So*, ſaid ſhe, *you are ſure to diſappoint a woman who has favoured you, for one who has not. Yes*, he replied, *if ſhe who has not favoured me is the finer woman of the two; but he who will be conſtant to your ladyſhip, till he can find a finer woman, is ſure to die your captive.*——The dutcheſs, in conſequence of this compliment, was that night in the firſt row of the king's-box in Drury-Lane, and Mr Wycherly in the pit under her, where he entertained her during the whole play; and this was the beginning of a correſpondence between theſe two perſons, which afterwards made a great noiſe. This accident was the occaſion of bringing Mr Wycherly into favour with George duke of Buckingham, who was paſſionately in love with that lady, but was ill treated by her, and who believed that Wycherly was his happy rival. The duke had long ſollicited her, without obtaining any favour. Whether the relation between them ſhocked her, for ſhe was his couſin-german; or, whether ſhe apprehended that an intrigue with a perſon of his rank and character, muſt

neceſſarily in a ſhort time come to the king's ears; whatever was the cauſe, ſhe refuſed ſo long to admit his viſits, that at laſt indignation, rage, and diſdain took place of love; and he reſolved to ruin her. When he took this reſolution, he had her ſo narrowly watched by his ſpies, that he ſoon diſcovered thoſe whom he had reaſon to believe were his rivals; and after he knew them, he never failed to name them aloud, in order to expoſe the lady to all who viſited her; and among others, he took care not to forget Mr Wycherly. As ſoon as it came to the knowledge of the latter, who had all his expectations from court, he apprehended the conſequences of ſuch a report, if it ſhould reach the king; and applied himſelf therefore to Wilmot earl of Rocheſter, and Sir Charles Sedley, entreating them to remonſtrate to the duke of Buckingham, the miſchief he was about to do to one who had not the honour to know him, and who had not offended him. Upon opening the matter to the duke, he cried out immediately, that he did not blame Wycherly, he only accuſed his couſin. *Ay, but*, they replied, *by rendering him ſuſpected of ſuch an intrigue, you are about to ruin him; that is, your grace is about to ruin a man, whoſe converſation you would be pleaſed with above all things.*——Upon this occaſion, they ſaid ſo much of the ſhining qualities of Mr Wycherly, and the charms of his converſation, that the duke, who was as much in love with wit, as he was with his couſin, was impatient till he was brought to ſup with him, which was in two or three nights. After ſupper, Mr Wycherly, who was then in the height of his vigour both in body and mind, thought himſelf obliged to exert his talents, and the duke was charmed to that degree, that he cried out with tranſport, and with an oath, *My couſin's in the right of it;* and from that very moment made a friend of the man he before thought his rival.

The late duke of Queenſberry, when ſecretary of ſtate, made Mr Rowe ſecretary for public affairs; and when that nobleman came to know him well, he was never

ver more delighted than when in his company. After the duke's death, all avenues were ſtopt to his preferment; and during the reſt of queen Anne's reign, he paſſed his time with the muſes and his books, and ſometimes with the converſation of his friends. While he was thus without a patron, he went one day to pay his court to the earl of Oxford, lord high-treaſurer of England, then at the head of the tory faction, who aſked him if he underſtood Spaniſh well? He anſwered, No; but imagining that his lordſhip might intend to ſend him into Spain on ſome honourable commiſſion, he preſently added, that in a ſhort time he did not doubt but he ſhould be able both to underſtand it, and ſpeak it. The earl approving of what he had ſaid, Mr Rowe took his leave, and immediately retired out of town to a private country farm, where, within a few months, he learned the Spaniſh tongue, and then waited again on the earl to give him an account of his diligence. His lordſhip aſking him, if he was ſure he underſtood it thoroughly, and maſter Rowe anſwering in the affirmative, the earl burſt into an exclamation; *How happy are you, maſter Rowe, that you can enjoy the pleaſure of reading, and underſtanding Don Quixote in the original!* This wanton cruelty inflicted by his lordſhip, of raiſing expectations in the mind, that he never intended to gratify, needs only be told to excite indignation.

King Charles II. when at Bruſſels, being reſolved to ſee his ſiſter the princeſs of Orange, but as he was under a neceſſity to make the journey with the utmoſt ſecrecy, communicated his deſign to no perſon whatſoever. He ordered——Fleming (a ſervant of the earl of Wigton) who was in his ſervice, and of whoſe fidelity he neither then nor ever after did doubt, ſecretly to provide a couple of good horſes, and have them ready at a certain place and time of the next enſuing night; that Fleming ſhould there remain alone till he heard from the king. At the time appointed, the king (having gone to bed, and afterwards dreſſed himſelf, and privately

gone out of a back door, and leaving only a letter to ſome one of his ſervants in whom he confided, with an account of his having gone from home for a few days, and with directions to keep his abſence as ſecret as poſſible, under pretence of being indiſpoſed) came to the place; where he found Fleming with the horſes as he had directed. He then acquainted him of his deſign of going to the Hague; and not regarding the hazards he might be expoſed to, away he went with this ſlender equipage and attendance, travelling the moſt ſecret bye-ways, and contriving it ſo that he came to the Hague by ſix in the morning, and alighted at a ſcrub inn in a remote part of the town, where he was confident none would know him under the diſguiſe he was then in. He immediately ſent Fleming to acquaint his ſiſter where he was, and to leave it to her to contrive the way and manner of his having acceſs to her, ſo as not to be known. Fleming having diſpatched his commiſſion in leſs than an hour, was no ſooner returned to the king (finding him in the room where he had left him, and where he had been ſtill alone) than an unknown perſon came and aſked of the landlord, if two Frenchmen had not alighted at his houſe that morning? The landlord replied, that indeed two men had come, but of what country he knew not. The ſtranger deſired him to tell him, he wanted to ſpeak to them; which he having done, the king was much ſurpriſed, but withal inclined to ſee the perſon. Fleming oppoſed it; but the king being poſitive, he was introduced, being an old reverend-like man, with a long beard and ordinary grey cloaths; who looking and ſpeaking to the perſon of the king, told him, he was the perſon he wanted to ſpeak to, and that alone, on matters of importance. The king believing it might perhaps be a return from his ſiſter, or being curious to know the reſult of ſuch an adventure, deſired Fleming to withdraw; which he refuſed, till the king taking him aſide, told him, there could be no hazard from ſuch an old man, for whom he was too much, and commanded him to retire. They were no ſooner alone,

than

than the ſtranger bolted the door, (which brought the king to think on what might or would happen) and at the ſame time falling upon his knees, pulled off his very nice and artificial maſk, and diſcovered himſelf to be Mr Downing, (afterwards well known by the name of Sir George, and ambaſſador from the king to the States, after his reſtoration) then envoy or ambaſſador from Cromwell to the States, being the ſon of one Downing an independent miniſter, who attended ſome of the parliament-men that were once ſent to Scotland to treat with the Scots to join againſt the king, and who was a very active, virulent enemy to the royal family. The king, you may eaſily imagine, was not a little ſurprized at the diſcovery. But Downing gave him no time for reflection, having immediately ſpoke to him in the following manner: 'That he humbly begged his majeſty's pardon for any ſhare or part he had acted during the rebellion againſt his royal intereſt; and aſſured him, that though he was juſt now in the ſervice of the Uſurper, he wiſhed him as well as any of his ſubjects; and would, when an occaſion offered, venture all for his his ſervice; and hoped, what he was to ſay would convince his majeſty of his ſincerity; but before he mentioned the cauſe of his coming to him, he muſt inſiſt that he would ſolemnly promiſe to him, not to mention what had happened, and was going to ſay, to Fleming, or to any other perſon whatſoever, until it pleaſed God his majeſty was reſtored to his crowns, when he ſhould not have reaſon to deſire it concealed; though even then he muſt have his majeſty's promiſe, never to aſk or expect he ſhould diſcover how or when he came to know of his being there.'—The king having ſolemnly engaged in the terms required, Downing proceeded, and told, that his maſter, the Uſurper, being now at peace with the Dutch, and the States ſo dependent and obſequious to him that they refuſed nothing he required, had with the greateſt ſecrecy, in order to make it more effectual, entered into a treaty, by which among other trifling matters agreed to *hinc inde*, the chief and indeed

main end of the negociation was, that the States ſtood engaged to ſeize and deliver up to the Uſurper the perſon of his majeſty, if ſo be at any time he ſhould happen, by chance or deſign, to come within their territories, when required thereto by any in his name,--and that this treaty, having been ſigned by the States, was ſent to London, from whence it had returned but yeſterday morning, and totally finiſhed yeſternight betwixt him and a private committee of the States. He repreſented his maſter's intelligence to be ſo good, that a diſcovery would be made even to himſelf (Downing) of his majeſty's being there; and if he neglected to apply to have him ſeized, his maſter would reſent it to the higheſt, which would infallibly coſt him his head, and deprive his majeſty of a faithful ſervant. And being deſirous to prevent the miſerable conſequences of what would follow, if his being here was diſcovered, he reſolved to communicate the danger he was in, and for fear of a future diſcovery he had diſguiſed himſelf, being reſolved to truſt no perſon with the ſecret. He then propoſed that his majeſty would immediately mount his horſes, and make all the diſpatch imaginable out of the States territories. That he himſelf would return home, and under pretence of ſickneſs, lie longer in bed than uſual; and that when he thought his majeſty was ſo far off, as to be out of danger to be overtaken, he would go to the States and acquaint them that he underſtood his majeſty was in town, and require his being ſeized, by the terms of the late treaty. That he knew they would comply, and ſend to the place directed; but on finding that his majeſty was gone off ſo far as to be ſafe he would propoſe no further noiſe about it, leſt it ſhould diſcover the treaty, and prevent his majeſty's afterwards falling into their hands. The king immediately followed his advice; and he returning home, every thing was acted and happened, as he propoſed and foretold.——The king having thus eſcaped this imminent danger, moſt religiouſly performed what he had promiſed, never mentioning any part of this ſtory, till after his reſtoration, and not then deſiring to

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know how Downing's intelligence came, (which he never diſcovered) though he (the king often ſaid it was a myſtery, for no perſon knew of his deſign, till he was on horſeback, and that he could not think Fleming went and diſcovered him to Downing. Beſides, he ſo ſoon returned from his ſiſter, he could not have time, Downing having come much about the time Fleming returned.

This ſtory was told by ſeveral who frequented king Charles's court after the reſtoration; particularly by the earl of Cromartie, who ſaid, that next year after the reſtoration, he, with the duke of Rothes and ſeveral other Scots quality, being one night with the king over a bottle, they all complained of an impertinent ſpeech Downing had made in parliament, reflecting on the Scots nation, which they thought his majeſty ſhould reſent ſo as to diſcard him from court, and withdraw his favours from him. The king replied, he did not approve what he ſaid, and would reprove him for it; but to go farther he could not well do, becauſe of this ſtory, which he reported in the terms before narrated; which had ſuch an effect on the company then preſent, that they forgave what Downing had ſaid, and the duke of Rothes deſired that they might drink his health in a bumper.

The hiſtories of England being altogether ſilent as to any diſcovery of the executioner who gave the fatal blow to the decollation of king Charles I. the following account (undoubtedly true) cannot be unacceptable to the public——Richard Brandon, common executioner or hangman at that time, died upon Wedneſday, June 20, 1649, (within five months after the king's martyrdom.) The Sunday before he died, a young man of his acquaintance being to viſit him, aſked him how he did, *and whether he was not troubled in conſcience for cutting of the king's head?* Brandon reply'd, Yes; becauſe he was at the king's trial, and heard the ſentence denounced againſt him; which cauſed him to make this ſolemn vow and proteſtation, viz. *wiſhing God to periſh his*

his body and ſoul, if ever he appeared on the ſcaffold to do the act or lift up his hand againſt him. And he farther declared, that he was no ſooner entered upon the ſcaffold, to do that wicked act, but immediately he fell a trembling, and hath, ever ſince, to his death continued in the like agony. He likewiſe confeſſed, that he had 30l. for his pains, paid him in half-crowns, within an hour after the blow was ſtruck; and that he had an orange ſtuck full of cloves, and an handkerchief out of the king's pocket. As ſoon as he was carried off from the ſcaffold, he was offered twenty ſhillings for that orange by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refuſed the ſame, but afterwards ſold it for ten ſhillings in Roſemary-lane. About ſix o'clock that night he returned home to his wife living in Roſemary-lane, and gave her the money, ſaying, *it was the deareſt money that ever he earn'd in his life;* which prophetical words were ſoon made manifeſt. About three days before he died, he lay ſpeechleſs, uttering many a ſigh and heavy groan, and in a moſt deplorable manner departed from his bed of ſorrow. For his burial great ſtore of wine was ſent in by the ſheriff of the city of London, and a great multitude of people ſtood waiting to ſee his corps carried to the church-yard, ſome crying out, *Hang him, rogue; bury him in a dunghill*; others preſſing upon him, ſaying, *they would quarter him for executing the king*; inſomuch that the churchwardens and maſters of the pariſh were fain to come to ſuppreſs them; and with great difficulty he was at laſt carried to White-chapel church-yard, having a bunch of roſemary at each end of the coffin, and on the top thereof, with a rope tied acroſs from one end to the other.---The man that waited upon this executioner, when he gave the fatal blow, was a ragman in Roſemary-lane.

The preſent duke of B—df—d, who in the country has been as greatly extolled for his noble and generous acts of beneficence, as in town he has been cenſured for a frugality which has been thought unſuitable to his immenſe

menſe eſtate, was once walking with a book in his hand which he had been reading, and having been attentive to his ſubject, had rambled farther from home than uſual; he was dreſſed exceeding plain, and was looking about him, in order, as is ſuppoſed, to ſee where he was, and to return home, when he obſerved a woman ſtanding in the corner of a field, wringing her hands, and expreſſing by her actions, ſigns of the deepeſt diſtreſs. The duke was moved, and going into the field, deſired her dry up her tears and tell him the cauſe of her affliction, promiſing at the ſame time to do her all the ſervice in his power. The woman told him, that ſhe and her family were ruined. That ſhe had a huſband who was ſick, and ſeveral ſmall children, but being behind hand with their rent, the duke of B-df-d's ſteward had ſeized all they had, and that ſhe was come into that field to look at her poor cows that had been taken from her, and which ſhe ſhould never ſee again. His Grace, at this melancholy tale deſired her to be comforted, told her that he knew the duke to be a good natured man, bid her drive the cows home, and offered to ſet open the gate: but at this requeſt ſhe burſt again into tears, and refuſed to meddle with the cows, alledging that as they were no longer her huſband's, if ſhe drove them home ſhe ſhould be looked on as a thief, and for what ſhe knew, ſhe might be hanged. The duke, who from the firſt had been greatly affected, could not help yielding to her reaſons, and giving her money, deſired her to take courage, telling her that he heartily pitied her, and would take the liberty to recommend her and her family to the duke of B—df—d, and deſired her to go the next day to W—n—bbey, and aſk for John R—ſſ—ll, when he would introduce her and ſpeak in her behalf. This the good woman promiſed, and having returned him thanks, they parted. The next day ſhe dreſſed herſelf in her beſt cloaths, went as ſhe was ordered, and having aſked for John R—ſſ—ll, was immediately led into a room, and told that Mr R—ſſ—ll would be with her preſently. At laſt ſome gentle-

gentlemen entered the room, all of whom were richly dreſſed, when recollecting the features of him who had talked with her the day before, whom ſhe imagined to be the duke himſelf, ſhe was ready to faint with ſurpriſe and fear, when his Grace walking up to her, recovered her ſpirits by aſſuring her, that ſhe had no cauſe to be afflicted; and inſtantly calling his ſteward, bid him write her a receipt in full, and ſee that every thing that had been taken from her huſband was returned to him again. The receipt was preſently brought and put into her hands, when his Grace ſaying that he had inquired into her huſband's character, and had heard that he was an honeſt man, and had been long his tenant, added to his former bounty by giving her thirty guineas, and then bid her go home and rejoice with her family.

The late Prince of Wales, who amongſt his other great qualities, was the patron of merit and the friend of mankind, was frequently viſited by perſons of diſtinguiſhed abilities, with whom he contracted a ſtrict intimacy; among theſe, Mr Gl—v—r, who is as juſtly celebrated for the amiableneſs of his character as for the qualifications of an Orator and a Poet, had a conſiderable ſhare in his eſteem. One day the Prince obſerved at his levee, that he had not ſeen this gentleman for ſome time, and aſking if he was well, was told that Mr Gl—v—r was under difficulties on account of ſome loſſes in trade, which had ſo diſcouraged him, that he was aſhamed to appear in his Highneſs's preſence. The Prince replied, *I am ſorry for it*; and preſenting a bank note for five hundred pounds to a gentleman preſent, he added, *Carry this to Mr Gl—v—r as a ſmall teſtimony of my affection, and aſſure him from me, that I ſympathize in his affliction, and ſhall be always glad to ſee him.*

Some years ago, one of the ſons of G——n a famous Jew, was on the point of being married to a Chriſtian; on which the father, who had no objection to the religi-

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on of the lady, but to the ſmallneſs of her fortune, expoſtulated with his ſon, and told him, that he might have a lady with more money; but the ſon vindicating his choice, replied, that whether he would conſent or not, he would marry the lady, and if he refuſed to give him a proper ſhare of wealth, he would turn Chriſtian, and then he ſhould claim the benefit of an Engliſh law, and obtain half he poſſeſſed. At this anſwer G — n was greatly confounded, and reſolved to apply to counſel to know whether there was any ſuch law; the counſeller replied that there was, and that his ſon upon turning Chriſtian would obtain half his fortune; *but if you'll make me a preſent of ten guineas*, added he, *I'll put you in a way to diſappoint him, and the graceleſs dog ſhall not be able to obtain a farthing.* At this news G——n's hopes revived, and pulling ten guineas out of his pocket, inſtantly clapped them into the lawyer's hand, expreſſing his impatience to know how he was to proceed; when the counſellor returned with a ſmile, *You have nothing to do, Mr G——n, but to turn Chriſtian yourſelf.*

Sir John Trevor, who for ſome miſdemeanors had been expelled from parliament, one day meeting archbiſhop Tillotſon, cry'd, *I hate to ſee an atheiſt in the ſhape of a churchman.*——*And I*, reply'd the good biſhop, *hate to ſee a* knave *in any ſhape.*

Dr Andrews, biſhop of Wincheſter, and Dr Neal, biſhop of Durham, dining with king James I. his majeſty ſaid to the biſhops, *My lords, cannot I take my ſubjects money when I want it, without all this formality in parliament?* Upon which, the biſhop of Durham readily anſwered, *God forbid Sir, but you ſhould; you are the breath of our noſtrils.* On which, the king turning to the biſhop of Wincheſter, ſaid, *Well, my lord, what ſay you?*——*Sir*, replied the biſhop, *I have no ſkill to judge of parliamentary caſes.* The king anſwered, *No put offs, my lord, anſwer me pertinently.*—

Then,

Then, Sir, ſaid he, *I think it's lawful for you to take my brother Neal's money, for he offers it.*

Mr Waller, having reſolved to marry his favourite daughter to Dr Birch, king James II. was prevailed with to endeavour to hinder it, and for that purpoſe ordered a French gentleman of quality to tell him, that the king wondered he could have any thoughts of marrying his daughter to a Falling Church. He made anſwer, *Sir, the king does me very great honour to take any notice of my domeſtic affairs; but I have lived long enough to obſerve, that this falling church has got a trick of riſing again.*

The preſent biſhop of Soiſſons in France, who valued himſelf on the politeneſs of his addreſs, and was remarkable for having never uttered a rude expreſſion, was lately, by an indiſcretion, guilty of a piece of rudeneſs, ſufficient to make his good breeding be called in queſtion; and which ſhews the precaution that is neceſſary to be uſed in ſpeaking to ſtrangers. This prelate was at court, where obſerving a lady who was extremely corpulent talking to the queen, and at the other end of the room a very genteel youth of a promiſing appearance, both of whom were utter ſtrangers to him, he addreſſed himſelf to the young gentleman, and with a ſoft, inſinuating air, after ſome compliments, aſked him, if he knew who that Fat Sow was, who was in diſcourſe with her majeſty? *Yes, my lord,* replied the youth, with great modeſty; *that Fat Sow is the ambaſſadreſs of Sweden, and mother to the little pig who has the honour to ſpeak to your lordſhip.* At this anſwer the biſhop was ſtruck with confuſion, humbly begged pardon, adding, that he could not help feeling the greateſt eſteem for a perſon who had with ſuch mildneſs rebuked him for his brutality.

When the army of Lewis XIV. of France was encamped in Flanders during his war with the Confederates, the king uſed ſometimes to reſide at the head quarters

quarters himſelf. It happened, that a very fine horſe which he had lately purchaſed, was exerciſed before his tent, and among others who had gathered round to ſee him, was a corporal, who having been that afternoon too free with aqua vitæ, was become as great a man as his majeſty. He had ſtrolled up to the ſpot, and getting within the circle, put himſelf into an attitude of conſequence, and after having ſome time made his obſervations with the air of a profound connoiſſeur, he thruſts a quid of tobacco into his mouth, and ſwore it was as fine a creature as ever he ſaw, and as well broke; then tottering up to the groom who had been riding it, and was juſt diſmounted, aſked him who was the owner: at this moment the king came out from his tent, and overhearing the corporal's queſtion, with whom he had already been diverted, told him courteouſly, that the horſe was his: the corporal made his majeſty a ſlight compliment by moving his hat, and then ſetting his arms akimbo, told him, that his reaſon for aſking, was, that he had taken a liking to the horſe and was inclined to buy it. The king ſaid, he had no intention to ſell it, but if it would oblige him he would treat with him on the ſame ſpot the next morning. The corporal, thruſting out his hand, cried, *a match;* to which the king conſented, and rode off, giving private orders that no puniſhment ſhould be inflicted upon the corporal, but that he ſhould be brought before him the next morning. In the morning, when the poor fellow was told what had paſſed, and conducted to the king's tent, he was ſeized with a dreadful pannic, leſt his inſolence and drunkenneſs might coſt him his life. Into the preſence, however, he was carried; and the king, who intended only ſome ſport, aſked him, if he was the man that would laſt night have bought his horſe? *No, and pleaſe your majeſty*, ſays the fellow, *that man went away at three o' clock this morning. Did he ſo*, ſaid the king, (who underſtood that at three o'clock ſleep had ſubſtituted a ſober man for one that was drunk) *I am very glad that I have got ſo ſenſible and decent a perſon as you are in his*

ſtead, and I hope he will never come back; for if I ſee him, I ſhall certainly reſent his behaviour. So, the corporal was diſmiſſed without further reprehenſion.

The father to the late earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always perſiſted inflexibly in his own opinion, which as well as his conduct was often very ſingular, thought of an expedient to prevent the remonſtrances and expoſtulations of thoſe about him: this expedient was, to feign himſelf deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his anſwer not by what was really ſaid to him, but by what he deſired to have ſaid. Among other ſervants was one who had lived with him from a child, and ſerved him with great fidelity and affection in ſeveral capacities, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got an habit of drinking, for which his lady often deſired that he might be diſmiſſed. My lord always anſwered, *Yes indeed, John is an excellent ſervant.* I ſay, replies the lady that he's continually drunk, and deſire he may be turned off. *Aye*, ſaid his lordſhip, *he has lived with me from a child, and as you ſay, a triſle of wages ſhould not part us.* John, however one evening, as he was driving from Kenſington, overturned his lady in Hyde-Park; ſhe was not much hurt, but when ſhe came home ſhe began to rattle the earl; Here, ſays ſhe, is that beaſt John ſo drunk that he can ſcarce ſtand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not diſcharged may break our necks. *Aye*, ſays my lord, *is poor John ſick? alas, I am ſorry for him.* I am complaining, ſays my lady, that he is drunk, and has overturned me. *Aye*, ſaid my lord, *to be ſure he has behaved very well, and ſhall have proper advice.* My lady, finding it hopeleſs to remonſtrate, went away in a pet; and my lord having ordered John into his preſence, addreſſed him very coolly in theſe terms. *John, you know that I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you ſhall always be taken care of in my family; my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I*

can

tan ſee that you can hardly ſtand; go to bed, and I will ſee that you have proper advice. John being thus diſmiſſed, was carried to bed, where, by his lordſhip's order, who attended in perſon, a large bliſter was put upon his head, another between his ſhoulders, and ſixteen ounces of blood were taken from his arm. John found himſelf the next morning in a woful condition, and was ſoon acquainted with the whole proceſs, and the reaſons upon which it had been commenced. John had no remedy but to ſubmit, for he would rather have incurred as many more bliſters than have loſt his place. My lord ſent very formally twice a day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman whom he had ordered to attend him as a nurſe. In about a week, John having conſtantly ſent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to underſtand the meſſenger, and ſaid, *He was extremely glad to hear that the fever had quite left him, and deſired to ſee him.* When John came in, *Well, John,* ſays he, *I hope this bout is over.* *Ah, my lord,* ſays John, *I humbly aſk your lordſhip's pardon, and I promiſe never to commit the ſame fault again.* *Aye, aye,* ſays my lord, *you ſay right, no body can prevent ſickneſs, and if you ſhould be ſick again, John, I ſhall ſee it, though perhaps you would not complain, and I promiſe you that you ſhall always have the ſame advice and the ſame attendance that you have had now. God bleſs your lordſhip,* ſays John, *I hope there will be no need.* *So do I too,* ſays my lord, *but as long as you do your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you, never fear.* John then withdrew, and ſo dreaded the diſcipline he had ſuffered, that he never was know to be drunk afterwards.

Admiral Bembow, who had been advanced purely for his merit, was equally remarkable for his humanity, and for the jeſts that he made, without any

deſign of merriment, or any pretenſions to wit. It happened that when he ſerved as a common ſailor, his meſs-mate who was attending the ſame gun, which was one of the upper tier, loſt his leg by a cannot ſhot: the poor fellow inſtantly called out to his friend Bembow, and intreated that he might be carried down to the ſurgeon, for that he had loſt his leg. Bembow, with the help of another immediately took him up on his ſhoulders, and began with great care to deſcend with him into the hold; but it happened that juſt as the poor fellow's head came upon a level with the deck, another ball took away that too; Bembow, however, who knew nothing of the matter, continued to deſcend to the ſurgeon, and when he was almoſt at the bottom, called out that he had brought him a patient, and deſired that he would bear a hand that they might ſet him eaſily down. The ſurgeon turned about, but inſtead of giving Bembow any aſſiſtance, *Damn ye*, ſays he, *what do ye here with a man that has loſt his head? Loſt his head:* ſays Bembow; *a lying ſon of a bitch, he told me it was his leg; but I never believed what he ſaid in my life, without being ſorry for it afterwards.*

Sir Charles Wager, as is common with perſons who have great perſonal courage, and but little learning, had a ſovereign contempt of phyſicians; though a ſurgeon, he believed, in ſome caſes, might be of good ſervice. It happened that Sir Charles was ſeized with a fever while he was out upon a cruize; and the ſurgeon without much difficulty prevailed upon him to loſe a little blood, and ſuffer a bliſter to be laid on his back; by and by it was thought neceſſary to lay on another bliſter and repeat the bleeding, to which Sir Charles alſo conſented; the ſymptoms then abated, and the ſurgeon told him, that he muſt now ſwallow a few bolus's and take a draught: *No, Doctor*, ſays Sir Charles, *you ſhall batter my hulk, as long as you will, but, d—n you, you ſhan't board me.*

Lun,

Lun, the famous harlequin, uſed frequently to ſup at Jerry Lucas's, the Sun-Tavern in Clare-Market, which has a door in one ſtreet and windows in another. One night, after the entertainment, he had got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun: it happened that as the fellow was driving by the window, Lun perceived it to be open, and threw himſelf out of the coach into the room; the coachman having turned the corner drove up to the houſe, and getting from his box, opened the coach door and let down the ſtep; then taking off his hat, he waited ſome time expecting his fare to alight, but at laſt looking into his coach and ſeeing it empty, he beſtowed a few hearty curſes on the raſcal that had bilked him, and remounting his box, turned about and was driving the ſame way back: as he paſſed again by the window, Lun watched the opportunity and again threw himſelf into the coach; he then looked out and calling to the coachman, aſked where the devil he was going, and bid him turn about. The fellow got down, and looked into the coach upon Lun with great amazement, and then as he was ordered, turned about and came once more to the Sun-Tavern door. When Lun got out, after reproaching the fellow for his ſtupidity, he would have given him his fare; *No, God bleſs your honour*, ſays the man, *my maſter has ordered me to take no money to-night. Why then*, ſays Lun, *he's a fool, and here's a ſhilling for yourſelf. No*, ſays the man, who by this time had mounted his coach-box, *that won't do, I know you too well for all your ſhoes; and ſo Mr Devil, for once you are outwitted.*

Lord chief-juſtice Holt, who had been very wild in his youth, was once out with ſome of his raking companions on a journey into the country; they had ſpent all their money, and after many conſultations what to do, it was reſolved that they ſhould part company, and try their fortune ſeparately. Holt got to an inn at the end of a ſtraggling village, and putting a good face on the matter, ordered his horſe to be well taken care of,

called for a room, beſpoke a ſupper, and looked after his bed. He then ſtrolled into the kitchen, where he ſaw a young laſs about thirteen years old ſhivering with an ague; he enquired of his landlady, a widow, who the girl was, and how long ſhe had been ill; the good woman told him, that ſhe was her daughter, an only child, and that ſhe had been ill near a year, notwithſtanding all the aſſiſtance ſhe could procure from phyſic, at an expence which had almoſt ruined her. He ſhook his head at the doctors, and bade the woman be under no farther concern, for that her daughter ſhould never have another fit. He then wrote a few unintelligible words in court-hand on a ſcrap of parchment which had been the directions to an hamper, and rolling it up, ordered that it ſhould be bound upon the girl's wriſt, and remain there till ſhe was well. As it happened, the ague returned no more, and Holt having continued there a week, now called for his bill with as much courage as if his pockets had been filled with gold. *Ah! God bleſs you*, ſays the old woman, *you're nothing in my debt, I'm ſure; I wiſh I was able to pay you for the cure you have performed upon my daughter, and if I had had the happineſs to ſee you ten months ago, it would have ſaved me forty pounds in my pocket.* Holt, after ſome altercation, accepted of his week's accomodation as a gratuity, and rode away.

It happened that many years afterwards, when he was one of the judges of the king's-bench, he went a circuit into the ſame county, and among other criminals whom he was appointed to try, there was an old woman that was charged with witchcraft: to ſupport this charge, ſeveral witneſſes ſwore that ſhe had a ſpell with which ſhe could either cure ſuch cattle as were ſick, or deſtroy thoſe that were well; in the uſe of this ſpell they ſaid ſhe had been lately detected, and it having been ſeized upon her, was ready to be produced in court; the judge then deſired it might be handed up to him; it appeared to be a dirty ball, covered with rags, and bound many times

times round with packthread; theſe coverings he removed with great deliberation one after another, and at laſt found a piece of parchment, which he knew to be the ſame that he had uſed as an expedient to ſupply his want of money. At the recollection of this incident he changed colour and ſat ſilent: at length recollecting himſelf, he addreſſed the jury to this effect; "Gentlemen, I muſt now relate a particular of my life which very ill ſuits my preſent character, and the ſtation in which I ſit: but to conceal it would be to aggravate the folly for which I ought to atone, to endanger innocence and countenance ſuperſtition; this bauble, which you ſuppoſe to have the power of life and death, is a ſenſeleſs ſcrawl which I wrote with my own hand, and gave to this woman, whom for no other cauſe you accuſe as a witch." He then related the particular circumſtances of the tranſaction, and it had ſuch an effect upon the minds of the people, who now bluſhed at the folly and cruelty of their zeal, that judge Holt's landlady was the laſt perſon that ever was tried for witchcraft in that county.

It is related of the ſame magiſtrate, that being once upon the bench at the Old-Baily, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the high-way, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. He was moved by that curioſity which is natural upon a retroſpection on paſt life, to know the fortune of the cotemporaries with whom he was once aſſociated, and of whom he had known nothing for many years; he therefore aſked the fellow what was become of Tom ſuch-a one, and Will ſuch-a one, and the reſt of the knot to which they belonged. The fellow fetching a deep ſigh, and making a low bow, *Ah! my lord*, ſaid he, *they are all hanged but your lordſhip and I.*

Dean Swift, among other whimſies, took it into his head to have a feaſt once a year in imitation of the Saturnalia, which in heathen Rome was held about the time of

of our Chriſtmas, at which the ſervants perſonated their maſters, and the maſters waited upon them as ſervants. In this project he engaged ſeveral other perſons of taſte, and it was firſt put in execution at the Deanry houſe. When all the ſervants were ſeated, and every gentleman placed behind his own man; the dean's ſervant took an opportunity to find fault with ſome meat that was not done to his taſte, and taking it up in his hand threw it in his maſter's face, and mimicked him in every other foible which he had ever diſcovered in him. But the dean, whether he was mortified by the reproof, or provoked by the indignity, flew into a violent rage, beat the fellow, and put every thing into ſuch diſorder that the ſervants ran out of the room in a fright; and thus ended the dean's Saturnalia.

Doctor S——ge, ſoon after he had been conſecrated biſhop of * * * * * in Ireland, deſired Mrs Pilkington to give his compliments to the dean of St Patrick's, and tell him, as he owed his preferment to his recommendation, he was ſurpriſed he had never ſeen him ſince: while I was plain Dr S——ge, ſays he, the dean uſed to ſend his wine and bread before him, and frequently take a dinner with me; but now I believe he is aſhamed to own me. Mrs Pilkington delivered the biſhop's meſſage, to which the dean liſtened with great attention, and then ſaid ——— *Oh! I remember ſomething of it: lord C——t applied to me for a perſon to make a biſhop of, whom I knew was not an honeſt man; and as I wanted the living of W——'s for D——y I recommended S——ge to the biſhoprick with an aſſurance that he would anſwer his excellency's purpoſe; and pox take me if I ever thought him worth my contempt till I had made a biſhop of him.*

The celebrated Mr P——, ſoon after he had changed ſides and began to exert his eloquence in favour of the miniſtry, complained to the honourable Mr * * * * of having received ſome coarſe indignities, and in particular,

eular, that a certain perſon had ſaid in his hearing that he was a *ſh-tt-n* fellow. *Aye*, ſays his honour (who ſtuttered very much) *that was a da—mn'd impu—dent fellow, tho' to be ſure with reſpect to your prin—ciples you are* al—tur'd.

Lord Carteret, who when lieutenant of Ireland was very fond of Dr Delany, went one day quite unattended, and told the doctor he was come to dine with him. The doctor thanked his excellency for the honour, invited him to take a turn or two in his gardens, and then introduced him to his table, at which there was no other perſon but his mother, without making the leaſt apology for his entertainment. His excellency, after the cloth was taken away, and the bottle introduced, told the doctor that he always believed him to be a moſt well bred gentleman, but never had ſo clear a demonſtration of it as now. Others, ſaid he, upon whom I have tried the ſame experiment, have met me in as much confuſion as if I came to apprehend them for high treaſon; nay, would not give me a moment of their converſation, which was the thing I wanted, but were continually hurrying away to give ſome directions about their dinner, which I did not want, and when it came, fatigued and diſguſted me by fulſome apologies for defects. This, ſaid his excellency, always brings to my mind a ſtory of dean Swift's. "A lady had given him an invitation to dinner, and as ſhe heard he was not eaſily pleaſed, ſhe had taken a month to provide for it. When the time came, every delicacy which could be purchaſed was prepared even to profuſion. However, the dean was ſcarce ſeated when ſhe began to make a ceremonious harangue, in which ſhe told him, that ſhe was ſincerely ſorry ſhe had not a more tolerable dinner, and that ſhe feared there was not any thing fit for him to eat, and in ſhort, that it was a bad dinner. *Pox take you for a B* ——, ſays the dean, *why did not you get a better? ſure, you had time enough! but ſince you ſay it is ſo bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring.* So riſing

riſing from the table, he took his hat and departed, to the utter confuſion of the lady, whoſe folly was perhaps too ſeverely puniſhed.

Mrs Percival, with a company of very agreeable perſons, reſolved to take a trip to the Hague; and during the firſt day's journey after they landed, they ſtopped at an inn to dine, and enquired what they could have to eat; they were told that there was nothing in the houſe but a neck of veal. This, though it was not ſufficient to dine the company, they ordered to be dreſſed, and made up their meal with ſome of their ſea-proviſions which the ſervants had fortunately brought in, chuſing this rather than to go forward, as there was no other houſe of entertainment for many miles. After dinner they called for a bill, and among other articles they were charged one pound four ſhillings for meat. This was ſo great an impoſition, that the company, though they were not deficient either in fortune or liberality, refuſed to pay it. Upon this the landlord appeared, and after ſome altercation, they told him, that as they were only upon a party of pleaſure, they would rather ſtay there a month and ſpend an hundred pounds a piece in law than ſuffer themſelves to be ſo groſly impoſed upon. The man again aſſured them with great compoſure, that he had charged them no more than was cuſtomary in that place; and if they queſtioned it, he was as willing to appeal to a magiſtrate as they were. The parties having thus joined iſſue, the gueſts were preparing for a ſerious trial, and began to enquire how far they were to go. Mynheer then told them with a ſneer, *that the matter ſhould be immediately decided on the ſpot, for that he was himſelf the ſovereign diſpenſer of law in that place.* The company, after they had ſufficiently ſtared at him, and at each other, found this to be indeed the fact, and ſo paid the honeſt inn-keeper and judge his demand, without incurring any coſts of ſuit.

Mrs

Mrs Pilkington remarks, that the munificence of our nobility is obſcured and diſappointed by the inſolence and avarice of their ſervants; and upon this occaſion has computed the expence of writing to a great man, as follows;

	£.	s.	d.
For pen, ink and paper, —— —	0	0	1
For a perſon to find when his lordſhip is at home, — — —	0	1	0
To the porter for receiving your letter, and giving it to the valet, ——	0	10	6
To the valet who delivers it, —— —	1	1	0
To the footman who brings the anſwer,	0	5	0
Total, ——	1	17	7

Dean Swift, on the contrary, once diſcharged a ſervant for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman: ſhe was very ancient, and on a cold morning ſat at the deanry ſteps a conſiderable-time, during which the dean ſaw her thro' a window, and commiſerated her deſolate condition. His footman happened to go to the door, and the poor creature beſought him in a piteous tone to give that paper to his reverence. The fellow read it, and told her with great inſolence, that his maſter had ſomething elſe to do than mind her petition. *What's that you ſay, fellow?* ſaid the dean, looking out at the window; *come up here.* The man obeyed with great confuſion; and he then deſired the poor woman alſo to come before him, made her ſit down, and ordered her ſome bread and wine; then turning to the man, *At what time,* ſaid he, *did I order you to open a paper directed to me? or to refuſe a letter, whoever brought it? Hark ye, ſirrah, you have been admoniſhed by me for drunkenneſs, idling and other faults, but ſince I have diſcovered that you want humanity, I muſt diſmiſs you from my ſervice; ſo, put off your cloaths, take your wages, and let me hear no more of you.* The fellow obeyed, and having in vain ſollicited a recommendation,

mendation, he was obliged to go to ſea, where he continued five years. At the end of that time, finding his ſituation on ſhipboard very different from the eaſe and luxury of his former employment, he again applied to the dean for a recommendation to ſome ſervice, ſetting forth in a petition the hardſhips he had ſuffered, and confeſſing the faults of which he had been guilty. The dean then called for pen, ink and paper, and gave him the following billet,

> Whereas the bearer ———— ſerved me the ſpace of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard, I then diſcharged him as ſuch; but how far his having been five years at ſea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of thoſe who may hereafter employ him.
>
> J. SWIFT.

Deanry-Houſe,
Jan. 9, 1739.

With this paper and no other fortune he ſet out for London, where he applied to Mr Pope, who knowing the dean's hand, and having obtained a certificate that the bearer was the perſon mentioned in the paper, took him into his ſervice, in which he continued till the death of his maſter.

The counteſs of Eglinton, one of the greateſt beauties in Scotland, fell under the diſpleaſure of her lord for no other cauſe than that of having brought him ſeven daughters, and no ſon. His lordſhip went ſo far as to aſſure her, he was determined to ſue for a divorce. The lady replied, he need not do that, for ſhe would readily agree to a ſeparation provided he would give her back what he had with her. He, ſuppoſing ſhe meant only pecuniary affairs, aſſured her, ſhe ſhould have her fortune to the laſt penny. *Nay, nay, my lord*, ſays ſhe, *that winna do; return me my youth, beauty, and virginity*,

ginity, and diſmiſs me as ſoon as you pleaſe. His lordſhip being unable to comply with this demand, ſpoke no more of parting with his lady, and before the year was out, ſhe brought him a ſon, who eſtabliſhed the content and affection of his parents for each other.

A certain Iriſh dean (not the celebrated dean of St Patrick's) having once aſcended the pulpit of St Andrew's, and ſuddenly recollecting the enormous iniquities of the congregation, he gave ſo furious a toſs with his head that back fell his wig and down flew his ſermon, which not being well ſecured, fluttered in numerous leaves about the church, ſcattered like the ungodly as chaff before the wind: the ſleepers awoke, the old men who dreamed dreams, and the virgins who ſaw viſions, ſtarted from the downy trance; and he, being unable to proceed, but willing at leaſt to give them his benediction, after he had cried out aloud, *Depart ye curſed, into everlaſting fire,* he immediately added, *which that ye may all do,* &c.

It is ſaid of dean Swift, that the laſt ſparkle of his wit, when he was ſinking into idiocy, was on the following occaſion. Mr Handel, who was then about to quit Ireland, went to take leave of him. The ſervant was ſome time before he could make the dean underſtand him; which when he did, immediately cried out, *Prodigious! a German and a genius! admit him, admit him.*

The wife of a lieutenant-colonel who was ſtationed near Edinburgh, being viſited by the miniſter's wife, was earneſtly intreated to come to kirk. This, the lady promiſed to do, and kept her word, which produced a ſecond viſit; and the miniſter's wife then aſked how ſhe liked their way of worſhip, ſhe replied, Very well, but that having dirtied her cloaths, and been peſtered with a great number of fleas, ſhe hoped the miniſter would permit her to line the pew. Said her gueſt,

In troth, madam, I cannot promiſe that, for my husband will think it rank popery.

A foreigner, who was juſt arrived in Scotland, ordered a fowl for his dinner; but ſhewed great diſlike to it when it was placed upon the table, the landlord brought him a piece of freſh ſalmon, and ſaid, Sir, I perceive you don't like the fowl, pray what think you of this? *Think*, ſays the gueſt; *why I think it is very fine ſalmon; and no wonder, for it is of God Almighty's feeding, but if it had been fed by you, I ſuppoſe it would have been as lean as this poor fowl, which I deſire you will take away.*

The Scots among other maxims of frugality, ſay, that if butter has no hairs in it, the cow that gave the milk will not thrive; and an Engliſhman having ſome brought to him in which he obſerved a great number, deſired his landlady to bring him the butter upon one plate, and the hairs upon another, that he might mix them himſelf; for he thought, in the piece he had already, the proportion of hair was rather too much.

Some frauds which had been practiſed in Scotland by the connivance of the collector of the cuſtoms, were made the pretence to procure the appointment of an inſpector-general, at the ſalary of 200 l. per annum; the application was made by a member of parliament, who had been, according to the cant and phraſe, a *good boy* for many years, and never aſked for any thing. The miniſter, at firſt, objected, that creating a new place always produced a clamour, and that the man for whom it was intended had been formerly condemned to be hanged for perjury. The gentleman acknowledged the facts to be true; but, *Sir*, ſaid he, *the laird is familiar with the man's wife.* *Nay, then*, ſays the miniſter, *he muſt have it.*

A pro-

A preſbyterian preacher who was explaining to his congregation the great benefits ariſing from the Sabbath, told them that among other excellencies of their inſtitution, was the proper choice of the day. The Jews, ſays he, kept it on the ſeventh; but we keep it on the firſt; and if it were on any other, *it would make a broken week.*

A gentleman once aſked Lilly, the aſtrologer, how he thought any man of *good ſenſe* would buy his predictions. Pray, Sir, ſays Lilly, what proportion do you think the men of good ſenſe bear to the reſt of mankind? Oh! ſays the other, not above one to twenty, *Why, if ſo,* replied Lilly, *let the* nineteen *buy my prophecies, and then,* (ſnapping his fingers) *that! for your* one *man of* good ſenſe.

At the famous trial at Hertford, when a poor woman was brought in guilty of witchcraft by an ignorant and obſtinate jury, the judge expreſſed ſome diſſatisfaction at the verdict; the parſon of the pariſh therefore declared, that upon the faith of a clergyman, he believed the woman to be a *witch.* Why then, ſaid the magiſtrate, upon the faith of a judge, I believe you to be no *conjurer.*

When the new road was making in the north of Scotland, an officer who had the direction of part of the work, having cauſed a very large ſtone to be removed, he employed a ſoldier who was a maſon by trade, to inſcribe it with the date of the year, the king's reign, and the name of the director, in Latin. It happened, that another officer, who had alſo the direction of another part of the work, cauſed a ſtone to be removed which he thought yet bigger, and was very deſirous to emulate his aſſociate's attempt for fame by inſcribing it; he therefore applied to an officer who had written ſeveral little pieces of poetry, to aſſiſt him with the words. This gentleman, who had often heard his friend boaſt of the feat, in the firſt perſon, "I raiſed a larger ſtone

than he," told him he would ſatisfy him in Engliſh, which would be much more read than his competitor's Latin; and immediately wrote down

Hibern alone
Rais'd up this ſtone,
O! hone; O! hone.

This, however, the Hibernian reſented with ſome warmth, alledging, that though others were employed about the ſtone, yet it was he that raiſed it with their *head*, and they only uſed his *hands*.

A Frenchman of ſome diſtinction, ſoon after his arrival in London, taking notice of much dirt and many diſorders in the ſtreets, aſked often about the Police, and finding none that underſtood the term, he cried out, *Good Lord! how can one expect order among theſe people, who have not ſuch a word as Police in their language.*

Two Engliſh officers, after a night's lodging in the Highlands, found themſelves covered with vermin. One of them was very buſy in taking off the ſloweſt kind, which the other obſerving, cried out, *Z——ds, what are you doing?—Let us firſt ſecure the Dragoons; we can take the Foot at leiſure.*

At the battle of Glenſhiels, in the rebellion of the year 1719, George Munro of Culcairne, commanded a company of Highlanders raiſed out of his father's clan, and maintained at his own expence. A party of the rebels who had poſted themſelves upon the declivity of a mountain, perceiving him fall, kept firing upon him as he lay bleeding upon the ground. He ſaw they were determined to diſpatch him, and therefore calling to his ſervant, who had never left him, he bid him make haſte out of the danger, for that he could be of no ſervice to him, but by telling his friends and his father that he had not miſbehaved. The Highlander, upon hearing

hearing this addreſs, burſt into tears, and aſked, what would be thought of him ſhould he leave his maſter in that condition? then laying himſelf over him upon his hands and knees, he received ſeveral ſhot, and continued thus to ſhield him from further hurt with his own body, till a ſerjeant with a ſmall party diſlodged the enemy, after having taken a ſolemn oath upon a dirk that he would do it, or periſh in the attempt.

Such inſtances of heroic virtue are found among peopeople, who yet rob without ſcruple, and in ſome caſes think honeſty a diſgrace. An highland woman who begged charity of a lowland laird's lady, was aſked ſeveral queſtions; and among others, how many huſbands ſhe had had? She anſwered, Three. And being farther queſtioned, if her huſbands had been kind to her? ſhe ſaid, the two firſt were honeſt men, and very careful of their family; for they both *died for the law;* that is, were hanged for theft. Well, but as to the laſt? *Hout*, ſays ſhe, *a fulthy beaſt! he dy'd at haume, like an auld dug on a puckle o' ſtrae.*

Mr J. B. fellow of St John's college in Cambridge, was a perſon of ſuch remarkable ſerenity and evenneſs of temper, that nothing was ever known to diſcompoſe him. One evening having ſat up latter than uſual, at a friend's room in Jeſus, and being pretty far gone in liquor, he was very much preſſed to take the porter and a lanthorn with him, which however he could by no means be perſuaded to do. In order to go to St John's from Jeſus-College you muſt of neceſſity paſs through a church yard, which when he arrived at, the claret growing too powerful for him he fell down upon his back between two grave ſtones.——He made ſeveral efforts to recover himſelf, which when he found was to no manner of purpoſe, he folded his arms with great calmneſs, and was heard to ſay——*'Tis mighty well, I ſuppoſe I ſhall riſe with the reſt of them.*

Dr ——— maſter of ——— Hall, was very famous or rather infamous for ſtarving himſelf and every thing about him; no wonder therefore that his old gelding *Stedfaſt* was put to board at little or no expence in a neighbouring fen, where what graſs there was, was ſcarcely eatable. One day at commons Mr D———t one of the fellows and a noted wag, told the doctor that he had been to pay a viſit to his horſe. Pray, Sir, ſays the doctor, what converſation might you have with him? None, at all, replied D———, but I put my hand in my pocket and ſhewed him a N-oat——— And what did he ſay to that, rejoin'd the doctor? Nothing on the earth, ſays D—, *he only ſhook his head and laugh'd.*

The above Mr———, who (among other ſpecies of humour) was a great punſter, was in company a certain evening with one Mr *Tench*, at the Mitre.—Mr *Tench* being a milkſop, and refuſing his glaſs in turn, D-- obſerved to him, that he drank like a *maid*, that he was a man of no *ſoul*, that he was ſorry to meet him in that *place*, but however, he would not have him be *crabbed*, for he did not intend to *carp* at him—and ſo he ran on till *Tench* fell into a downright paſſion, and gave D--- a challenge to fight him——Upon which D —— with a horſe laugh told him, *That he took him rather for a* flying-fiſh *than a* ſword-fiſh, *or elſe*, ſaid he, *I would not have meddled with you.*

It is the cuſtom when the gentlemen are cut out of commons at Oxford, to BATTLE, and at Cambridge, to SIZE, as they term it, which is in plain Engliſh, to buy a dinner out of one's own pocket of the college-cook. D-- having ſeveral times been tricked out of his dinner by the early attendance of his brother ſtudents, was determined to be even with them, and having one day poſſeſſed himſelf of a whole gooſe, he fell a punning through all the terms of back gammon. *Gentlemen*, ſays he, *if I 'bate you an* ace, duce *take me, for it would be* tray *a weakneſs, if a man could not* cater *for himſelf, therefore* ſink *me if I don't make you all* ſize.

The

The late Dr B—r—y, whoſe wit had too often tincture of ill-nature, was one evening very hard upon Mr H——ll, who had been in great diſtreſs.——— H———ll took no notice of him at firſt, but ſuffered him to run on till he changed the ſubject, and amongſt other things the doctor mentioned his having been out of town for a week. Aye, ſays Mr H—-ll, that was publiſhed in all the Saturday's papers. In what form, ſays the doctor? Why, DECREASED IN THE BURIALS THIS WEEK ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR.

The late Prince of Wales, having a mind to divert himſelf incog. went to ſee a bull-beating near Hockley-in-the-hole. The bull (being true game) gave a great deal of ſport, and foiled every dog that attacked him.--At laſt, old Towzer, whoſe owner (a butcher of Clare-market) ſtood cloſe to the prince, fairly pinned the bull —at which the butcher in the joy of his heart, gave his royal highneſs a ſwinging clap on the back, ſaying at the ſame time, *G—d d—n your blood, Mr Prince, if that is not my dog.*

Patrick Fitz-Patrick, of the county of Limerick, eſq; had a plentiful fortune left him by his uncle, which made him independent of his father. But coming home unluckily very much in liquor, he went, by miſtake, to bed to his grandmother—and when his father expoſtulated with him for lying with *his* mother,——*Arrah my dear ſoul,* ſays he, *what is there in that*——*pray did not you lie with mine?*

A certain gentleman of Cambridge having publiſhed ſome poems by ſubſcription, went to wait on the honourable Mr—, of Clare-hall, to deliver a book. Mr— happened not to be then in the way, our poet therefore called about a week afterwards, when his honour addreſſed him in the following terms. *Sir, I like your poems extremely well, but I have one favour to beg of you, and that is, that you would print your next edition upon*

upon ſofter paper, for this confounded Genoa-demy *rubs one's backſide like a nutmeg-grater.*

A certain Kentiſh nobleman being in company with ſome Scotch officers was bragging of the ſituation of his villa, and the pleaſantneſs of the country in general; but above all inſiſted upon his peculiar happineſs (as he had a muſical ear) in having ſuch a multitude of nightingales about him.—*Nightingales?* ſays a bony Scot, *we have an infinity of them near Edinburgh.*——Sir, replies my lord, I thought thoſe birds had never reached ſo far north; pray, what kind of a thing is a nightingale? *My lord,* rejoins the Scot, *it is aboot as bug as a pudgeon, and has a head like a cat, and cries,* Whoo, whoo, whoo.

A certain ſwaggering officer being in company with Mr Charles Br—nt, bragged egregiouſly of the numbers he had ſlain by his own hand abroad, inſomuch that by his account he had demoliſhed at leaſt five hundred. —— *Sir,* ſays Charles, *I have killed in my time, let me ſee——five at Madrid——ten at Lisbon——twenty at Paris——thirty at Vienna, and double the number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had ſcarcely diſembark'd, before a deſperate ſon a bitch of an* Iriſhman KILLED *me*——— Killed you? ſays the officer—*Damn you, what do you mean by that?*—*Sir,* replies Charles, *I did not diſpute your veracity*——*and why ſhould you queſtion mine?*

Mr H——— of Iſlington is very remarkable for his neatneſs, and in particular, in wearing white ſtockings all ſorts of weather.——One day, (and a very bad one it was) he came into the King's-head and met with Mr K— his old acquaintance, who had poſſeſſed himſelf of the news paper;—upon which Mr H— deſired to know how the world went. Pleaſe to attend, ſays K—, to the following article.——" A gentleman very *neatly*

" dreſſed

" dreſſed, as he was going over London-bridge yeſter-
" day in the midſt of the ſtorm, was accoſted by a
" money-dropper, who threw a half crown in his way.
" ——The gentleman willing to bring him to juſtice,
" picked up the bait, and conſented to go along with
" him to the firſt public-houſe,——where, while the
" cards were preparing, the gentleman diſpatched the
" landlord for a conſtable.——The ſharper overhearing
" this, begged for mercy, and declared, in caſe he ob-
" tained it, he never would be guilty again———The
" gentleman very kindly forgave him, but could not
" help aſking the fellow, what he could ſee in his *face*,
" to imagine that he would be taken in by ſo ſtale a
" bite?——God bleſs your honour, ſays the ſharper, I
" did not ſee your *face*—I only lookt at your white
" ſtockings."

A celebrated quack-doctor was ſent to attend an emi-
nent citizen of London in extreme danger. But certain
of his relations, not much depending on him, Dr Mead
was called in. After Mead had examined the ſtate of
the patient's malady, he aſked the quack, whom he had
condeſcendingly called brother, to write the preſcrip-
tion, which it ſeems, is always the cuſtom for the junior
doctor to do. After many apologies, he was reduced
to declare, that *he could not write;* and when Mead
offered the preſcription for his peruſal, he was obliged
to come off with——*Sir, I cannot read.*

Mr N-——t, a worthy member of parliament, was
one of thoſe gentlemen, who thought the late unpopular
acts not ſo bad as they were generally repreſented; and
therefore had voted both for the Jew bill and the bill for
naturalizing foreign Proteſtants; upon which a great
clamour was raiſed againſt him by his conſtituents; and
among the reſt an old gentlewoman made him this com-
pliment. *Indeed, Sir, I ſhould be ſurpriſed at nothing
that you do were you to vote for the naturalization of all
the infernal inhabitants of the other world, for a man*

can

can have no regard for his Saviour that voted for the baniſhment of old Chriſtmas-Day.

A nobleman of lord chancellor C—— r's acquaintance having obſerved to his lordſhip, that as his lordſhip, had confeſſedly the beſt *head* in England, he was ſurpriſed that his children had not ſtronger marks of genius; was anſwered by his lordſhip, that there ſeemed to him nothing ſurpriſing in it, for that he did not beget them with his *head*.

The —— of —— who is perhaps the ſevereſt ſatyriſt in Europe, was lately waited upon by a gentleman of his acquaintance, and complimented on the report, that his lordſhip was a ſecond time promoted to the lieutenantſhip of Ireland. The E—, who, to the grief of his friends as well as his own great misfortune, has almoſt entirely loſt his hearing, replied with a ſmile, that he knew not of any ſuch promotion, but did indeed think himſelf more fit for that employment now than formerly, becauſe he *could hear* none of the people's complaints.

The celebrated Miſs C—h complained to the ſame noble lord of the ill nature of the town, and amongſt other inſtances, ſaid, that occaſion had been taken from a late illneſs of her's to ſpread a report that ſhe had been brought to bed of two children. His lordſhip adviſed her to be eaſy under ſuch circumſtances, adding, that for his part he had long made it a rule not to believe more than *half* what the town ſaid.

THE END.